THE Dublin Scuffle: BEING A CHALLENGE

SENT BY

John Dunton, Citizen of *London*,

TO

Patrick Campbel, Bookseller in *Dublin*.

Together with the small Skirmishes of Bills and Advertisements.

To which is Added,

The *Billet Doux*, sent him by a **Citizens Wife** in *Dublin*, Tempting him to Lewdness.

WITH

His Answers to Her.

ALSO

Some Account of his **Conversation in Ireland**, Intermixt with particular Characters of the most Eminent Persons he Convers'd with in that Kingdom; but more especially in the City of *Dublin*.

In several Letters to the Spectators of this Scuffle; With a Poem on the whole Encounter.

I wear my Pen as others do their Sword.——Oldham.

London, (Printed for the Author) and are to be Sold by *A. Baldwin*, near the *Oxford-Arms* in *Warwick-Lane*, and by the Booksellers in *Dublin*. 1699.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY 1870 BRADSHAW

07-1623

To the Honourable

Colonel BUTLER,

A MEMBER *of the House of* Commons *in* Ireland.

Honoured and Worthy Sir,

THE Generous Incouragement, which you were pleas'd to give to *all my Auctions of Books*, and the Extraordinary and Unmerited Kindnesses I receiv'd at your *Hands*, when in *Ireland*, embolden me to trouble you with this *Dedication*.

I confess it may justly seem unworthy of the Acceptance of a Person of so *Great Honour and Endowments*, as you are known to be: Nor can any thing less than your *own Goodness*, find an Excuse for this Presumption: But having had such large Experience of the Excellency of your Temper, and of the *Greatness of your Soul*, I should be unjust

to your Character, if I did not publickly own, that you measure the Tokens of Gratitude by the *Affection of your Friend*, and not by the Value of the thing presented.

Give me leave then, *Worthy Sir*, to inscribe your Name to the following Sheets, as a Great Patron of Learning, and a Generous Friend to an *injur'd Stranger*, who came to promote the Interest of Learning in your Country.

The *Kindness* you were pleas'd to Vouchsafe unto me, and the *Concern you express'd for my Welfare*, perswade me that you will not disdain to be my Patron in defending my self in Print in *England*, seeing I could not have the opportunity of doing it in *Ireland*.

I must indeed own that *your Character and Courage* Entitles you to be the Champion of such as are engaged in a more *Masculine Quarrel* than the *Scuffle betwixt* Patrick Campbel,

and

and my ſelf. Yet you know Sir, that the Greateſt Captains, after the Campaign is over, do ſometimes divert themſelves by ſeeing a *Mock-fight on the Stage.* This, Sir, has ſomething more in it, as being a *real piece of Injuſtice* firſt committed, and then defended by my Adverſary, who has arm'd himſelf with *Impudence and Malice*, and manages his Attacks by Fraud and Forgery; as I have made ſufficiently clear in the following Sheets.

I confeſs, Sir, the Entertainment you will meet with here, is not anſwerable to that *Hoſpitable and Generous Treatment I was honoured with at your Houſe*; and that I am not capable of gratifying your Curioſity with ſuch excellent pieces of my *own drawing*, as you were pleaſed to feaſt my Eyes with, when I beheld with wonder, *the effects of your happy Pencil*! Yet, Sir, I dare ſay, that I preſent you here with *an*

ORI-

ORIGINAL; which, tho' drawn by an unskilful Hand, has something very surprizing in it; *such Features, such a mixture of Hypocrisie and double dealing cover'd over with a false Varnish of Religion*, that I question much, Whether *Patrick* may not pass for a *Judas Redivivus*? And were my Pen able to keep pace with your Pencil; or had I the Art of tempering my Colours, drawing the Features to the Life, and observing due Proportion, I doubt very much, Whether *Africa* could shew any *such Monster*, as I should here present to the publick View?

But, *Worthy Sir*, I must beg your Pardon for daring to offend the Eye of such a *Curious Artist* as your self, with such a deformed piece. It were indeed unpardonable, did I not know that by one Glance of the Eye upon your own Perfections and Eminent Vertues, you will immediately race out those foul

Idea's

Idea's which the *ſight of Patrick* may impreſs upon your Imagination. *Contraries expos'd to the View at one and the ſame time, do mightily illuſtrate one another*; and therefore when you ſee his *Picture*, and reflect upon your own, you will find great Cauſe to bleſs him who hath made the diſtinction. *Pardon me Sir*, I don't think your Vertues need any ſuch foyl to ſet them off; for they are ſuch, as when *compar'd* with thoſe which render the Enjoyers of them Amiable in the Eyes of Mankind, will undoubtedly give you the Preference amongſt Thouſands; but I muſt break off, leſt *my Affection ſhould offer Violence to your Modeſty*; and leſt it ſhould be ſaid, I only *commend my ſelf in extolling my Patron*: I muſt indeed own that the *Honour of your Friendſhip* is one of thoſe things that I value my ſelf moſt upon, and eſteem my ſelf happy in ſome meaſure by *Patricks Enmity*, which gives

me

me this Opportunity of letting the World know, that Collonel *Butler is my Friend*: Or, if that be a Degradation to you, that you are an Encourager of Learning, and a Protector of those that Endeavour to promote it.

I shall add no more, but beg *your Pardon for prefixing your Name to such a Trifle.* You know Sir, that how meanly soever it be perform'd, it was absolutely necessary for the defence of my Reputation, which *Patrick Campbell* has so unjustly endeavour'd to destroy; and seeing it is usual with Authors to attone for their own Defects, by chusing an *Honourable Patron*, I hope Sir, you will indulge me the same Liberty. May you Live long, to be an Ornament to your Country, and the *Object of His highest Esteem*, who is,

Honoured Sir,

London, Feb. 20. 169⅞

Your much Obliged,
and Most Obedient Servant,

JOHN DUNTON.

TO THE

SPECTATORS

OF THE

Dublin Scuffle.

Gentlemen,

IT may be justly expected I should give some Account of the *Reason of this Undertaking*; which is in short, to *Vindicate my Reputation from the Malice of some of my own Profession*, who have unjustly endeavoured to bespatter me. I need not say much as to my *Conversation at Home*; those who have dealt with

me, will allow the fairneſs of my Dealing in way of Trade. It's true, ſome Reflections have been thrown upon me about *the* 2d. *Spira*, and the multitude of things I have Printed; both which are here accounted for; and I think I may make bold to ſay, that *my Adverſaries are fairly diſarm'd.*

As to my *Scuffle with Patrick Campbel*, (a *Dublin* Bookſeller) I found my ſelf obliged to publiſh all the Circumſtances of it to the World, that I might not be wanting to my *own Reputation on that Head.* Here the Reader will find I have acted fairly and above board; and that I don't depend either upon *my own Evidence or Judgment in the Matter*; therefore I have here made it plain, that I have the Teſtimony of Perſons of the *greateſt Figure in Church and State in Ireland*, for my Conduct there; which I hope will be ſufficient to ſtop the Mouths of all Cavillers.

The *Second Part* of my Book is Intitled (what it really was) A *Billet Doux ſent me by a Citizens Wife in Dublin; with my Anſwers to her.* And as LUST was her Maſter-Sin, ſo in my *Firſt and Second Letter* I check her Impudence; and then preſcribe Remedies for her Diſeaſe: And in my *Third Letter* I tell her the way how ſhe and her Husband (*whom ſhe calls* Argus) may yet be happy in Wedlock.

Gentlemen, by this attempt of *Durinda* (at a time when I was ſcuffling with *Campbel*) you may ſee I was condemn'd to *fight with Beaſts of both Sexes*; though I am apt to think (as my *London Correſpondent* obſerv'd) that 'twas a *Trap of Patrick's* laying; and that he had a mind to

try

try what he cou'd do by *Women*, since he durst not face me himself, or *Answer my Challenge in Print*: and therefore I publish *Dorinda's Billet* with my *Dublin Scuffle*, as it seems to be part of it.

Had I been caught in the Snare (as my *Ingenious Friend* further observes) there's no reason to doubt but *Patrick* wou'd have blaz'd it on the House-top. 'Tis true, the *Billet* was really sent me, (and my Answer directed to St. *Lawrence's Coffee-house on Cork-hill*, where it lyes still for any thing I know to the contrary) but wou'd it save my Life, I cou'd not tell who sent it, nor cou'd I ever guess at the Author; but *I know my Innocence*, and therefore am not *afraid or asham'd* that the World should see *Dorinda's Billet, and what an Enemy I was to her Assignation*, which is writ as if she were acquainted with me, the better *to allure or fright me to her wanton Arms*.

As to the *Third Part* of my Book, which I call my *Conversation in Ireland*, 'twas necessary to add it to my *Scuffle with Campbel, and the Irish Dorinda*, that the World might see (by my *Method of Living* in that Country) what little reason I gave *Patrick*, to suffle with me; or to the *Irish Dorinda*, to tempt me to her lewd Embraces.

This *Account of my Conversation* was really sent in a Letter to a *Lady of High Birth*; and the Answer to it is a Letter of her own Writing; but who she is, I having promis'd to conceal her Name, *even Racks and Gibbets* shou'd not squeeze it from me: Tho', wou'd she *honour me so far*, as

as to let me tell who she is, it would add greatly to the sale of my Book, and perhaps occasion *several Impressions*. But this is a Favour I can't expect. However, to make my *Conversation* as agreeable as I well con'd, I've intermixt it with *particular Characters* of the most Eminent Persons I convers'd with in the Kingdom of *Ireland*; but more especially in the City of *Dublin*: And if in these Characters I've been too lavish in any one's Praise, or have *describ'd some Persons what they shou'd be, rather than what they are*, 'tis excusable sure; for who knows but these, by seeing *how charming Vertue wou'd make* 'em, may endeavour to practise it?

Gentlemen, If these ben't *Reasons* sufficient for publishing *my Conversation in Ireland*, I might add one more; and that is, — *I publish it to please my self*; Why may not I have my Humour, as well as others? I promis'd my *Summer-Rambles* for the Diversion of the Gentlemen in *Ireland*, who incourag'd my Auctions; and this *Conversation* is a part of 'em: And, *Gentlemen*, if that *Honourable Lady* to whom 'tis directed (or your selves) do but cast a favourable Eye upon it, I have my end: And, who knows what success I may have? For the World is at present much upon the search after *Voyages and Travels*; to which *Rambles* being something a-kin, they are I hope coming in fashion too; and I may be allow'd to offer at something of that Nature, since I have *cross'd the Sea half a dozen times*; *visited* America, *and been four Months together on the Ocean.*

Sir *William Cornwallis* saith of *Montaigne's Essays*; That it was the likeliest Book to advance

Wise

Wisdom, because the *Authors own Experience* is the chiefest Argument in it: And indeed, shou'd every Man write an *History of his Life, comprehending as well his Vices as Vertues*, and have them with simplicity related; how useful would this prove to the Publick! But this may rather be wished for, than expected, since Men have ever preferr'd their *own private Reputation* before the real good of themselves or others. But now, if contrary to the mode of *such Travellers* as lose their Thoughts in the open Air where they were conceiv'd, I have with more Diligence registerd mine: It was out of no Opinion they *deserve a longer Life*, but to prevent Idleness. The chief thing I seek in publishing this *Dublin Scuffle* and *Conversation in Ireland* (next to clearing my Innocence with respect to *Campbel*, *Dorinda*, and other Enemies) is by my Pen to find Employment for a Spirit that wou'd *break the Vessel*, had it nothing to work upon. To those that are angry at my *frequent Digressions*, I answer here (with the ingenious *Montaign*) that *Constancy* is not so absolutely necessary in *Authors as in Husbands*; and for my own part, when I have my Pen in my Hand, and Subject in my Head, I look upon my self *as mounted my Horse to ride a Journey*; wherein, although I design to reach such *a Town by Night*, yet will I not deny my self the Satisfaction of going a Mile or two out of the way, to *gratifie my Senses with some new and diverting Prospect*. Now he that is of this rambling humour, perhaps will be pleas'd with my *Conversation*, (which is little else than a hasty digression from one thing to another.) However, in this I have (as I said before) the honour to imitate the *Great Montaign*, whose Umbrage is sufficient to protect me against any

one age of Criticks; and 'tis well it is so, for, *Gentlemen*, I am very sensible that 'tis safer to make 50 Challenges at *Sword and Buckler*, *Long Sword and Quarter-staff*, than to play one *Author's Prize* on the Bookseller's Stall; for the one draws but Blood, but by the other a Man is drawn and quarter'd. *To appear in Print is worse than hanging*; for the Torture of the Halter is but an Hour or so; but he that lies on the *Rack in Print*, hath his Flesh torn off by the Teeth of Envy and Calumny, though he meant no body no harm. Nay, some of my Brethren themselves are turn'd *Demi-Criticks*, and call every thing *Stuff*, that has not their own Name to it. There's *P. C. T. F.* and *two or three more ill-natur'd Fops*, if an Angel should send a Copy to *Phil* —— they would call it *Stuff*, except they had a share in it. But I shall meet with them elsewhere; and would have these ill-natur'd Criticks take notice, *that I wear my Pen as others do their Sword*, and for that same end too; and don't care *one Rush* whether thy approve or condemn what I write. It is not their Judgment that I value, and therefore think it *below my Regard*, any otherwise than to vindicate my self from their Calumnies.

Thus Gentlemen, have I given ye a distinct Account of the *Three Parts of my* Dublin *Scuffle*, with the true Reasons for my publishing of it. As to the *Two Letters and Verses* that lead the *Van*, they came to me with no other Direction than, For *John Dunton*, at the *Raven* in *Jewen-street*, and I think I can do no less in point of Gratitude and Civility to their Authors, than to print 'em as an *Introduction to my Scuffle*, with this Assurance, That you have 'em in the very Dress they came to me in. The *Letters and*

Verses

Verſes will I preſume ſpeak for themſelves; but for my *own Performance* I ſhall ſay nothing. I muſt own you have hitherto uſed me with much *Civility*, which makes me the leſs apprehenſive of any danger now; *but come what will*, I'm reſolv'd to ſtand to your Courteſie, and ſhall always acknowledge the *former Obligations* you have laid upon,

Your Humble Servant,

London, *February* 10. 169$\frac{2}{3}$.

John Dunton.

A POEM ON THE Dublin Scuffle.

I Hope (Sir) you will not esteem it an *uncivil Address*, if I put you in mind of the Scuffle you promis'd us; I can tell you that we are all in **mighty pain** for it; and truly, unless you *speedily deliver us*, shall be apt to conclude you have **given up the cause.** You can't imagine what advantage the *Scotchman* makes of the Interval; I met him accidentally the other Day at *your Friend Dick's*, where his chief business was to traduce and revile you, and indeed, I believe he had went on with his shew, if I had not started the *Scuffle in your Vindication*; When I told him, we expected it here in a Month, I found it *stung him to the very Soul*; he put himself instantly into his Natural Posture of *Rubbing and Scratching*, and in my Conscience made as many wry Faces, as he us'd to

do formerly at the *Buckling on of his Pack*; and verily, I was not wanting to give him now and then a lift.

But after all, you muſt ſend it away with the utmoſt expedition; all your Friends, **Nay, the whole Town** earneſtly expect it from you, and truly in my Judgment you cannot come off of it now, without a manifeſt Injury both to your *Intereſt and Reputation*.

And here's **poor Dorinda** too; What can you imagine **She** thinks of the Matter? I'll warrant you her Pulſe beats very high upon the Point? Who ſhe is, we cannot learn. But moſt People that underſtand *Dublin*, believe her to be a Dependant upon the Family of St. *Patrick*. Let her be, who ſhe will, I can tell her, that our *City Dames* reſent the thing ſo very ill, that if they ſhould once find her out, I would not be in her Coat for his *whole Pack*; and for *Niff Naff* himſelf too, if after all they ſhould find that he had any finger in the *Contrivance*, he had beſt be ſure to keep a *ſtrong Padlock upon his Trouſes*.

Well, but I have ſent you a **few Iriſh Rhymes** too, which you may either commit to the Flames, or ſome empty place in your Book, as you ſhall think 'em worthy. You know *Ireland's but a barren Country for ſuch ſort of Commodities*; however, *Sign-Poſt Painting* may ſerve to put you in mind of your Friends, as well as the beſt; and if it does but that, 'twill be a ſufficient Satisfaction to

Dublin Feb. 6. 169. Yours, *Farewell*,

T. B.

TO
Mr. John Dunton,
UPON HIS
Dublin Scuffle.

MY Friend, could I but let thee see
How much I love and value thee,
I'm sure thou'dst reckon this Offence
At worst, a kind Impertinence.
I know thy Learning and thy Parts,
Thy Knowledge in the Nobleſt Arts;
Thy CONVERSATION *and thy Wit,*
Speak thee for my Advice unfit;
But what of that, true Friendſhip ſtill
Attones for ev'ry other ill.

Believe me then, in this hard Scuffle,
Poor John, *Thou ſeem'ſt, confus'd to ruffle,*
Not only with the Scotch Man's Pride,
But other Knaves and Fools beſide.

He

He that is forc'd to draw his Pen,
Muſt fight with Beaſts in ſhapes of Men.
They'll pointed Cenſures at him dart,
Which tho' they cannot reach his Heart,
Will reach his better part, his Fame,
And wound him deep in his good Name.
Thou'lt find too late, this Paper War
Is worſe, even than Inteſtine Jar,
But be it ſo, or be it not,
You muſt go on, this ſcurvy Scot
Has broke the Peace, *and the proud Loon*
Inſults, unleſs you take him down.
Beſides, thou haſt a ſafe defence,
I mean thy Truth and Innocence.
Thy Honeſty will be thy Guard,
And thy Fair Dealing thy Reward.
'Tis true, the Wretch of Skinner Row
Is for thy Pen too baſe and low;
And ſo is falſe Dorinda *too,*
A ſubject far too mean for you;
And ſo is Dick, *but what of that,*
Here's *Wild* and I, and honeſt *Pat,*
Nay, all the Town, but two or three,
Speak well, and juſtly value thee:
So thou'rt engag'd for different ends,
To right thy ſelf, and pleaſe thy Friends.

T. B.

The

The Second Letter

TO

Mr. John Dunton,

UPON HIS

Dublin Scuffle.

WHY John, *here's* Niff Naff
Would make a Man laugh,
To see how he sets up his Back.
I'll tell thee by th' by,
'Tis mounted as high
As when formerly guirded to th' Pack.

I protest he's half mad,
Is not that very sad?
And swears by his Namesake, *St.* Patrick,
When thy Scuffle *comes o're*
He'll meet it a Shore,
And in spight of 'em all play it a Trick.

You

You know he's a SCOT,
And then what is he not?
Why ev'ry thing now but a Pedler.
But He's got into th' Row,
How he came there we know,
Tet I hate the repute of a Medler.

Then prithee good *John*,
With thy Scuffle *go on*,
'Tis you that muſt humble the Loon;
What the De'el would he have,
All Dublin *his Slave,*
And encroach All the buſineſs o' the Town.

No, no, Mr. SCOT,
Excuſe us in that,
We know you too well for the future.
Is this your pretence
Of Conſcience and Senſe,
To uſe honeſt *John* like a Jew Sir?

And DICK *too I'll tell thee,*
What e're had befell thee,
Thou had'ſt better have kept to thy Word;
And for Mrs. *Dorinda*,
Whom we cannot find a ——
John values her not of a T——

No!

No! he's too well weigh'd
To be fool'd or betray'd
By a Knave, or a Jilt in diſguiſe.
I'll tell thee but that,
'Twill be better for PAT,
And make thee hereafter more wiſe.

To Let his Room o're his Head,
I'd have firſt wanted Bread
Before I'd have pleaſur'd the Loon.
The more (Dick *) I think on't,*
The more you ſtill ſtink on't,
And grow nauſeous all over the Town.

To conclude, honeſt Dutton,
Ne're value't a Button,
Thy Candor, Fair-dealing, and Sence,
Have plac'd you too high,
For ſuch Inſects *to flye,*
And will ſtill be thy Guard and Defence.

Here's *Wild's* thy True Friend,
Whom even Intereſt can't bend
To forfeit thy Love or thy Truſt:
He'll tell thee the Town
Does in general own
That all thy Propoſals were Juſt.

Tho' the Pedler and Whore
And one or two more,
Attempt to ſurprize and trapan thee,
The reſt are all thine,
Both the Lay and Divine,
With all the true Friendſhip that can be.

SIR,

I *Preſume you will not believe I am ſo much an* Ape, *to be fond of the deformed Brat I here ſend you; You ſee I have not ſet my Name to it; which perhaps may occaſion* Campbel, *&c. to make Reflections. To be plain with him, I have no manner of apprehenſion of him, or any of his Party; my only concern is, that when you come to peruſe it, you will think it unworthy of the* meaneſt place in your Book; *and then I'm confident, both in point of Wiſdom and Intereſt, I ought to keep my ſelf conceal'd. In ſhort, I am one of thoſe that* by your Fair and Genteel Dealing, *you have ſolemnly engag'd to your Friendſhip; and one of thoſe too, that earneſtly expect* your SCUFFLE. *As for* my Name, *&c. If*

the

the Scotchman *inſiſts upon it, when you think fit, he ſhall know it: And withal, be further ſatisfy'd with what Sincerity I am,*

Dublin Feb. 10. 169$\frac{1}{2}$.

Yours,

S. M.

THE

THE Dublin-Scuffle, &c.

LETTER I.

SIR,

IN the History of my *Irish-Travels*, I am come so far as to speak of the *Auction* I made in *Dublin*, which I fear will end in a *sort of Scuffle*, (something like your *Counter-scuffle* in *London*) But that you may have the better Idea of this *Rambling Project*, and of *Patrick Campbel*, the Chief Adversary I have yet met with; I here send it in the Words 'twas Publisht.

An Account of the Three *Auctions to be held in the City of* Dublin: *In a Letter to the Wise, Learned, and Studious Gentlemen in the Kingdom of* Ireland, *but more especially to those in the City of* Dublin.

Gentlemen,

THough *the Summer be a Time for* Rambling, *and the Season of the Year invite all Men abroad, that love to see Foreign Countries, yet 'twas not this alone, but the good Acceptance the way of Sale by Au-*

ction *has met with from all Lovers of Books, that encouraged me to bring to this Kingdom of* Ireland, *a General Collection of the moſt valuable Pieces in* Divinity, Hiſtory, Philoſophy, Law, Phyſick, Mathematicks, Horſemanſhip, Merchandize, Limning, Military Diſcipline, Heraldry, Muſick, Fortification, Fire-works, Husbandry, Gardening, Romances, Novels, Poems, Plays, Bibles and School-Books, that have been Printed in *England* ſince the Dreadful Fire in *London* in 1666, to this preſent Time.

In this *General Collection* you'l find that many a good Book has lain aſleep, as not being known, and when a Book is not Publiſh'd, it cannot be nouriſhed by the favourable Acceptance of the World: I might Inſtance in Mr. *Turner*'s *Hiſtory of the Remarkable Providences which have happened in this Age*, of which there is near a Thouſand diſpoſed of in *London*, and ſcarce Twenty of 'em Sold in *Ireland*, though by viewing the Contents of this Work (which are given *Gratis* at *Dick's Coffee-Houſe* in *Skinner-Row*) 'twill evidently appear there is not a more uſeful Book.

Now Gentlemen, as *Books are the beſt Furniture in a Houſe*, ſo I ſee no Reaſon why others with my ſelf, ſhould not think their *Variety* the moſt excuſable Prodigality; and therefore as the good ſucceſs *additions* have met with, with my *Natural Love to*

Travel-

Travelling (as appears by my Venture of this Nature to *New-England*, *Holland*, and other Parts, in the Year 1686.) put me upon this Undertaking, so I hope you will give it incouragement in some proportion to my great Expence in Purchasing and bringing over so large a *Collection*; and indeed, Gentlemen, as this Sale is designed for your Profit, as well as my own, so it seems of right to Challenge your Protection, which if it receives, I shall not value what *some little prejudic'd People* can do to discourage it: I design by this no Reflection on my *Brethren in this City*, for to do 'em Justice, they acted generously, and gave me all the Countenance I could expect (all save *Patrick Campbell*, who grins at my Undertaking.) Though had they not, *Learning and Knowledge* are such real things, they need no other props to support them, but what is cut out of themselves; and a better *Medium* to effect it, than by reading Books, I know not. And though there be a Complaint that the World seems oppressed with Books, yet do we dayly want them; if it were not so, what is the Reason that many of great Estates can hardly make *their Minds or Thoughts stretch to a Geometrical Measuring of their own Lands?* but surely he that has Money in his Pockets, and will starve his Brains, (when so many new and valuable Pieces are brought to his Door) *deserves to be posted*; for what can

a Mans *Rusty Bags* afford him, to the Profits and Treasures of Books? *Plato* was accounted a Wise Man, and we find it Recorded of him (*a*) that he thought it a *rich Purchase* when he bought *three Books of Philosophy* belonging to *Philolaus*, a *Pythagorean* in *Sicily*, though at an incredible Rate; and that *Atlas of Learning*, that Orthodox Scholar, (*b*) Archbish. *Usher*, (whose Name makes *Ireland* Famous, as 'twas the Birth-place of so great a Man) He it was that sent to *Samaria* for sundry Copies of the *Samaritan Pentateuch*; and with a dear Purchase it was also that he brought the *Syriack Bible* with other Books from *Syria*. It's Recorded that *Solomon's Library* was the Feather in the Plume of his Glorious Enjoyments, a part whereof he thought was the choicest Present he could make to the *Queen of Sheba*, for the Recompence of her great pains in *Travelling* to Profit her self, and Honour him; and seeing the *Variety of Books* (says the Ingenious *Burton*) he must needs be a *Block* that's affected with none. King *James the First*, when he saw the *Oxford Library*, wished that if it ever happened that he should be a Prisoner, that there he might be kept, and that *those Chained Books might be his Fellows, and the Chains his Fetters*: And who will not say that Good Books and Good

(*a*) *See Mr.* Stanleys Philosophy. (*b*) *See Mr.* Leigh

Good Company, are the very *Epitomy of Heaven?* In a Word, there's nothing comparable to the purchase of Knowledge, and whenever Men begin to taste it, they will say, I speak *Truth with a Witness.*

Gentlemen, Having said thus much of *Auctions, Learning, and the Collection of Books* I have brought into this Kingdom, I would have no Man displeased if he finds not all he expected in my *First Catalogue*, for if he has Patience, his Expectation will be fully Answered: But the great Variety of Books I have brought over, have rendred it impossible to have 'em all Bound time enough for my first Sale. I have therefore divided 'em into *Three Auctions*: The first of which will begin *July* 7th, 1698. Neither can I exceed that Time, my design being to take *Scotland*, *France* and *Italy*, &c. in my way home, and to be in *London* by next *Christmass*.

There will be a *Distinct Catalogue* for every *Auction*, and when Printed (of which Publick Notice shall be given) will be delivered *Gratis* at *Dick's Coffee-House*, (the Place of Sale) and at the Coffee-Houses in *Limerick*, *Cork*, *Kilkenny*, *Clonmel*, *Wexford*, *Galway*, and other Places, so that those that live at a distance may send their Commissions to their Relations in *Dublin*, or to my Friend Mr. *Richard Wilde*, and they shall have their Orders faithfully Executed; for as this Country is obliged to

his *Universal Knowledge in Books*, for the goodness of this Collection, so to his Care and Fidelity (my Health calling me to *Wexford* to drink the Waters) is committed the Charge of the whole Undertaking, And I think I need add no more, for tho' it has been Customary to Usher in Undertakings of this Nature, with insignificant and tedious Commendations, which serv-ed only to tire the Readers Patience, and stagger his Belief, and may perhaps be expected now upon a *Collection* which might justly Challenge the Precedence of what has ever been Exposed to Sale in *Ireland*; yet being resolved to proceed in *quite contrary Methods* to what has been formerly used; I'll manage the whole with that Candor and Sincerity, as shall leave no room for Exception: For as Gentlemen come here supposing to buy a *Pennyworth*, so I do assure 'em I think it unjust to advance the Rate upon 'em by any *Underhand-Bidding*: *And for every Penny I get that way, I will restore a Pound*; neither did I suffer any of my *scarce and valuable Pieces* to be *cull'd out* from the rest (tho' importun'd there-to by several Gentlemen, and Booksellers) that all might have *equal Treatment*, and the greater Reason to attend my *Auction*. And I am very willing that the Ingenious and Learned should be their own Judges in this matter, not doubting but upon an Impartial view of my *Three Catalogues*

(of

(of which this is the first) they will find not only such *Variety of New Books* as were never before in *Ireland* (and *scarce ones* no where else to be purchased) but such Curiosities in *Manuscripts and Pamphlets* (of all sorts) as will be sufficient to invite them to exert a Generosity, as may further Encourage

Dublin June 24. 1698. *Your Humble Servant,*

John Dunton.

SIR,

IF you'l give me your Thoughts upon this *Auction*, the Conditions of Sale, and the *Scuffle* I'm like to be ingaged in, on the Account of this Undertaking, I shall own it as a Mark of your Friendship: *Write as supposing me still on the Road*; I am yet on my *Summers Ramble*, and to Morrow (having met with agreeable Company) shall set out for the *Boyn*, *Kilkenny*, *Galway*, &c. In order to view the *Cabins*, *Customs*, *and Manners* of the Wild *Irish*. Direct your Answer to be left with my worthy Friend Dr. *Wood*, at his House in *Kilkenny*, for I design to make him a Visit when I leave *Dublin*. Pray Sir write by the first Post, for I intend your Answer shall come into my *Summer-Ramble*, for my Method, different from other Travellers, is to get Remarks upon all I see, but

Six-pence *Once, Twice,* (*a*) and the next Word is to assure you, that I am

Your very Humble Servant,

John Dunton.

(*a*) *This is the second Letter I sent you, since I came to* Ireland.

Remarks on my First Letter.

SIR,

I Have receiv'd the Kindness of yours, by which I perceive that neither *distance of Place,* multiplicity of Business, nor variety of Diversions, and some times *Distractions,* are able to divert the stream of solid Friendship, but that you have *still a Minute to spare* in remembrance of your old Acquaintance.

I am glad to find you have Encouragement to go on with your *generous Undertaking* of imparting to *Ireland* so many valuable Pieces of Learning. I don't know why some of 'em may not be accounted *Phœnixes,* as being reviv'd since the Fire of *London,* or rather sprung up from its Ashes.

Time was when *Ireland* was famous for Learning, and hence it came to be said of

a certain Great Man, whose Name does not now occur to me.

Ivit ad Hibernos Sophia mirabile claros.

But *I* am afraid the Case is much altered since. *Slavery and Popery* have had so long and universal a Possession of that Countrey, that the Spirits of the Native (or Wild *Irish* at least) are much degenerated, so that we may now apply to them as a proper Reverse,

Vervecum in Patria crassoque sub aere Nati.

If your Design may be any way subservient to restore Learning among them, you will have Cause to *value your self upon it while you Live.*

But my Friend, *I* perceive by your Fears of a SCUFFLE, that you will find it more difficult to Conquer their Prejudices, at least of some of them, than *Richard Strongbow* found it to make a Conquest of their Nation; but *I* hope you are so much a *Philosopher* as to prepare your self before-hand for cross Emergents, that you don't lose Courage on their approach.

Never was there that *Great or Good* Design yet in the World which did not meet with Opposition, and if yours happen to be singular in this Respect, it will be as remarkable a Passage, as many that are recorded in the *Irish Story.* You

You know *I* am no pretender to the *Spirit of Prophecy*, but methinks I foreſee a *Storm* coming upon you. My Reaſon is this, Whatever the Honeſty of your Deſign, and the fairneſs of your way of dealing may be, and which I perſuade my ſelf the *Iriſh Climate will never be able to alter*; yet you muſt expect that thoſe of your own Calling will look upon you as an Interloper, or perhaps a Fore-ſtaller and Ingroſſer: If you can Convey Learning to *Ireland* thro' their *Channels*, ſo as there may be ſome *Gold-Duſt* left for themſelves at the Bottom, you may perhaps 'ſcape pretty well; but if otherwiſe, I am much miſtaken if you don't experimentally find the falſhood of that old ſaying, That *Ireland* entertains *no venemous Creature.*

I cannot but applaud your Honeſty in promiſing not to *advance the Prices upon Gentlemen that come to buy, by Under-hand Bidding.* To do otherwiſe, is not only to Act two different Parts with the Satyr in the Fable, but according to the Northern Proverb, *To Play both the Thief and the Merchant*, and I wiſh you had left more of that ſort of Honeſty amongſt ſome of your Brethren at home. We have not ſo much of it our ſelves, as to ſend *ſuch a Cargo* of it at once to our Neighbours; the worſt I ſhall wiſh thoſe Gentlemen, who practiſe the contrary Method, is, that they may never have any other Buyers, but their

own

own *Under-hand Bidders*, for that is the likelieſt way to reform them.

But though I am Confident you will be as *good as your Promiſe in this Matter*, yet all your Honeſty will not be Armour of Proof againſt a Weapon you have put into the Hands of your Enemies, which is, that you Promiſe a *Penny-worth* to thoſe that will buy at your *Auction*.

The Propoſal is indeed as charitable as that of Selling below the Market-price to the *ſtarving Poor*, but you know thoſe who practiſe this Method, have as many Curſes from the Ingroſſers of Corn, as *Bleſſings from the Starvlings* whom they ſave from Death.

Learning, I do verily believe, *runs low in* Ireland, generally ſpeaking; and no wonder it ſhould, when they have not *Books at moderate Rates*, and therefore your *bountiful Deſign* to the Publick, will not be able to atone for the Injury which ſome Perſons will be ready to apprehend from you in their Private Affairs. If you Sell a better Penny-worth than they, you muſt expect their Envy; and the Conſequence of that, is all that's unjuſt and miſchievous.

But let none of theſe Things diſcourage you, *go on with your good Deſign* of diſperſing thoſe Books in *Ireland*, that are fitted for their Inſtruction and Diverſion; *Profit and Pleaſure ought to go Hand in Hand.*

I would not frighten you, by repreſenting only the black ſide of the Cloud. I hope you will meet with ſome *fair weather*; try if you can invite the Muſes in your *Summers-Ramble*, to make a viſit once more to the *Iriſh Parnaſſus*, and to diſperſe the *Liberal Arts amongſt the Kerns*. What Pity is it, that a People who are generally ſo fair of Body, ſhould not have better Means to cultivate their Souls.

You are very well furniſh'd with proper Materials for ſo good a Work, if they fall into charitable Hands.

You are accuſtomed to *Rambling*, to uſe your own Term, though ſome would have the Ambition to call it *Travelling*; and if as other Travellers do generally drop Money in thoſe Countreys which they viſit, you drop Learning too, it will be a double Advantage.

I muſt take leave to diſſent from one of your Propoſitions, *That Books are the beſt Furniture in a Houſe*, and I believe you will be of my Mind too, when you know what it is; and I will tell it you frankly, that I think a *Good Wife is better*; but both of 'em do well together. I could the more readily have pardon'd your Miſtake, if you had not known the Truth of what I ſay, by both ſides of Experience, but of this enough. It would ſeem by you that *Solomon* thought them equal, ſeeing he preſented *the Queen of Sheba* with part *of his*

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Library, for if we may believe *Prester John*, she was one of his Concubines, that pass'd for a sort of Wife in those Days, and from their Bed it is he pretends to derive his own Original. This must needs Enhance the Value of Books (and the Stationers Trade) seeing they were the noblest Present that the wisest of Princes could think on, to make to the wisest of Queens.

Had that Prince happened to live when Printing was Invented, he had certainly been a great Incourager of the *Booksellers-Trade* — He who knew the sweets of Wisdom and Understanding, and press'd others so earnestly to the pursuit of it, would have thought himself very Happy in such a proper and easie Method of acquiring and diffusing it.

Yet such is the unhappy Genius of too many in this Age, that they Care not how empty their Brains be, so they can but *Stuff their Bags*, or their Bellies—Covetousness and Sensuality are equally Enemies to Learning. The Miser laughs at those, who spend their Time and Strength in search of the *Philosophers-Stone*, the Grand *Elixir*, and *Aurum Potabile*, whilst he has the *Aurum Potabile* under a sure Guard of *Locks and Bars*. The Sensualist doth in the same manner Ridicule those, who Abridge themselves of Sleep and other Conveniencies, in the pursuit of Knowledge. He thinks the best Ornament for the Head is *a fine Hatt and a*

flanting Wigg; a good Complection owing to the Bottle, is preferrable in his Senſe, to a Pale Face, the uſual Reward of Study. He had rather be taught how to cut Capers with his *Heels*, than enabled to Judge betwixt Truth and Error with his *Head*.

Theſe are ſome of the principal Reaſons, why Learning makes ſo *little progreſs* amongſt many, who by Providence and Nature are furniſh'd with Opportunity and Ability to acquire it.

Your Inſtances of the value put upon Books, by *Plato*, *Arch-Biſhop Uſher*, *and King James* I, are pertinently brought in, and may they be as perfectly copied. Knowledge is without doubt, the moſt valuable of all ſublunary Treaſures. *Solomon* was certainly of that Opinion, when he ſaid, that *a poor and wiſe Child was better than an old and a fooliſh King*. Wiſdom had ſomething more Charming in his Eyes than any thing the *Crown and Scepter* could afford; whence we may rationally infer, that *Solomon* would have preferr'd the Induſtry of thoſe that ſhould have brought him a *Cargo of good Books*, to the Induſtry of his Richeſt Merchants, that brought him Gold and Silver from the *Indies*, which ſome Modern Authors underſtand by *Ophir*.

The Thoughts of this may be enough to ſupport you againſt the *Cavils* of thoſe, who may happen to oppoſe you. Seeing the *Native reſult of your Voyage to* Ireland,

is

is to make good Books common there at a moderate Rate, for which others would exact upon their Customers.

I shall conclude this long Letter with this one Remark, That your Fancy soars too high, and your *Mind is too nimble for your Body.* To talk of compleating your Ramble in *Ireland*, to visit *Scotland*, *France*, and *Italy*, and to be in *London* by *Christmass next*, is somewhat too much for *Pegasus* himself; for you have known him sometimes play the Jade. I find you are already oblig'd to go to *Wexford* for your Health, whence I am afraid you will be induc'd to alter your Project. For if your *Body won't keep pace with your Mind, you must send your Thoughts upon the Ramble, and spare the Carkass:* However I approve of your return to *London* by *Christmass*, for at that Time we have generally as good Cheer in *England*, as you will find any where else.

Give me leave to adde one Word, as to *your Conditions of Sale.* If the Conditions of your Chapmen be as Fair, you have Reason to expect all possible Encouragement; but I am afraid you will find *Solomons* Observation hold as true in *Ireland* as in other Kingdoms, where the Buyers do usually say of the Merchandize, *It is naught, it is naught*, but when they have once got it into their Possession, they will be sure to boast of their Penny-worth. I have no more to adde, but pray you to make haste Home,

Home, and in the mean Time fortifie your ſelf againſt the Diſtemper of the Countrey, by its own natural Product, I mean a *good Freeze Coat, lin'd with Uſquebaugh*; but don't linger too long, leaſt our mine'd Pyes be all eat before you get over, for I look upon them to be a more proper Cordial for a *true Engliſh Stomach.* But I ſhall exceed the bounds of a Letter, and therefore without any further Ceremony, ſubſcribe my ſelf,

Your Friend and Servant, &c.

The Second Letter.

My Worthy Friend,

I Have receiv'd Yours, with your Thoughts of *my Dublin Auction*, and of the Conditions of Sale, for which I return you hearty Thanks. I have already found that your Conjectures of Envy's attending my Deſign, were too well grounded, and have reap'd ſome Benefit by your Advice. Therefore I have here ſent you an Account of an *unhappy Scuffle* betwixt me and a *Dublin*-Bookſeller. That you may the better be poſſeſs'd of the whole Matter, I have here ſent you the Copies of the Letters and Proceedings that have yet paſs'd on this Occaſion, and hope you

will

will oblige me with the Favour of your Thoughts upon this, as you did upon my former. This *Scuffle* was firſt occaſion'd by his taking my *Auction-Room* over my Head, which oblig'd me to Publiſh the following *Reaſons for my Removal to another*, directed to the Gentlemen of *Dublin*.

The Reaſons for my Removal to Patt's *Coffee-Houſe.*

Gentlemen,

I Have drawn up ſome *Reaſons* for my Removal to *Patt's Coffee-Houſe*, which I had ſent to the Preſs, where they were Compoſed and the Letters ſet, but the Printer being over-awed by Mr. *Campbel*, refuſed to Print them. But Gentlemen, if Money will purchaſe the Printing of them elſewhere, you ſhall have them in Print to morrow Morning, or otherwiſe in writing at *Patt's Coffee-Houſe* in *High-ſtreet*.

John Dunton.

Gentlemen,

The above Lines were Printed before my *Catalogue* for *November* the ſeventh, and owned as a Truth by my *Printer, in Dublin* (in the Preſence of Mr. *George Larkin* and Mr. *Richard Wilde*) who then declared, that Mr. *Campbel* threatened to

Arreſt him, and his Partner, and to take away all his Work then in the Houſe, if he went on with the Printing of my Reaſons for removing to *Patt*'s. Gentlemen, *Patricks* frighting Printers with Actions, *(and by this way Locking up the Preſs)* is I confeſs a pretty way of anſwering my Charge againſt him, and ſufficiently ſhews his Guilt; but I am ſo far from being frighted *with Bugbears* of that Nature, having a juſt Cauſe to defend, that at the *ſame Hour he enters one Action, I'll enter two,* and purſue it further then he is aware of; and though my Printer had not *Soul brave enough* to Work off at the Preſs what was Compoſed in his Houſe *(* for my Letter annexed was directed to him) yet other Printers in *Dublin,* being ſatisfied with the Truth of my Charge, aſſur'd me in the Preſence of Mr. *Larkin,* that they would have Printed it with all their Hearts, had they done my former Work; however Gentlemen, I here preſent you in Writing with what I deſign to Publiſh, with this Promiſe to the *Printers of Dublin,* that were afraid to Print the following Paper; that whatever they ſhall Print againſt me, I will take no Advantage againſt them for it, provided they'll declare the Author; and if I cannot have the Liberty of the Preſs here, as I can in *London,* (tho' for every Sheet Printed in this *Scuffle,* I'll give a double Price,) I'll Anſwer what

what my Adverſary ſhall Print every Day in Manuſcript with my Name to it, and leave it at *Patt*'s Coffee-Houſe.

An Account of my Third Auction in Dublin, *to be held at* Patt's *Coffee-Houſe, over againſt St.* Michael's *Church in* High-ſtreet, *on* Monday November *7th*, 1698, *with my* Reaſons *for removing thither.*

In a ſecond Letter to thoſe Gentlemen, who have bought Books at my two former Auctions.

Gentlemen,

THis preſent *Monday* being *November* the ſeventh, at Three of the Clock in the Afternoon, will begin my *Third Auction at* Patt's *Coffee-Houſe in* High-ſtreet. 'Tis true, I fully deſigned that this Third *Auction*, as well as my Firſt and Second, ſhould have been Sould at *Dick's Coffee-Houſe in* Skinner-Row, for I had agreed with *Dick* for his Back Room as long as my Sale laſted, and though I never releaſed the Bargain (as *Dick* himſelf has own'd at the *Ram* in the Preſence of divers Perſons) any further, then by telling him, that I did not doubt, to have done in a few

Days, which I only ſaid, to ſhew my readineſs to quit his Room aſſoon as poſſible I could; but *Dick catching at theſe Words*, and one *Patrick Campbel* deſigning himſelf to keep an *Auction* of Books there, and thinking that the Room where Gentlemen had found ſuch fair Uſage in my *Auction*, would give a *Reputation to his, takes it over my Head*, (and Mr. *Wild's* too, as he had the Promiſe on't, when my Sale was done) Preſſing *Dick* to the Bargain by thoſe moving Arguments *of a double Price, or going to another Place*, and eaſie *Dick* (though otherwiſe I hope Honeſt) finding that 'twas the Law of *Auctions*, that he who bids moſt is the Buyer, e'en lets the Room to *Patrick*, at the Time when 'twas actually mine, without being ſo fair as to cry *Ten Shillings Once*, (a) *Ten Shillings Twice*, either to my ſelf, or to Mr. *Wilde*, to whom he promiſed the Refuſal. *Gentlemen*, This was odd Treatment, but becauſe *my ſtay in* Dublin won't permit me, to do my ſelf Juſtice, I choſe rather to quit my Right, then contend for't; but had *Dick* conſidered how far *the Rules of Civility* to me, and Gratitude to Mr. *Wilde*, ſhould have ſway'd with him, (Mr. *Wilde* not only being the Proprietor of the Shelves, that ſtood in the Room, but alſo the

(a) Note, *Ten Shillings a Week, was as much more as I had agreed with* Dick *for.*

the firſt that brought an *Auction* thither, that had kept ſeveral there, and was the means of bringing Mr. *Thornton's* formerly, and mine now) I ſay had *Dick* reflected on theſe Things, his Eyes had been Proof againſt the *double Price* (that *Dick* in his Letter tells me, *Patrick* had agreed to give him) and the *Scot* might have gang'd with his Pack of Bewks to another Place.

I ſhall be glad to ſee *Patrick acquit himſelf*, but I much doubt it, when I conſider, the *dark uſage I had in Turner* (of which more hereafter) and the *Forty Shillings* I had of him, was a ſecond Part to the ſame Tune: You muſt know, Gentlemen, he bragg'd of lending me Forty Shillings, when I firſt came to *Dublin*, thinking I ſuppoſe, to leſſen my Credit with *Printers, Stationers, and Binders*, not knowing how forward they were to ſerve me (that ſo my Venture might ſleep in quiet, till this *Geud Man* had cull'd out my beſt Books, which I judge he thought (*if the Binders were made Infidels*) he ſhou'd have for a Song, and the reſt, Gentlemen, you know might *have been ſerviceable to your Ladies under Minc'd Pyes*; in this you ſee the very Soul of *Patrick*; for he could not but know, that I had not *a drop of Mechanick Blood* in my whole Body (*my ſelf being the fourth* John Dunton *in a Lineal Deſcent from the Tribe of* Levi) that I could bow low, but could never creep to any Thing; that I

was born to a good Eſtate in Land, and had made it treble by a late Marriage; that I had brought a venture of Books to *Dublin* (of near *Ten Tun*) which could not yield leſs then 1500 *l.* and 200 *l.* more could I approve of Setters; and he as well knew that if I wanted an 100 *l.* (*for the King's Cuſtoms, and other Charges*, &c.) that I could have it at a Words ſpeaking, from Mr. *Lum*, a Parliament Man: But for all this, he talk'd *ſo loud of his Forty Shillings*, (though then he ow'd me a greater Summ, and to this Hour is not out of my Debt) that the *ſound of it reach'd to* England, and Mr. *Wilde*, who was then in *London*, ſent me *word*, he admir'd I ſhould *want Forty Shillings, when a Bill had been ſent me of Forty Pound.*

Gentlemen, By what I have mentioned, you ſee what the *Scotchman ITCH'D* to be at; and to add to his Favours, *he now takes my Room over my Head*; which I muſt tell him, reſembles a Man I once met in my *Travels, who Sold the ſame Book with two different Titles, Turning* Hodder *into* Cocker, Cumpſtey *into* Whaley, *&c.* (according as his Cuſtomer wanted) with as much Dexterity as the Suttler in King *James's* Camp, who drew *Ale out of one end of the Barrel, and Beer at the other.* Nothing that's ſaid here, is deſigned as a Reflection on any other of my *Brethren in this City*, for to do 'em Juſtice (as I ſaid

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in my first Letter) they *Acted generously*, and gave me all the Countenance I could expect; all save *Niff-Naff* (the *Proud Loan* of *Skinner-Row*) who formerly Grin'd, and now Barks at my Undertaking. But when I came to *Ireland*, I expected to *fight with Beasts at* Ephesus; and if he proceeds as he has begun, we shall *Scuffle* in earnest; but if we do (as good Luck is) such is the Impenetrability of *Innocence*, and my just Undertaking, that he can do me no Harm: For I bless God, my Name and Reputation stands much above him, but he Labours (*though 'tis yet in Private*) to bespatter me all he can; nay Gentlemen, so foul and nauseous is the Venom he spits at me, that 'tis easie to think *that Nature spoil'd him in the making*, and set his Mouth at the wrong end; certainly, there must be a corrupted and putrified Soul within, whence (as my Friends tell me) there daily steams out so much *odious and stinking Breath*. 'Tis true, Gentlemen, he calls himself the *een Mon of Coonshence*; but I am afraid to tell you, what *Perswasion* he is of, seeing he has so very little either of *Justice or Humanity*, but at present he's the Chief, if not the only Enemy I have; His *Private Slanders* (the more Impudent, as given at a Time when he ow'd me Money) are too notorious to need my Answer, but may teach us this, that we should *Judge*

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Gentlemen, By what I have mentioned, you ſee what the *Scotchman ITCH'D* to be at; and to add to his Favours, *he now takes my Room over my Head*; which I muſt tell him, reſembles a Man I once met in my *Travels, who Sold the ſame Book with two different Titles, Turning* Hodder *into* Cocker, Cumpſtey *into* Whaley, &c. (according as his Cuſtomer wanted) with as much Dexterity as the Suttler in King *James*'s Camp, who drew *Ale out of one end of the Barrel, and Beer at the other.* Nothing that's ſaid here, is deſigned as a Reflection on any other of my *Brethren in this City*, for to do 'em Juſtice (as I ſaid

in

in my first Letter) they *acted generously*, and gave me all the Countenance I could expect; all save *Niff-Naff* (the *Proud Loon* of *Skinner-Row*) who formerly Grin'd, and now Barks at my Undertaking. But when I came to *Ireland*, I expected to *fight with Beasts at* Ephesus; and if he proceeds as he has begun, we shall *Scuffle* in earnest; but if we do (as good Luck is) such is the Impenetrability of *Innocence*, and my just Undertaking, that he can do me no Harm: For I bless God, my Name and Reputation stands much above him, but he Labours (*though 'tis yet in Private*) to bespatter me all he can; nay Gentlemen, so foul and nauseous is the Venom he spits at me, that 'tis easie to think *that Nature spoil'd him in the making*, and set his Mouth at the wrong end; certainly, there must be a corrupted and putrified Soul within, whence (as my Friends tell me) there daily steams out so much *odious and stinking Breath*. 'Tis true, Gentlemen, he calls himself the *een Man of Coonshence*; but I am afraid to tell you, what *Persuasion* he is of, seeing he has so very little either of *Justice or Humanity*, but at present he's the Chief, if not the only Enemy I have; His *Private Slanders* (the more Impudent, as given at a Time when he ow'd me Money) are too notorious to need my Answer, but may teach us this, that we should *Judge*

of all Men's Religion by their Charity, and that to believe one Report in Twenty, is to give a very large Allowance.

I might next *ask* Patrick *a few Queſtions* (for *Modern Athens* (a) owes it's Riſe to my Doubts and Fears) about *Campbel* (*alias Ure*) and a certain Organiſt (*his Tenant for one Night*) I ſhould next *dragg Patrick to Waterford*, and ſhew him Mr. *Harts* Houſe, and here *I* could ask very odd Queſtions: And now my Hand's in *asking of Queſtions*, I'll ask *Patrick* how he reſted *on Sunday Night*? For he was viſiting the Preſs by ſeven on *Monday* Morning, ſent his Spyes by eight, *and his honeſt Drudges* were on the Stool of Repentance by nine, and by ten (with Cap in Hand) were at *down-right asking my Pardon for Compoſing Reaſons they durſt not Print*; this again makes me ask, Whether *Campbel* did not *privately ſee my Reaſons* before they went to the Preſs, and a Printed Copy of them after it was told me the Title was diſtributed? And whether he did not *pay the Printers for Compoſing them*, they being ſo willing, if I'd ſuppreſs *this Paper*, to excuſe me in that Matter? And if ſo, upon the whole, *Whether the two Printers, and* Patrick, *ben't Three?*

(a) *As you will find in the Hiſtory of the Athenian Society, Printed for* Jam. Dowley.

Gentlemen, being *fall'n amongſt Printers*, *I* ſhall ask a Queſtion or two about the

Dublin

Dublin-Booksellers; as, Are they a *forgiving Company? (for they are so in* London) *and can they Pardon a kneeling* Patrick, *for some little Lye in way of Trade?* and which he has own'd to 'em; sure they may, when he's *a Saint of their own Country*; *I* have more Questions to ask, and from thence could descend to others Particulars; *but I'll spare* Patrick *for his late Justice, in detecting the Thieves that robb'd* my *Ware-house*; and if *I* knew of one more Vertue he had, I'd proclaim it on the House-top, and to make it the more observed, *I* would afterwards *blaze it in the* London-Gazette: For Gentlemen, as I'm a true Friend where *I* take a Fancy, so *Patrick shall find me as fair an Enemy*; sure *I* am, did Gentlemen know my great Charge in *Removing to* Pott's, the *Folio's*, and Buyers, which *I* lost upon that Occasion, they'd say *I treat* Patrick *with a World of tenderness*; all that I've said yet, is but *self-Defence*; and though this Feud should end with *a bloody Nose* (for *Dick* suspects it began with one) yet I'll still be so just to *Patrick*, as not to belye the Devil. Gentlemen, to convince you of this, I'll venture at *no Buts nor Hints of Things*, (Buts and Hints, when they are no more, are the worst sort of Murthering a Man) but what *I* can (and will when he answers this) prove at length, on which I'll bestow a few Annotations, as a *Key to the darker Passages*.

Thus

Thus Gentlemen have I given you the *Reasons for my Removal to* Patt's, wherein I have advanced nothing relating to *Dick*, or the een, *alias* only, Mon of Coonshence, *(as the Geud Man at the* Bible *has call'd himself)* but what I'll Prove, and Reply to every Day, if there be Occasion.

Gentlemen, *Though I have been thus thrust out of my Room to make way for St.* Patrick *and his* Auction; I hope, you will allow me to say something of my own, though your *general Acknowledgment* of the fair Dealing you had in it, seems to render this Work unnecessary; for you all know, I begun *my Sale on a just Foundation*, did not interfere with any Man's *Auction* (there was none mentioned in *Dublin* till I came) nor did I take *any Mans Room over his Head*; or had I innocently done such a thing as that, upon Notice given by the injur'd Person, *(such as* Patrick *has had over and over)* I'd have flung up the Bargain at first Word: And I may speak the freer in this Matter, as 'tis a Thing I have done in *London*; *and as I begun my* Auction *on a just Foundation in* Dublin, *so the Books I sold were as fairly bought in* London; I took Advantage of no Mans Ignorance, as Mr. *Wilde* knows, in getting in the the whole Venture; of this he can give you several Instances, but that of Mr. *Sh——n* might suffice for all; and as my Books were honestly bought, and the *Sale begun on a right Foundation*, so I have had

a Bleſſing on the Undertaking; and tho' *I fight with Beaſts at* Epheſus, whilſt I've a Cordial in my own Breaſt, I ſhall fear nothing; the Truth is, I was ever more afraid of my Self then of all the World, *a Man cannot fly from himſelf (every Man carries an Executioner in his own Breaſt.)* ſo that a Man's Conſcience (in ſome Sence) is the only Friend or Enemy he has in the World.

Gentlemen, had I *begun my* Auctions *(or carried them on)* by other Means then is here mentioned, I ſhould own it *a piece of Impudence* to deſire *your Company a third Time*; or had I pretended Conſcience to you, and yet play'd the Knave with *Dick* — (for I did not take his Room from Week to Week, as he falſly Aſſerts, *but for as long as my Sale laſted*, as ſeveral Witneſſes will Depoſe upon Oath) 'twou'd have ſhown you at firſt glance *what Candor you were to have in my Three* Auctions; but to *Rob Peter to Pay Paul*, is a Doctrine I never practiſed, and ſcarce know what 'tis call'd; and would you have a Name for't, you muſt ſend to the *ten Men of Conſcience*; but though I am *able to ſtand the Teſt with the ſame Allowance that every Man would wiſh for himſelf under the like Circumſtance, as to my* Auctions *here, and the whole Trading Part of my Life*, yet I have Enemies as well as other Men (two of a Trade, can never agree) and you would

wonr

wonder if I had not, *for I have Printed Six Hundred Books*, writ by Authors of different Judgments, and 'tis ſtrange if in *drawing upon one another, the Bookſeller* (a ſort of Second in ſuch Duels) *ſhould always 'ſcape without any Wound*; but though I have Enemies, they are only thoſe that never knew me, or never heard what I had to ſay for my ſelf.

Or elſe ſuch *narrow Souls as are wholly guided by ſelf-intereſt*. Of all that have Traded with me (tho' for many Thouſands) I know not of one Enemy I have in the whole World, ſave *Patrick Campbell at the* Bible *in* Skinner-Row, *and a piece of Traſh that I ſmell beyond the Herring Pond: And to the immortal Glory of the* Stationer's *Company, I know but two more ſuch in* London, and not one of them Lives in *St. Paul's Church-Yard, or at the* Bible *and* Three Crowns; but Gentlemen, if I find out more, you ſhall know the Names their God-fathers gave them; but 'twill be Time enough to deſcend to Particulars when I leave *Ireland*, and then I'll ſurely do it, in a *Farewel Letter to thoſe Gentlemen, that Buy what they won't Pay for.*

Now Gentlemen, if my Friend *Campbell* thinks himſelf injur'd by theſe Reflections, *the Preſs is open*, to him I mean, but not to me (as he has order'd it) But *if I have a clear Stage, I deſire no Quarter from him*, for I have yet ſo much by me;

which

which will keep Cold, as would make a PEDLAR Sweat, or as ſtout a Man as the great *Campbell*. But Gentlemen, *Conſcience makes Cowards of us all, and for that Reaſon* Campbell *will ſcarce give you the Diverſion of a Paper War*. No, *Patrick* is a great Man, and to ſcorn my Charge (as in Yeſterdays *Flying Poſt*) is the eaſieſt way to Anſwer it; *the truly Valiant dare face their Danger*, but I doubt my Enemy won't meet me with any Weapon but his old one of *Niff-Naff*, for fear his Defence in Print, ſhould move me to new Diſcoveries, or *to fall to Writing of Ears; but if he hangs out his Flag of Defiance, and dares anſwer this*, let him do it while I'm here, and ſubſcribe it with his *right Name, as I will my Reply with* John Dunton; for 'tis a pitiful Cowardize that ſtrikes a Man in the dark, or like *T. W.* bites a Man by the Heel, and then like a Serpent creeps into his Hole again, for want of Courage to abet his Actions. *I never in my whole Life was the firſt Agreſſor in any Quarrel, but when I am juſtly provok'd, I wear my Pen as others do their Sword*; *and if* Campbell *Replies to this, I'll Anſwer his Charge*, De Die in Diem, *till I have worn my Pen to the ſtumps.*

What though I loſe the Day, yet I aim high;
And to dare ſomething, is ſome Victory.

Though

Though *Patrick* can fright the *Printers* that Live by him, yet I do assure him, (As I tell *Dorinda* in my Answer to her *Billet Doux*) *till he's Vertuous I can't Love him, and 'tis not in my Nature to fear any Thing*; neither will I forget him, nor the *Brass* in *Copper-Alley*, in the *History of my Summers Ramble*, which will be a Crown Bound, and shall be sent to *Dublin* in few Weeks. When we have thus Box'd it out, *We'll Kiss* (as the Gentlemen of *Ireland* do) wash our Selves, shake Hands and Part.

But whither does my just Resentment carry me? Yet Gentlemen, I hope you'll Pardon it, for when at any Time I go out of the Way, it is rather upon the Account of *License than over-sight*; *there be Pieces in* Plutarch, *as well as in* Dunton, *where he forgets his Theam*; besides I'm the more excusable, as I told you I *lov'd Rambling, and should visit* Scotland *in my way home*, and you see I'm as good as my Word.

Gentlemen, I shall only add, that the Candid Treatment you have found in my *Two Auctions*, I hope will invite you this Afternoon to *visit my Third*, and to engage you to it, you will find daily in my Printed Bills that I have yet divers good Books, as *Doctor* Barrow's *Works*, Josephus *History in* English, Rawleigh *the best Edition*, Milton's *Political Works, and many others I han't Time to mention.*

You

You will also find, I have several Excellent *Law Books* in all Volumes, such as the *Irish Statutes in Folio, and the Year Books of the best Edition,* &c.

I have also in this *Third* Auction, *A Collection of scarce Pamphlets* on most Subjects, and when my Catalogue of *Manuscripts* is Publish'd (it containing great variety of Curious Subjects never yet in Print) I shan't doubt the *Company of ingenuous Persons*, but this being my last Sale for the Year, 1698. and my Time of Imbarquing for *London* being very soon, I can allow but *Two Days after the Auction is ended*, for the taking away what you Buy in it.

To Conclude, I told you in my *first Letter that I thought it unjust to advance the* Rate *upon you by any Under-hand Bidding, and for every Penny I got that way, I'd restore a Pound*; which was not said to serve a turn, for I have been true to my Word, as a Worthy Member of the House of Commons (who has been a great Encourager of my *Auction*) has done me the Honour to Declare; and as *honest Dobbs*, a considerable Buyer, and all the Servants attending my *Auction*, can Testifie; but surely Gentlemen, *the Buyer should be Just as well as the Seller*, and if you consider the vast Charge I am at to serve you (*with such an* Auction *of New Books as never was sold in* Ire-

Ireland) you will be as forward to Pay me, as I am to ſubſcribe my Self,

Dublin, Nov. 5th. 1698. *Your very humble Servant*,

John Dunton.

To the end the foregoing Letter *might be forthwith Printed, I ſent it to the Perſon, who Printed my* Auction-Bills, *with this Letter*, (viz.)

To the Printer.

SIR,

FInding a Neceſſity of *vindicating my ſelf, againſt the ill uſage of Mr.* Patrick Campbell, *and Mr.* Richard Pue, I ſend this *Second Letter* (giving an Account of my Third *Auction*) for you to Print; you ſee I have Subſcribed *my Name to it, and will own it in the Face of the Sun*; and if Mr. *Campbell* be a generous Enemy, he will be no more angry at your Printing this, then I ſhall be if you Print his Anſwer; nor will I ever give you any Trouble upon that Account, how *ſcandalous and falſe* ſoever the Things may be, that you ſhall Print againſt me, provided you will be

be ready to testifie who is the Author; *but if you han't Soul brave enough to assist a Stranger in a Just Cause*, especially one who has been so great a Benefactor to your Art both in *England* and *Ireland*, in the last of which, I have been none of the worst of Customers to you; I shall then be obliged to take other Measures to right my self: But hoping you won't give me that unnecessary Trouble, I shall only add, that I am

Your hearty Friend,

John Dunton.

SIR,

THus I have given you a true and impartial Account of my *Dublin Scuffle*, on which I desire such Remarks as you were pleas'd to oblige me with on my former. I know you will deal freely with me, and therefore shall *accept your Reproof for any Thing* wherein you think I am faulty, as kindly as your Approbation when you think I have Right on my side; *for you know I was never a Slave to my own Judgment*, but have always desired the Opinion of those whose Thoughts I valued. I am,

Yours to Command,

John Dunton.

Remarks upon the Second Letter.

SIR,

I Am ſorry that I have happen'd to be *too true a Prophet.* I told you in my Laſt, that I foreſaw you would meet with *Oppoſition*, and that too from thoſe of your own Way of Buſineſs, but I could ſcarcely have thought that any Man who calls himſelf a Chriſtian, would have attempted it in ſuch a mean and ſcandalous Method.

Your *Adverſary* may perhaps have *read the Ten Commandments*, but it would ſeem he hath altogether forgot the Laſt, or at leaſt to put it in Practice; ſeeing he had ſo little Conſcience as fraudulently to take *your Auction-Room over your Head.* Perhaps he may think 'twas but a juſt Repriſal to over-bid you, on pretence that you had under-ſold him, which though it had been ſo, is contrary to the Law of Chriſtianity, which forbids *Rewarding Evil for Evil.* But I don't ſee the leaſt pretence he had for it. You were not the firſt that ſet up an Auction in *Dublin*, and it ſeems *Patrick Campbel* reſolved you ſhould not be the laſt, ſeeing he follow'd your Example, and ſlily *bought you out of your Room*, but had that been diſpos'd of by way of Auction too, I am apt to think, you would have

have been able to Cope with him, either for Purſe, or in offering a fair Price.

By what I can perceive, *your Adverſaries Courage and Chriſtianity are both of a Piece.* He was reſolv'd to fight you, but that he might aſſure himſelf of the Victory, he would firſt diſarm you, or at leaſt make ſure of the longeſt Weapon. Like another *Guy Faux*, he undermin'd your *Anſtion-houſe*; and then, like an *Almanzor*, he Huffs and Braves you.

Truth did never yet of it's own Accord affect a *lurking-Hole*, but has always Courage enough to ſtand the Teſt. Had *Patrick*'s Practiſe been open and fair, He would never have hinder'd it's being Publiſh'd in Print. There were other Methods to be taken for vindicating his Fame, than *threatening your Printers*, and out-bidding you there too: Had you advanc'd any Falſhoods, the Law was open; but *Patrick* thought it ſafer to Silence the Preſs. *Every Cock is ſtout on his own Dunghil*, Patrick *Claims a Priviledge to Crow at* Dublin, but he cannot hinder you to Anſwer him at *London*, ſo as you may be heard beyond St. *George's Channel*; and I am apt to think he will take no great Pleaſure in hearing the Story related.

I am glad to find you retain *your Courage*, and are not to be frighted into any thing that's *Sneaking* by your Adverſaries big Looks or Words. *Your natural Temper*

affords you Strength enough to bear up against greater Attacks than those; and if it want a Support, you know it is to be found in him who always Patronizes a Juſt Cauſe. Though you be now at a diſtance from your *well-furniſh'd Cloſet*, there's no want of proper Helps in your preſent *Auction*-Room. *Brooks's Remedies againſt Satan's Devices*, may be a proper Book for you to conſult on this Occaſion. I am glad to hear that *my former*, has contributed any thing to fortifie you againſt this Encounter. I am of Opinion, your Adverſary will have no occaſion to Triumph, when he caſts up his Accounts, either with *his own Conſcience* (if it be his Cuſtom to keep a fair Reckoning there) or when he comes to count his Gains by his *Envious Auction*, which faſtens the brand of foul Guilt upon him. But it ſeems *Patrick* has a Mind to be the *ſole Bookſeller* and *Auctioneer* in *Dublin*, at what Rate ſoever.

I am much ſurpriz'd at the *meanneſs of his Temper in talking of lending you Forty Shillings*, which to be ſure he knew you could not want, when you brought ſuch a *Cargo of Books* with you, though you had not had a good Eſtate in *England* to depend upon. I queſtion very much, whether *Patrick's Eſtate* be able to ballance yours, and I am ſatisfied he cannot be a better Husband than you are known to be, nor more Induſtrious in his Calling; but

Ma-

Malice and Covetousness in one Man, (and indeed they are seldom to be found asunder) are enough to *transform him into a Monster*, and by your Character of *Patrick*, I can form no other Idea of him, but that he is one of the worst sort. *His Pretensions to Conscience* on the one Hand, and making no Conscience of depriving you of your *Auction-Room*, and bespattering your Reputation on the other, are very becoming a Man who can *sell one Book for two, under different Titles*. So that *Patrick* it seems *is a Saint on one side, and a Devil on the other*; and can shew himself in various Shapes, as occasion requires; I am Glad you were aware of his Tricks, and did not suffer him to *Cull your Library*, though there's no doubt, his disappointment in that, is one of the Chief Causes of the base Treatment you meet with at his Hands.

I am very well pleas'd, that the *other Dublin-Booksellers* behaved themselves with more Candour and Generosity towards you, and that the whole Mass was not corrupted by *Patrick*'s Envy.

The *Questions* you propose to him, and the odd hints you give of his Practice, I hope are founded upon good Information; otherwise, I would not advise you to Publish them; lest they be *thought Envious*, and may detract from your own Reputation, instead of painting him in his true Colours; but if the Things be known,

and that the divulging of 'em are neceſſary for your own Vindication, I have the leſs to ſay againſt it. *It is fit an Hypocrite ſhould be diſcovered to the World, that he may be render'd uncapable of deceiving more.*

I cannot however approve of your *National Reflections*, for you know there are Good and Bad in all Countries; and it may perhaps be ill reſented, if ever you ſhould attempt an *Auction at* Edinburgh, as you ſeem to Deſign.

It's true, you have Provocation enough from *Patrick* to diſplay his *Perſonal Faults, for I perceive he is not ſo open hearted as you are*, but works like a Mole under Ground, and undermines you with very much Art. Were his Induſtry and Management rightly applied, he would deſerve a Commendation; but as it is otherwiſe, the more Induſtrious and Dexterous he is, the more he diſcovers his Wickedneſs. *Your commending him when he does well, gives an Air of Ingenuity and Truth to the whole of your Accuſation*; and I am verily perſuaded, that if any part of it be a Lie, it's none of your making — And ſeeing you offer to prove the Truth of every Thing, if *Patrick* dares to contradict it, I muſt needs ſay, it's a fair offer, but inauſpicious for *Patrick*; for go which way it will, he's like to come off with the Loſs. If he does not Anſwer you, he ſeems to own the Truth of your Charge; ſo that were he of my Temper,

he

he would rather Venture to try it out with you, for he can but come off with loss at last.

I am glad you have so many *Witnesses to prove the fairness of your Proceedings,* for they are as many to fasten the Guilt upon *Patrick* and *Dick*; and therefore I plainly see through the Reason of *Patrick*'s unwillingness to engage you in Print; he is better at the *short Dagger of Calumny and Reproach behind your Back, than at fair Weapons Face to Face*; *he's for underhand Buying, and underhand Fighting*: Yet he may remember, that *Guy Faux* was at last blown up by his own dark Lanthorn.

I must Confess, that your having Printed *so many Books as you mention,* is very extraordinary; and it had been a Miracle, if you could have escap'd *without Reflections* from one or other upon that very Account; and therefore you have Reason to bear with the *common Fate of those of your Trade, who Print for Authors of different Judgments*; wherein you have scarcely had a common Share, for I dare venture to say it, that there are *few of the Calling,* but have more Enemies than your self. I never heard of any you had before, and therefore you have Reason to boast, if you have but one or two in Three Kingdoms.

I must needs approve your Design of *Printing your Defence* when you come to *England,* since *Patrick* it seems has the *sole Privilege of the Press in* Ireland; but if

you do, be ſure to keep within due bounds, and don't make uſe of all the Advantage, which *the goodneſs of your Cauſe* puts in your Hand, though I think you have little need of this Caution; you have promiſed your *Adverſary generous Treatment*, and I never yet knew you worſe than your Word.

If *Patrick* don't Reply, it muſt be becauſe he cannot, for that *Advertiſement* which you mention of his in the *Flying Poſt*, is ſufficient to ſhew that he would if he could; and if that be the Iſſue, then you have Reaſon to Crow over him in *England*, as he Inſulted you in *Ireland*. But one Thing I would adviſe you againſt, be not two Voluminous. There are but few, who will be at the Pains to read a *large Relation of a particular Quarrel*; and therefore, I would adviſe you to ſet Bounds to your Fancy. Your Credit is well enough Eſtabliſh'd in *England*, and I don't find that you have done *any Thing to leſſen it in* Ireland, ſo that a ſhort Defence will ſerve. Nay I am of Opinion, that a *plain Narrative of Matter of Fact*, will be Apology enough for your Self, and Puniſhment enough for *Patrick Campbel.*

The *Copy of your Letter to the Printer*, is ſo fair and generous, that nothing can be ſaid more, to prove that your Adverſary has neither *Candour nor Courage*, if he don't allow the Printer to accept your offer; but by what I can gueſs of the Mans Temper,

you

you are neither to expect that, nor any thing else that is fair from him; and therefore a *Victory* over such an Adversary is scarce worth the contending for.

I am, Sir, Yours, &c.

The Third Letter.

SIR,

YOUR Remarks upon my *Dublin Scuffle*, hitherto have been so Impartial, that it encourages me to proceed in my giving you the remaining *part of this Encounter*; I have proceeded so far, as to give you a hint of our first Scuffle at *Dick*'s *Coffee-House*, and my *Reasons for removing to* Patt's: I shall now proceed to tell you, That the next day after I went to *Patt*'s, I Printed the following *Advertisement*, that so the *Citizens of Dublin* might know of my Removal, and my Reasons for it: The *Advertisement* was this, *viz.*

Gentlemen,

THe Reasons for Removing my Third Auction to Patt's *Coffee-House, had been Publish'd Yesterday, had not Mr.* Patrick Campbell *over-aw'd the Printer, by Threatning to take away his Work, and Arrest him into the Bargain, in case he proceeded to Print off what was Compos'd at his House. The said Reasons, fairly writ on a Sheet of Royal Paper,*

may

may be ſeen by any Gentleman that pleaſes, with my Name Subſcribed to it, at Patt's *Coffee-Houſe, this Afternoon at Three of the Clock.*

John Dunton.

This *Advertiſement* was no ſooner Publiſht, but the *Engliſh Packet* Arrived; and that day, in the *Flying Poſt*, my Adverſary Publiſhed the following Reflections, which I ſhall inſert here, that the World may ſee he has a fair Enemy, and that I do him all the Juſtice I can.

His Reflections were theſe, *viz.*

'WHEREAS it is Publiſhed by Mr. *Richard Wilde* in Mr. *John Dunton*'s Advertiſement of the Second of *November*, that the Auction-Room was *taken over his Head.* — This is to inform all Perſons, That the ſaid Report is Falſe and Malicious; for Mr. *Wilde* was not the Perſon that *did take the Houſe*; and Mr. *Dunton, who took it*, had it only from week to week, and gave me Notice, in the beginning of *October*, That he wou'd have done within the ſaid Month; and I can certify, That Mr. *Campbell*, who has now taken the ſaid Room, was very Cautious and well informed, That he did not take it over another Mans Head; and, now ſays, he *Scorns Mr. Dunton*'s Reflections, and ſhall nei-

'neither give him, nor Mr. *Wilde*, any other
'Answer.

Richard Pue.

SIR,

I was no sooner made acquainted, that my Enemy had Publisht the above mentioned Reflections, but I went to *Pat's Coffee-House*, and there writ the following Answer.

A Brief Answer to some Lying and Scandalous Reflections, Published by Richard Pue, *in the Reprinted* Flying Post, November 7. 1698.

'WHEREAS in the Flying Post 'Reprinted at *Dublin*, and Pub-'lished *November* the 7th 1698. There is a 'Lying Advertisement, subscribed by *Rich.* 'Pue. (who is made the *Cats Foot* by *Pa-'trick Campbell*) without either Sense or Co-'herence, which runs thus: *Whereas it is 'Published by Mr.* Richard Wilde, *in Mr.* 'John Dunton's *Advertisement of the second 'of* November, *That the* Auction-Room *'was taken over his Head*, &c. This indeed 'Mr. *Wilde* has not only Published, but is 'ready to prove by several Witnesses, as 'he has already done to Mr. *Pue's* Face: 'To this Mr. *Pue* (according to his usu-'al Modesty) answers, *That the Report is 'False and Malicious, for Mr.* Wilde *is now 'the*

'*the Perſon that did take the* Houſe: Mr. '*Wilde* never ſaid he did; nor had *Dick* 'wrong'd me (if he had alſo added (when 'his Hand was in) nor Mr. *Danton* nei-'ther; for I took only the *Auction-Room*: 'But this is either according to *Dick's Un-'derſtanding*; or elſe one of *Patrick's* Jeſui-'tical Equivocations to creep out at: The 'Senſe of which is, *That the* Auction-Room '*was not taken over Mr.* Wilde's *Head, be-'cauſe he is not the Perſon that took the Houſe*: 'Now where the Coherence of this is, he 'that knows can tell. But though Mr. '*Wilde* did not take the Houſe, yet Mr. '*Pue* promis'd him the Refuſal of the *Au-'ction-Room*, when my *Auction* was done, 'which *Dick* has not only own'd, but told 'Mr. *Campbel* as much. To this *Dick* ve-'ry wiſely ſays *nothing*, becauſe he has *no-'thing* to the Purpoſe to ſay. As to my 'ſelf, he tells *two Notorious Untruths*: One 'is, That I took his *Auction-Room* only from '*Week* to *Week*; whereas I took it during 'the whole Time of the Sale of my *Three* '*Auctions*, paying 5 *s. per* Week while I 'kept it. This I can prove by *two Wit-'neſſes upon Oath.* The other Untruth is, 'That I gave him notice the beginning of '*October*, that I ſhould have done by the 'end of that Month; whereas he himſelf, 'not long ſince, confeſs'd before ſeveral 'Witneſſes, That I *took it during the whole* '*Sale of my* Auctions, and that I never Re-

'leas'd

'leas'd him. This he did so lately, he 'can't forget it: And he that will put his 'Name to so Notorious a Lye, and *know it 'to be so,* (which is *Dick*'s Case) may 'well be suppos'd to scruple nothing.— 'As to what he says of *Patrick*'s *being so 'Cautious of taking the Room over my Head,* 'it is like a Man's asking his Fellow whether he be a Thief. And for his saying, that *'Campbel scorns my Reflections*; I believe 'tis the wisest Course he can take; for I 'am sure it is far easier to *scorn 'em,* then answer 'em. But though he scorns 'em, *'Understanding Men* will see what weight, 'as well as what Truth there is in 'em: To 'whose Impartial Judgment I submit 'em. 'But I shall add no more here, but refer 'all Gentlemen to *Paul*'s *Coffee-House* in *'High-street,* where my *Reasons* (for Removing thither) are to be seen fairly 'writ in Two Sheets of *Royal Paper.*

John Dunton.

SIR,

After I had Publish'd this Answer to Mr. *Paul*'s Reflections, Mr. *Wilde* being therein abused as well as my self, thought it proper to Publish the *following Lines,* viz.

'Whereas *R. Paul* hath Yesterday by 'the Instigation of his Neighbour Mr. 'Campbel,

'*Campbel*, Publiſhed in the Re-printed *Flying Poſt*, a Notorious Falſe Advertiſement, that the *Auction-Room* at *Dick*'s was not taken over my Head. I do by theſe Certifie, That I can prove by ſeveral Witneſſes that I had *Dick*'s ſolemn Promiſes of the Refuſal of the ſaid Room as ſoon as Mr. *Dunton* had done with it: And the Reaſons for ſuch his Promiſes were, for that I was the Proprietor of the Shelves then ſtanding in his Room, and that I had kept ſeveral of my own *Auctions*, and brought Mr. *Thornton*'s and Mr. *Dunton*'s thither.

Richard Wilde.

Thus Sir, have I fairly ſtated the Controverſie 'tween *Patrick Campbel* (his Tool *Dick*) and my Self, but leaſt you ſhould think me too Partial in my own Cauſe, as you have heard what my Self, and Mr. *Wilde* have to ſay for our ſelves (for engaging in this *Scuffle*) ſo I'll next inſert the Teſtimony of Three Perſons (and you know Sir, a *Threefold Cord is* (a) *not eaſily broken*) further confirming the Truth of what I have ſaid.

(a) Eccleſ. 4. 12.

Nov. 24. 1698.

'WE the Perſons whoſe Names are hereunto Subſcribed, do hereby 'Atteſt and Declare, that about the begin-

'ning

'ning of this Month of *November*, *Richard* '*Pue* did publickly own in our hearing, that 'Mr. *Dunton* never released him of the A-'greement he first made with him, which A-'greement was, That Mr. *Dunton* should 'have the *Auction-Room* as long as he had 'occasion for it, paying 5 *s. per* Week.

Subscribed in the Presence of

Math. Gunne — Heneage Price
Samuel Lucas. — George Larkin.
Patrick Tracy. — William Robinson.

Thus Sir, have I given you a *further Account of my Scuffle with* Patrick Campbel, on which your Impartial Thoughts are desired by

Your obliged Friend and Servant,
John Dunton.

Remarks on my Third Letter.

SIR,

I Am Glad if my *Remarks* be any way pleasing or useful to you, and shall answer your Desire in sending you my Thoughts upon your further *Scuffling* with *Patrick* and *Dick*. Your Advertisement upon your *Removal to* Parr's Coffee-House; was Necessary and Just, and *Patrick*'s pre-

venting

venting your Publishing *your Reasons* in Print, according to his usual sly Manner, is Argument enough to prove that he durst not refer his Cause to the Determination of the Publick; and indeed I do not wonder at it, for Injustice may well be asham'd to show its Face. Besides, it seems its *Patrick's Character, to work like a Mole under Ground; for though he Loves to Act Unjustly, he does not Love to Appear so.* It's the Nature of a Hypocrite to wear a Rough Garment to deceive.

It was the next, and the only Course left you, to Publish *your Advertisement*, that *Patrick* might a little appear in his Colours, and in the mean Time to Publish *your Reasons in Writing*, was an Argument of true *English* Courage, to Face your Adversary *with such Weapons as you could come at*, when your Cowardly Adversary had depriv'd you of any other, because he knew he durst not engage you on Equal Terms.

His Publishing a Reflection upon you in the Reprinted Flying Post, was another Effect of his dastardly Temper, seeing he would not allow you the same Liberty; and therefore Mr. *Wilde's Advertisement* against *Campbel* and *Dick* was very proper and necessary; nothing could more effectually vindicate your Honesty, and prove your Adversaries falshood, and unfair way of Dealing; and I doubt not, but the Pub-

lick

lick would take it, as a ſufficient Proof of it.

Your *own Anſwer too* was highly neceſſary, and in my Opinion very pertinent: You therein expoſe *Patricks and Dicks Hypocritical Equivocations to the Life*, and ſeeing Mr. *Wilde* ſeconded the Truth of your Aſſertions, by his Advertiſement, and that you ſo boldly offer to prove the Truth of what you Aſſert in yours, its next to proving *Patrick a Liar on Record.*

I am far from queſtioning the Truth of what you have from Time to Time inform'd me of as to the *Dublin Scuffle*, and ſhould have believ'd it on your own Aſſertion. I have not known you ſo long, but that I am very well ſatisfied, you were never taken for a Liar at home, and I have no Reaſon to think you have chang'd your Temper by going to *Ireland.* However, your Prudence and Caution is commendable to have your Proceedings well atteſted, for that is certainly the beſt way to ſtop the Mouths of your Cavilling Adverſaries. I am,

SIR,

Your aſſured Friend and Servant.

The Fourth Letter.

SIR,

I Have now proceeded to give you the *Hiſtory of the* Dublin Scuffle, ſo far as *the ſmall Skirmiſhes of Bills and Advertiſements.* I am next to tell you, what the *Learned Gentlemen of* Ireland (who were Spectators of this *Scuffle*) thought of the Encounter: And to ſet this matter in the *Truer Light*, I ſhall here inſert the Letter I ſent by Mr. *Wilde*, *To the Right Reverend the Lord Biſhop of* Clogher; with the Anſwer his Lordſhip was pleaſed to ſend me. I had not preſum'd to have Publiſht the *Biſhops Anſwer*, but his Lordſhip is a Perſon of very Great Honour, and Strickt Juſtice (as I hint in my *Farewell Letter*) and I will be the ſooner enclin'd to pardon a Preſumption, which is ſo *abſolutely Neceſſary* to the Vindication of my Innocence.

My Letter to the Right Reverend the Lord Biſhop of Clogher, *in* Dublin, December *the* 17*th* 1698.

May it Pleaſe Your Lordſhip!

I AM Sorry I had not the Honour, to be in my *Auction-Room* this Morning, when

when your *Lordſhip was there*, that I might have return'd my Humble Thanks, for that Great Encouragement your Lordſhip has given to my *Book-Adventure*, as Mr. *Wilde* informs me; Had I met with none but ſuch Generous Buyers as your Lordſhip and the *reſt of the Clergy of Ireland*, my Undertaking had been more Fortunate: For, *My Lord*, I have had Great Injuſtice from ſome Perſons who have bought what they won't Pay for; and in particular, from *one Campbell*, who attempted to Murther my Reputation; and not contented with that piece of Revenge (*for my endeavouring to ſerve this Countrey with Books*) he afterwards, *takes my Auction-Room over mine and Mr.* Wilde's *head*; and whilſt *I* was in it, declares, *I* had Setters; though *I* aſſured the Buyer, That *for every Penny I got that Unlawful Way, I'd reſtore a Pound*: My Lord, *I* own it my Duty, to forgive Injuries; but *Campbell* juſtifies this Vile Treatment; and therefore, My Lord, *I* am obliged to Publiſh this *Dublin Scuffle*, to juſtifie my own Innocence; and to bring him, if poſſible (according to the Scotch Phraſe) *to the ſtool of Repentance*. *I* am pleas'd, to hear your Lordſhip is not angry at my Intention herein; and as the *Speaker of the Houſe of Commons*, has done me the Honour, to deſire a ſight of my firſt Draught, in Manuſcript; ſo your Lordſhip has likewiſe been pleas'd to Honour me, by deſiring

ſiring a ſight of the ſame, in Print; *which as it obliges me to Publiſh nothing but real Truth*; ſo it encourages me to hope, That the Publiſhing my *Dublin Scuffle*, will bring *Campbell* to a ſenſe of his Error. *I* have only to beg your Lordſhip's Pardon for this Preſumption, and to aſſure your Lordſhip, that *I* am,

Your Lordſhip's moſt Obliged and very Humble Servant.

John Dunton.

The Biſhop of *Clogher*'s Anſwer to the Foregoing Letter.

December 17*th.* 1698.

Mr. *Dunton*!

I Received your Letter, and am extreamly well Satisfied of your Juſtice and Fair Dealing in your Late Auction, and of the Fidelity of Mr. Wilde, *whom you Employ'd: You ſhall always have this Teſtimony, from*

Your Humble Servant,

St. *Geo: Clogher.*

SIR,

SIR,

YOUR Remarks upon this *Honourable Teſtimony* of the Biſhop of *Clogher*, relating to my SCUFFLE with *Patrick Campbell*, will further Oblige,

Your Humble Servant,

John Dunton.

Remarks on my Fourth Letter.

SIR,

I Was ſufficiently Satisfied by your Laſt, that your Juſtice, in relation to the Controverſie betwixt *Patrick Campbell*, and your Self, was undeniable; and therefore the further Teſtimonies which you have now ſent me of it, are *ex Superabundanti*; but I confeſs, the Quality of 'em is ſuch, that you ought not to have omitted them; eſpecially when you had ſeemingly tranſgreſs'd the *Rules of Good Breeding* ſo far, as to trouble ſuch an Eminent Perſon as the *Lord Biſhop of Clogher*, with a Letter on that Subject.

It was indeed a neceſſary Piece of Gratitude, and an Acknowledgment due to the *Biſhop's Character and Perſonal Merit*, to return his Lordſhip Thanks for the Incou-

ragement he had given to your Auction, and it was no leſs than Juſtice to the *Clergy of Ireland*, to own their Generous Deportment, and the Countenance they gave to your Undertaking; but I cannot altogether approve of your troubling that Great Prelate, who has the Charge of ſo many Weighty Affairs upon his Shoulders, with ſuch a Minute Affair as your *Scuffle with Patrick Campbel.*

But ſeeing his Lordſhip was ſo kind as to take your *Preſumption in good part*, and has been ſo condeſcending as to give you ſuch a *generous Teſtimony of the Fairneſs of your dealing in your* Auction: I cannot but admire the Excellency of his Lordſhips Temper, and applaud your ſucceſsful boldneſs.

You and your Friend Mr. *Wilde* have Reaſon to Value your ſelves upon the Teſtimony of a Perſon of ſo great Worth, which to be ſure will give a *Reputation* to your Management with all Men of Senſe and Honour; for I cannot but think, that the *Teſtimony of a Biſhop and Privy Counſellour*, will infinitely out-weigh the Calumnies of a *Pedlar* turn'd *Bookſeller*, and his Tool a *Coffee-man*. Beſides, the Reputation which his Lordſhip has for his Learning and Piety, makes it evident, that he look'd upon your Deſign as very ſubſervient to the Intereſt of Learning in that Kingdom; ſeeing he gave ſo much Incouragement to it. What

What you say of bringing *Patrick* to the *Stool of Repentance*, has something of an Impropriety in it, except you suppose him to have been *Cock-Bawd* to your *Dorinda*, for that Pennance is not (as I am inform'd) injoin'd in his Countrey upon any but those who are guilty of *Uncleannesse* —— But perhaps, because *Patrick* may have a *Dorinda*, which he may Love as himself; you may think that he ought to mount the *Stool of Repentance* for her *Billet Douxes*. If this be your meaning, I wish you had let it alone, for I am afraid if that Custom should take Place, it might bring a great many of your Acquaintance in *England* to stand in a *White Sheet* for the Faults of their She-Friends; and I know you are so good natur'd, that you would not willingly wish them so much harm.

It's true, that you for your own Part have been happier than many. *Your first Wifes Vertue put Her beyond the reach of Suspicion, and that of your second is Unattackable*; but though you and they have been mutually happy in one another, so that you had no occasion for a *She-Friend*, yet you ought to consider that there are many of your Acquaintance that have not had so good a Fate.

However, as to your Adversary *Patrick*, whether he deserve the *Stool of Repentance* for his own personal Crimes or not, I know not; but this I am sure of, that if

the Character given of him be true, he deſerves an *Advancement of as Publick a Nature*, and ſomething like the other too; for as the *Stool of Repentance* in his Countrey is rais'd ſo high, that the Criminal who is plac'd upon it may be ſeen by all that are in the Church; he ſeems to deſerve to be elevated above his Brethren *in a Publick Market-place*, with a Hole for his Head, and one for each Hand, and to have the Title Page of *Hodder transform'd into Cocker*, &c. Nail'd over his Head.

But to return to your *Scuffle*. Your imparting that Affair to the *Lord Biſhop of* Clogher, *and the Speaker of the* Houſe of Commons, ſeems to be a very good *Imprimatur*; but at the ſame Time, it is incumbent upon you to take Care, that there be nothing in it, *too mean to deſerve ſuch a Licenſe*, and that may be unfit for one of your Buſineſs and Reputation to divulge; for though, I doubt not, but you will *keep Religiouſly to Truth*; yet you know that all the Truth is not to be ſpoken at all Times, and ſomethings may be *too Trifling* to deſerve the View of the Publick; therefore peruſe every Thing carefully before it be Printed off. You ſee I make uſe of my *wonted Freedom* with you, as becomes one who is

SIR,

Your Cordial Friend.

The

The Fifth Letter.

SIR;

I Am ſtill *Scuffling with* Patrick Campbel; but ſuch is the Advantage of a Juſt Cauſe, that my *Auction* proſpers maugre all the *Malice and Venom* he ſpits at that and me. The firſt *Auction* I made (*after my Removal to* Patt's *Coffee-Houſe*) was ſtill crouded with generous Buyers; and notwithſtanding the Oppoſition I meet from *Campbel*, I have *now proceeded ſo far* in the diſpoſing my whole Venture, as to come to what I call (the word *Auction* being worn Thread-bare) *my Farewel Sale*. That I may give you the better Idea of theſe Proceedings, and ſet the *Dublin-Scuffle* in a yet clearer Light; I here ſend you the Account of this *Farewel Sale*, with the *Atteſtation* concerning my Self, and my Three *Auctions*, which are now ended. This further Account of the *Dublin-Scuffle*, you'll find in *my Third Letter, to thoſe worthy Gentlemen that were Encouragers of my Undertaking*; which Letter was Entituled,

The

The Farewel-Sale at Patt's *Coffee-House.*

[*And is as follows,* viz.]

Gentlemen,

THough my *Three Auctions* are now ended, I have yet *Variety of Books* left, so I design to try your generous Bidding a *Fourth Time*, which I'll call my *Farewel Sale*. It shall begin the following *Monday* at Three in the Afternoon at *Patt's Coffee-House* in *High-street*, and shall end *December* the first, neither will I exceed that, resolving (God willing) to Embark for *London December 5th*. 'Tis true I have Books enough to continue the Sale much longer, but *Native Country* has Charms in it, and I am very desirous to be at home: And therefore *December 5th, I shall bid you all Farewel*; for though when my *Fourth Sale* is over, I shall still have Quantities left, yet all that is then remaining *I'll lump to the Booksellers of* Dublin (to whom you must give *higher* Rates, of which the Sale of the *French Book of Martyrs*, is a late Instance) or if we can't agree, the same Ship that brought 'em hither, will be able to carry 'em back.

The *Conditions* of this last Sale are, That whatever is bought till *Thursday* Night, be

all

all paid the following *Fryday*; and for what has been bought in my *Three past Auctions*, 'tis expected they should be all fetcht away by *Saturday* the 26th Instant: In order to which, constant Attendance shall be given at *Patt's Coffee-House*, from eight in the Morning till eight at Night.

Gentlemen, I promis'd you in my last Catalogue, *The Dublin-Scuffle*— And the *History of my Summers Ramble*, and I'll be as good as my word, (for I'll Print 'em as soon as I get to *London*) and send 'em to *Patt's Coffee-House in High-street*, except *Patrick* will *Publickly own the Publick Injury he did me*, and then I will even forgive *Patrick Campbel*, and forget his *Taking my Room over my Head* (though 'tis Thought I'm an Hundred Pounds the worse for't, considering the Goods and Buyers I lost on that occasion) but if he has not the *Grace to ask my Pardon* (for the notorious Injuries he did me) I Pray God forgive him and *Dick too*, and in return I hope they'll wish me a *Boon-Voyage*, in regard they'll be rid of one durst tell 'em the Truth, and afterwards send it to *Patt's Coffee-House in Red-Letters*. And seeing they dare not answer my *Broadside* whilst I am in *Dublin*, (and whenever they do, I'll reply to 'em, though as far as *Rome*,) that they might not wrong me after I am gone, some of my Friends, that best know me, have voluntarily Subscribed the following Attestation.

The

The Attestation.

'WE whose Names are hereunto Subscribed, being all of us Present at Mr. *John Dunton*'s *Three Auctions* in *Dublin*, and having seen the Management thereof every Day; do hereby *Attest*, That as all was carried on and Managed with the greatest Candour and Sincerity imaginable, by Mr. *Dunton*, so the generality of those Gentlemen that bought his Books, have acknowledged in our hearing, That they had all the fair Dealing that they could desire: And we can more particularly affirm, That Mr. *Dunton*'s *Demeanour during his whole* Auctions, has been such, as has given Content to all Gentlemen there: For whereas in other *Auctions* it is common to have *Setters* to raise the value of the Books, in Mr. *Dunton*'s Auction we are sure there was none, *from the beginning to the end*: Mr. Dunton having absolutely declar'd against it, *as not fair nor honest*. And we do further Attest, to our certain Knowledge, That in all his Concernments, with the *Printers*, *Stationers*, *Binders*, and others (which was very considerable) he paid every one, not only to a *Penny*, but even to a *single Half-Penny*, so very exact and scru-

'pulous

'pulous he was of wronging them. And 'as to the *several Places* where the said Mr. '*Dunton* lodg'd, he not only paid his Quar-'ters according to Agreement, but like-'wise gratify'd 'em for any Trouble that 'was extraordinary, by *Sickness*, or other-'wise. And that in all his said Lodgings, 'his way of Living was so inoffensive and 'blameless, that he was (as *Cæsar* would 'have had his Wife) not only *free from* '*blame, but from all Suspicion* of it. And as 'to the *Controversie* he has had with Mr. '*Patrick Campbel*, we do hereby Attest, 'That Mr. *Campbel* was altogether the 'Aggressor; for though Mr. *Campbel* had 'us'd Mr. *Dunton very Barbarously* at his 'first coming over, yet Mr. *Dunton* took 'no notice of it, till *Campbel* had *Taken his* 'Auction-Room *over his Head, by offering a* '*double Price* (as *Dick* the Coffee-man al-'ledged in our hearing) and yet even then 'Mr. *Dunton* was so fair, as to offer to 'close his *Auctions* in *one Weeks Time* more, 'provided he might tarry in it so long, 'though he had then *Two Hundred Pounds* '*worth of Books* to Sell, and that he would '*Lump* the Remainder; which *Campbel* 'absolutely refused. And notwithstand-'ing such his refusal, yet we do Attest, 'That Mr. *Dunton* has been so favourable 'to the said *Campbel*, that he has not rela-'ted those ill Things of him which he 'might have done; and which he was urg-

'ed

'ed by *several Persons* to do. Nor is there 'any thing Mr. *Dunton* has said of him, 'but what to *our Knowledge* he has divers 'Witnesses to prove it, if there be occasi'on.

Dublin, Nov. 23. 1698.

Subscribed in the Presence of
Fra. Lee,
Matth. Gunne,
Matthew Read,
Samuel Lucas,
Richard Wilde,
Heneage Price,
George Larkin,
William Robinson.

Gentlemen,

THE foregoing *Attestation* is Printed Word for Word as my Friends brought it to me, and is Subscribed by *Four Persons of known Integrity*, and sign'd in the Presence of Four more; which I hope will fully convince you that I am (as I said in my last Catalogue)

Dublin, Nov. 23. 1698.

Your very Faithful, and very humble Servant,

John Dunton.

Thus

THus (Sir) you find I am come to the *Concluſion of my Three* Auctions, wherein I have related *my Scuffle* with *Patrick Campbel*, with as much Sincerity and Candour as I would have done *were I now leaving the World*; but whether I have done ſo or no, is left to *your Remarks*, which I deſire by the *firſt Poſt*, by which you'll further oblige,

Your Hearty Friend and Servant,

John Dunton.

Remarks on my Fifth Letter.

SIR,

I Am ſorry to find that *Patrick is not yet redu'd to Reaſon*, though I think there's no great Cauſe to wonder at it, for I am apt to think his *Reaſon and Religion* are much of a Piece. I am glad however, that his Malice proves Toothleſs, or that at beſt it is *worn to the ſtumps*. It is but juſt, that diſhoneſty ſhould be unſucceſsful, though many Times we ſee the All-wiſe Providence order it otherwiſe, for a while at leaſt.

Your *Farewel Sale* demonſtrates your Courage and Honeſty, in that you durſt

Ap-

Appeal to the *Publick, and* Patricks *own Conſcience,* for the Juſtice of your Cauſe. The offer you made him of ſuppreſſing your *deſign'd Narrative or Character of him,* if he would publickly own the Injury he did you, is highly Generous; conſidering how much you had been a loſer by it. There are few Men, but would have *demanded Reſtitution as well as Repentance,* but I don't find that *Patrick* is ſo good a Chriſtian as to offer you either; and therefore, I think no Man can juſtly blame you for expoſing him in his own Colours to the View of the World, according to your Promiſe: But be ſure to keep a ſteady Hand; for though I am of Opinion, you can ſcarcely miſs ſuch ugly and courſe Features; yet, you know the Proverb, *Give the Devil his due,* includes a good Leſſon of Morality in it, and therefore, I hope you will repreſent him no worſe than he really is. I muſt needs alſo tell you, that unleſs you be ſatisfied in your own Conſcience, that it is neceſſary to do this for the Defence of your own Reputation, you will run a *great hazard of breaking the Ninth Commandment.*

The *Propoſals* you make to your Buyers in your *Farewel Sale,* are Juſt and Reaſonable, and a Proof at the ſame time that you deſign'd no Injury to your *Brethren the Bookſellers* by your *Auction,* ſeeing you are willing to let them have *Lumping Pennyworths at Laſt,* that they may be Sharers

in

in the Profit of your Book-Adventure, as well as others.

As to the *Attestation* of your Friends, it was kind in them to offer it, and necessary for you to have it. I question much whether *Patrick* can produce the like Behaviour in any Respect.

Your *Precaution* in this Matter is very commendable, for you have thereby in my Opinion stop'd the Mouths of all Cavillers, as to *every Part of your Conversation, since you arriv'd in* Dublin; and in *London*, your just and scrupulous way of dealing, sets you above Detraction: Or at worst, a generous Mastiff minds not the yelping of every little Cur. I am glad to find, that the Ill Treatment you have met with from others, has not inspir'd you with the same unjust Sentiments towards them. And that it is fully prov'd by this *Attestation*, that *Patrick* was the first Aggressor, and *took your Room over your Head*; and therefore, I think that the Publishing of this, and some other of the most *remarkable Passages of* Patrick's *Injustice*, were enough to blacken him, and to vindicate you in the Eyes of all Honest Men, without your putting your self to the trouble and expence of a *Voluminous detail of Particulars*, which few can Purchase; besides, *Patrick* is not a *Man of that Character*, that his Life will be much Regarded, though it had been writ by *Plu-*

teach himself; and therefore, it will be your Wisdom and Interest to be Brief. I am,

SIR,

Your Friend and Servant.

The Sixth Letter.

SIR,

IN the History of the *Dublin Scuffle*, I am come so far, as to acquaint you (in spight of all the Opposition made against me by *Patrick Campbel*,) that I was got to the Conclusion of *my Three Auctions, and Farewel Sale.* I have had many a weary step (*as well as the Impudence of Campbel, to Cope with*) in the disposing of this Venture; but (through God's Blessing on my Undertaking) I am now come near the winding up of my bottom in this Countrey; for Yesterday I Publisht a Paper, which I call'd — *The Packing Penny, (a new Phrase to invite Company)* — Sir, As this Paper has some Relation to *Patrick Campbel*, 'tis fit I should send you a Copy of it, that nothing relating to my *Scuffle* with him might 'scape your Censure — This Paper was my *Fifth Letter* to those Gentlemen that attended my *Auctions*, and was Entituled,

The

The Packing Penny.

[*And is as follows*, viz.]

Gentlemen,

THough my *Three Auctions* and *Farewel Sale* are now ended, yet I have ſtill quantities of Books left, which (for a *Packing-Penny*) I'll Sell at *very Reaſonable Rates*; (the Sale to begin *Tueſday* December the 13th in the Morning, and to end the ſame Evening.) Gentlemen, I ſhan't ſell theſe remaining Books by *way of Auction*, but at ſuch eaſie Rates as ſhall be agreed upon *between Mr.* Wilde *and the Buyer*. 'Tis true, when I conſider, I had no Setter in any of my *Four Sales*, I could not have thought that any would have been *ſo Unjuſt as to Buy what they won't Pay for*; *but I was miſtaken!* But (to the Honour of the *Tribe of* Levi) no Clergy-man in *Ireland* has treated me in this Manner; I mention this, that the World may ſee I deſign'd no Reflection on thoſe *Learned Gentlemen* in my Advertiſement of *July* the 9th, for though the Enemies of my Undertaking wreſted my Words to that purpoſe, yet nothing was ever further from my Thoughts; for beſides that I my ſelf have the *Honour* to be the *Son of a Clergy-*

man (who as a Poet (a) says—Do all breathe something more than common Air)—I dare boldly assert, that no Man in this Kingdom has an higher esteem of that Sacred Order than my self. But as in this I have done Justice to the Clergy of Ireland, so I resolve to do some to my self; and whatever Notions some YOUNG CASUISTS may have of refusing to fetch what others (whom they out-bid) would have honestly paid for; yet they shall find I dare call a Spade a Spade, if they live to read The History of my Summer's Ramble, &c. or, The Dublin-Scuffle, which I finish't in this Countrey (at the Barbarous Provocation of Patrick Campbel) and will Publish as soon as I get to London.

(a) See the Poem dedicated to the Sons of the Clergy on their Annual Feast in 1682.

And here Gentlemen, I can't forbear telling you (a second Time) that notwithstanding I have with an excessive Charge brought over the best Collection of valuable Books that ever was expos'd in this Kingdom, and have treated both in my Catalogues, and otherwise, my Brethren in this City, and the rest of Mankind, with the greatest Respect and Civility; and been so just to them, as not in the least to employ any Setter (in any of my Four Sales) but wholly to submit my large Venture to the Mercy, Candour, and Generosity of the Bidders: Yet after all this Fair Play for their Money, I understand, such

ſuch hath been the Practice of ſome Perſons (from ſome of whom better uſage might be expected, conſidering their Character in the World) as maliciouſly and ignorantly to diſcourage thoſe Worthy Gentlemen and Clergy-men that were diſpoſed to furniſh themſelves with Good Books. Gentlemen, this uſage is unbecoming any thing of a Chriſtian, eſpecially, *&c.* who by his ſetting up for a Banterer, contrary to Chriſtianity, ſpoils his Neighbours fair Market; making good what *Solomon* ſo long ago obſerv'd, *It is naught, it is naught, ſaith the Buyer, but when he is gone, he boaſteth.* This is therefore to give Notice to the World, That as I Act upon the Faireſt and Juſteſt Bottom that can be, in this laſt Sale, which I call the *Packing Penny*, ſo I am reſolved to vindicate my Proceedings; and in order thereunto, if I can have but good Proof, that either without Doors, but more eſpecially at my Sale, of any Perſons, that ſhall take the Liberty to ſpoil my Market; I am reſolved to bring Actions of Damage againſt thoſe Perſons that ſhall be guilty of ſuch Notorious Actions.

Gentlemen, I ſhall only add, That as I never reflected on *Patrick Campbel*, or any Man in my whole Life, without a juſt Provocation (*as I am ready to prove whilſt I am in* Dublin;) So I muſt acquit all the Perſons concern'd in my *Auctions*, of ha-

ying any hand in any thing I Publisht here; it being (as the *Scuffle* is) writ with my own Hand, and Subscribed by

Gentlemen,

Dublin, Decem. 12th. 1698. *Your most Obliged and very Humble Servant.*

John Dunton.

*** *All Gentlemen are desired to take Notice, That what is Bought at this Sale, is to be deliver'd and paid for at the same Time.*

SIR,

THis *Packing Penny* was no sooner taken, and the remaining Books Sold in the Lump to *Honest Gun* (for about *an Hundred Pound*) but Mr. *Wilde* Publisht the following *Advertisement*, further proving my Charge against *Dick and Campbel*. It also gives an Account of an *Auction*, he designs on his own Account, as soon as *I leave* Ireland.

Mr. Wilde's

Mr. Wilde's *Advertiſement was this, viz.*

'MY Friend Mr. *Dunton's Three Auctions, Farewel Suit,* and *Packing Penny,* ending this Night, I thought fit to give *Notice* to all the *Lovers* of *Learning,* That I *deſign* (God willing) within a few Days after Mr. *Dunton's* departure, to *Expoſe* by *Auction* a *conſiderable* Parcel of good Books of my own, at *Pat's* Coffee-Houſe in *High-Street,* where I now am, by reaſon of *Dick* the Coffee-Man's (contrary to Solemn Promiſes before Witneſſes, as well as all the Bonds of Gratitude) Letting the Room I had, to Mr. *Campbel* over my Head; and though Mr. *Campbel* thinks to excuſe himſelf by laying the Sole Fault upon *Dick*; yet Caſuiſts will inform him, that He who either by his Threats of taking the Great Room at the *Dukes-Head* Tavern, or by the mighty Allurement of a Double Rate, as *Dick* has under his Hand Aſſerted, ſhall *Tempt or Corrupt a Perſon* that is not Proof againſt a baſe Temptation; is as much, if not more to blame, than the Perſon ſo Corrupted. *R. Wilde.*

Thus Sir, have I ſent you an Account of the *Packing Penny,* (it relating to the

Dublin Scuffle) and alſo Mr. *Wilde's* Opinion of *Campbel and Pue* (on which I deſire your Thoughts) I formerly ſent you thoſe others Papers, wherein the Scuffle 'tween *John Dunton, and Patrick Campbel* is any ways hinted at; all which Papers (*ſave my Reaſons for removing to* Patt's) were Printed in *Dublin*; but what I have further to ſend you relating to this *Scuffle*, is what the Printers of *Dublin* durſt not meddle with; but I ſuppoſe, when I get to *London*, the Printers there (at Three Hundred Miles diſtance) will be no more afraid of *Patrick then I am, though now on the Spot with him.* I have only to add, that I am

Your very humble Servant,

John Dunton.

Remarks on my Sixth Letter.

SIR,

I Have received yours with the Account of your *Packing Penny*, and the Continuance of the *Scuffle* betwixt *Patrick* and you. I perceive you are a couple of good Game-Cocks, and know no when to give over; its Pity you are not both in *England*, the Gown-men that frequent *Weſtminſter-Hall*,

Hall, would find a way to make a Penny of you, and for any thing I know, might Sell you by *Auction* too; for I am apt to think you would weary them at laſt, if Money did not make them Proof againſt the Fatigue.

I perceive *Patricks* Malice is very keen, and your Reſentments are not without a tollerable Edge, and therefore would adviſe you to beware of cutting your own Fingers. Be ſure to ſummon up all your Patience, for I perceive you have need on't; don't let *Patrick*'s Injuſtice provoke you to indecencies of Paſſion, for that may be a ſnare laid to gain an Advantage againſt you, either by an Action at Law, or blemiſhing your Reputation.

I approve your Diligence and Ingenuity in promoting the Sale of your Books, but am ſorry you have met with ſuch as Buy and don't Pay. I am glad to find however, that though you had ſo much unfair dealing from others, you have found the Clergy Juſt in their Bargains, and that you vindicate your ſelf from having reflected upon them in your Advertiſement of *July 9th.* This is a Time, when every Man, that has any value for the Chriſtian Religion, ſhould be very tender in his Reflections on the Clergy; and indeed rather Conceal their real Faults, than proclaim them on the Houſe-tops; and much leſs utter groundleſs Suſpicions againſt them,

them. You are oblig'd particularly both by Parentage, and the Profession of Religion you make, to be very careful in this Matter; and therefore, I am glad to find you so sensible of your Duty in this Respect — The old Barbarous Verse of *Presbyteri nati raro solent esse Beati*, is as far from Truth as good Latin: Though those who are Enemies to the Order, may please themselves with the Reflection, the common Experience of Mankind demonstrates the falshood of it; for if the number of Clergymens Children be compar'd with those of others, and their Morals, Religion, and Success in the World, laid in the Ballance with those of the Children of other Ranks of Men, it will appear to have been a meer Forgery of those who were against the Marriage of Priests of Old; and lick'd up and improved by such, who if not professed, are at least Crafty under-hand Enemies to the Christian Religion.

I wish from my Heart that all Clergymen themselves took more Care to obviate this Reflection, by a careful looking after their own Practise, and their Childrens Education; and then the Injustice of it would be more apparent. And I am sorry to find, that tho the *Irish* Clergy have been just to their Bargains, that yet any one of 'em should have taken indirect Measures to injure you in your *Auctions*, but they are earthen Vessels as well as others,

thers. Therefore I would adviſe you not to be ſharp in your Reſentments upon them. Some of your Books might perhaps be diſreliſhing to them, but that was their fault. Your deſign was to ſerve the Intereſt of Learning in general, and not to pleaſe every Mans humour, which you knew was impoſſible.

You Vindication of thoſe concern'd in your *Auctions* from having any ſhare in what you Printed againſt *Campbel*, is generous and juſt — and no leſs can be ſaid of Mr. *Wilde*'s Advertiſement concerning the deſign of an *Auction* of his own, and publickly avowing *Perrot*'s Injuſtice to you, which makes it ſo notorious, that I think there is the leſs need of your Printing much more about it. I am

SIR,

Your Humble Servant.

The Seventh Letter.

WEll Sir, I'll tell ye News; my *Adverſary Campbel* has now ſent a Trumpeter (*a few equivocating Lines*) with a Parley, or rather with *Articles of Peace*; but I fear his Meſſage is rather to *ſham off a Debt he owes me*, then any Deſign

to

to be reconcil'd. However, I here ſend you a Copy of his Letter (for I'll keep the Original) that you may the better Judge of the *Propoſals* he makes — [His Letter is as follows, *viz.*]

December 9th. 1698.

Mr. Dunton,

YE have begun to dun me, though I find you to be in my Debt, and eaſily able to make it appear; as for any Letters ye have under my Hand, I will not give you one Farthing to burn it: For I will own what is Juſt and Right, though not under my Hand; I have no mind either to Write or Print my ſelf a Lyar, as ſome Men has done. But I ſhall be pleaſed very well to meet you, either before a Magiſtrate, or any other creditable Citizen; and what is thought Juſt, I will perform on my Part; I do not intend to render Railing for Railing, *and am ſure have rendred you* Good for Evil, and ſhall continue to be Juſt to every Man; *and for your Juſtice, your ſelf may boaſt of it, as much as ye will, but other Men muſt believe as they find: I ſhall only adde,* Evil to them that Evil thinks.

Pa. Campbel.

My

My Answer to Campbel's *Proposals.*

Dublin, December 10*th* 1698.

Mr. *Campbel,*

I Received yours, which is still the *second Part to the same Tune*; for instead of being Penitent for the great Injuries you did me, you do but *Justifie* your self; so that *you are the Railer, and not I*; neither have I *Writ or Printed* any thing against you, but plain Matter of Fact, and *dress* in softer Terms then you deserve: And as to my being in your Debt, 'tis all *Patrick Campbel*, I mean a piece of Nonsence; for you are *certainly in mine*, if Four Pound be more then Forty Shillings. However, I'll meet you if you please before a Magistrate *(for I'm so much for strict Justice, I would talk with you there about* Hodder*)* or where else you please—I shall Name *Thursday* Night, at seven of the Clock at the *Keys* in *High-street*, and shall bring a Friend with me, and I am willing you should do the like; but I tell you before-hand, you must resolve *upon a Printed Confession* of the Publick Injuries you have done me, or you'll *dearly repent*, your abusing

John Dunton.

SIR,

SIR,

Thus have I sent (what must needs surprize ye) *Patricks* Proposals about a Peace, with my Answer to him; I shall send you more of his ill Practices by next Post; but at present, your Thoughts upon the *Parley*, is what is desired by

Yours to Command,

John Dunton.

Remarks on my Seventh Letter.

SIR,

I Have received yours with the Copy of Mr. *Campbel's* Letter, proposing a Meeting and Reference.

Sir, This *Proposal of* Campbel's is cunning and Picquant enough, and demonstrates what I always thought, that he is a Crafty Intriguing Man. It carries an Air of Religion and Ingenuity at first view; but by the Railing mixt throughout, and the Reflecting Conclusion, he does not seem ever to have design'd any Meeting with you; for if he had, there's Reason to think he would have propos'd it in fairer Terms, and not have aggravated Matters to incense you, if he had de-

sign'd

ſign'd an Amicable Accommodation.

This may partly juſtifie the ſharpneſs of your Reply, and ſerving him in his own Coin, by propoſing ſuch Terms of Agreement as you might reaſonably think he would never comply with: For I find nothing leſs would ſerve your turn than Publick Repentance; and he tells you plainly, that he was not willing either to Print or Write himſelf a Liar. So that it was impoſſible to reconcile you. This, if *Patrick* be conſcious of his Guilt, argues an obſtinacy inconſiſtent with Chriſtianity. Yet I cannot wholly approve your Conduct, nor Policy in your Reply. Had you accepted of a Meeting without any thing of ripping up Sores, or telling him the Preliminaries; you might poſſibly have had either an opportunity of bringing him to a Senſe of his Fault, or of having further Evidence againſt him; and indeed I ſee nothing that can excuſe your overſight in this Matter, but that Letter to Mr. *Wilde* giving an Account of *Patricks* further ill Practiſes againſt you, which you Promiſe to ſend me. I am

Your Hearty Friend, &c.

The Eighth Letter.

SIR,

I Am now to acquaint ye, that *Campbel*'s Propoſal (*about a Treaty of Peace*) was all Trick and Deluſion; for notwithſtanding his ſeeming deſire of *Meeting before a Magiſtrate, or any other creditable Citizen*, and my readineſs to comply with his Motion herein, yet he never once came to the *Keys* in *High-ſtreet*, the Place appointed to Meet at, but I was there my ſelf, according to Promiſe, as Mr. *Servant*, (his own Binder) and ſeveral others, can teſtifie; ſo that our *Dublin Scuffle* continues ſtill, and if *Campbel* remains as obſtinate as he is at preſent, for any thing I can yet ſee, 'twill be *left to our Poſterity to Fight it out.* And that as I formerly ſent you the *Sentiments of the Clergy of* Ireland upon this Encounter; ſo I ſhall now ſend you an Account of what the *Citizens of Dublin* (the daily Spectators of this *Scuffle*) think of it, and of *Campbel*'s *Propoſal to me about a Peace*, and this can't be better done than by inſerting here a Letter directed

To Mr. Richard Wilde *at* Patt's *Coffee-House in* High-ſtreet.

Which Letter was this following, viz.

December 16*th.*

SIR,

NOw *Campbel* finds Mr. *Dunton's Reputation above his reach,* like himſelf he would fain put to Reference the Ruine he intended; but if Mr. *Dunton* does not compel him to publick Acknowledgement, he will hereafter repent it; for in the firſt Place, he did not only inceniſe all that he had opportunity againſt him, *but forbid all his* Auction, telling that he employ'd *Foſter* and others as Setters, which he would prove by *Weir,* and in the next Place, he made *a Faction againſt him, becauſe he was an* Engliſh-man; and he took all Mr. *Dunton's* Papers to Council and adviſed on them with Intention to proſecute him at Law, and getting no Incouragement, he proceeds this way, which I hope Mr. *Dunton,* does not take to proceed from—a Prick of—nor from Friendſhip, but meerly for want of—I will ſay no more, *that Gentleman having Juſtice to vindicate himſelf, as well as Senſe to know Campbel, whoſe beſt*

word was, You were all Rogues; I shall say no more, but assure you that I have been a good Customer, and have given all Incouragement to you, and am Mr. *Dunton's* and your real Friend.

SIR,

THough you see by this Letter (directed to Mr. *Wilde*) what Opinion the *Citizens of* Dublin have of the Treatment I have from *Campbel*, and of his Proposal of his being Friends with me; yet seeing *Peace is a desirable Thing* (if to be had upon Honourable Terms) I desire your Sentiments upon this Letter to Mr. *Wilde*; and how you'd advise me to Act in this *Critical Juncture*; your speedy Answer will greatly oblige,

Your very Humble Servant,

John Dunton.

Remarks on my Eighth Letter.

SIR,

I Have received (by the last Post) the *further Account you promised me of* Patrick's *ill Practises*, his deceitful Dealing with you about a Peace, and the Letter to Mr. *Wilde*, giving the Sentiments of the

Citi-

Citizens of Dublin *upon this Scuffle*? I muſt ſay, the Writer of this Letter is much your Friend, and if you be ſure of the credibility of the Informer; I ſee no Reaſon why you ſhould not Publiſh it, but you ought to be exactly careful in enquiring, whether the Writer of it can be relied upon; and if you be ſatisfied in that, Publiſh it with all the Corroborating Evidence you can, for there's nothing can be more effectual to prove the Juſtice of your Cauſe, and the Baſeneſs of your Adverſary.

I am the rather indeed inclin'd to believe it, becauſe it correſponds with the Preceding Part of your own Information, and is confirm'd by his declining to meet you according to appointment; for Truth is always bold, and never ſeeks Corners; as it is evident *Patrick* has done all along. I adde no more, but referring you to the Direction of the Almighty, who knows the Juſtice of your Cauſe, I am

SIR, *Yours.*

The Ninth Letter.

SIR,

I formerly told you of *Patrick's ſending a Trumpeter*, with Propoſals of Peace, and how he ſerv'd me on that Account, you

have also had the *Sentiments of the Citizens of* Dublin, with respect to my Scuffle with him, and his seeming willingness to make an end on't; but tho' I *met at the Place appointed*, he never appear'd (as I formerly sent you Word) yet he has the impudence to give out that *I refuse to meet him*, which I no sooner heard of, but I sent the following Letters, the one directed

To Mr. Thomas Servant a Binder in Golden-Lane,

And the other directed,

To Mr. Patrick Campbel, *at the* Bible *in* Skinner-Row.

My Letter to Mr. *Servant*, was in these Words, *viz.*

December 20th. 1698.

Honest Thomas,

I writ the following Letter, with a design to send it to *Patrick Campbel*, just as I was going to Embark; but hearing he reports *I refused to meet him*, (which he durst not do, but that he thinks I am Ship'd off) I desire that you would read the *following Lines*, that you may see his Baseness, for your self, was present where he *refus'd to meet*

me,

me, and can teſtifie to what I write. As ſoon as you have read my Letter, deliver it with your own Hand; for if *Patrick ſhould ſtill fly me*, 'tis deſign'd as my *Farewel to him*. You know Sir, (though you are his chief Binder, and would favour his cauſe as much as poſſible) that I offer'd to make you *the ſole Judge of the Debt he owes me*; but for the Slander, and taking the Room over my Head, it was a publick Injury; and (*tho' I forgive it my ſelf,*) the World expects a publick Acknowledgment of the Injuries he has done to

Your hearty Friend and Servant,

John Dunton.

My Farewel Letter to Patrick Campbel.

Mr. Campbel,

THo' I have *one foot in the Boat*, in order to Embark for *England*, yet I here ſend a Meſſenger to tell you, I'll wait an hour (to ſhake Hands with you) if you'll confeſs the Wrongs you did, or there were *any hopes of your Penitence*: And isn't it ſtrange, that *Patrick Campbel*, who is ſo Religious, as to ſay Grace over *a diſh of Coffee*, ſhould have no Qualms after

slandering his Neighbour, or refusing to pay his debts? I say debts, for I sent your Account *fairly stated* (and prov'd you owe me a round Sum) without receiving your Answer to it. Then with what Face, (but you suppos'd I was Ship'd off) could you tell *Bently, I was your Debter, and refus'd to meet you before a Magistrate, or at the* Keys *in* High-street, where I waited for you above an Hour? But tho' you durst not appear then, I'm now waiting in the Boat for you, in hopes you'll appear at last, and to engage you to it, (if you'll ask Pardon) I'll even here receive you *with open Arms.* 'Tis true, you have given great Provocation, and had I not been tender of you, I had long since sent you the *Length of my Sword, or as you're beneath my Notice, some Porter to have broke your Pate.* Sir, put on your Sword, (*if it be not in trouble*) and let me see your Face; for your private slandering is very sordid, and I am sure deserves to be soundly drubb'd; for by backbiting of me you still sneak your Head out of the Collar, and I am hurt by I don't know who. 'Tis true, 'twas *Palmer*'s Saying, the Martyr, That *no Man ought to be counted Valiant, but such as contemn Injuries*; I confess, I am not so humble as this comes to, yet I forgive *Patrick* with all my Heart; but Sir, I think it my duty to Print the *Scuffle* you engag'd me in; for you justifie your barbarous Treatment,

ment, ſo that to *forget and forgive you too*, will but encourage you to abuſe others, or perhaps my ſelf again, for ſuch tenderneſs: For ſave a —— from the Gallows, and he'll cut your Throat. But for all this, I'll *burn the Scuffle*, if you'll come hither, and ſhake hands, and tell the World (when I am gone) that you did abuſe me, but are ſorry for it. 'Tis reported of St. *Katherine*, *That ſhe ſucked the invenom'd Wounds of a Fellow who had impudently wrong'd her*: I don't pretend to ſuch flights as theſe; but if you'll come to the Boat (*and remember 'tis the laſt Offer*) and own your Errors, I'll be more your Friend than ever I was your Enemy: And though *Pickance* (the Maſter of the *Diamond*) waits for his Ships Crew, yet if you'll do me Juſtice, I'll return to *Dublin* a ſecond time, to *drink your Health*, (in the firſt place) and another to honeſt *Gun*, *Servant*, *Bently*, and the reſt of our Learned Brethren; and by coming thus to Confeſſion, you'll ceaſe being a *Trouble to your Friends*, and a ſcandal to your ſelf: But if you will not repent, as a wounded *Roman* ſaid upon a *ſet Challenge*, the *Scuffle muſt appear*, and ſhall be followed (if you dare anſwer it) with the *Hiſtory of your Life*, from the hour the Parſon Chriſten'd you, to (mark you me that) the very hour you Chriſtened your ſelf; and pray remember that one *blot many times ſtains a whole Generation*:

But my *Scuffle* is juſt, and without your publick Repentance, I reſolve to Publiſh it; for truly, St. *Patrick*, I have a greater Regard to my Honour than my Life: And tho' my Arms ſhould fail me to fight, (they are the words of this Noble *Roman*) yet my Heart ſtill encourages me to *dye in Vindication of a good Name.*

And ſo *Patrick*, *Farewel*; for you don't appear, and our Ship is under Sail; but if you repent at laſt, (*and I'll preſs you to it in the* Dublin *Scuffle*) I hope we ſhall meet in Heaven, but ſcarce in *Ireland*, whilſt you are afraid of,

Dublin, Decemb. 20th. 1698. *John Dunton.*

SIR,

ABout three hours after I had ſent the aforegoing Meſſage to *Honeſt Thomas*, *and my farewel Letter to* Patrick, he ſends me *(by Order from Campbel)* the following Letter.

SIR,

I was with Mr. *Campbel* laſt Night, and told him *(as you deſired)* that you would meet him *when, and where he pleaſed*, &c. His Anſwer was, That he was ready to meet you at any time or place, and that if you bring one Citizen with you, he will bring another; therefore, if

if you pleaſe, you may let him know your Mind, as to *Time, Place, and Perſon*; and if this will any way contribute toward your Peace and Friendſhip, it will be very ſatisfactory to

Your Humble Servant,

Decemb. 20*th.* 1698.

Tho. Servant.

I no ſooner receiv'd this Letter from Mr. *Servant*, but I ſent Mr. *Robinſon* to him with the following Anſwer,,

Mr. Servant,

SInce my writing a Note to you, and my *farewel Letter* to *Campbel*, I receiv'd yours, intimating *Mr. Campbel will now meet me*; I am glad to hear it with all my Heart, and I do again reſolve to meet him at the *Keys in High-ſtreet*, at five in the Afternoon; (tho' he diſappointed me once at this very Place) and will only bring *one Citizen* with me, for that's enough with a good Cauſe; but as for *Patrick*, if he will, he may bring forty, or if he pleaſes, the whole City.

Sir, could you have thought that *Campbel* wou'd now have bantred me a ſecond time, but ſo it was, (for having a bad Cauſe, he durſt not appear, as Mr. *Fiſher*, the Earl of *Meath*'s Chaplain, and Mr.

Thom-

ton the King's Stationer) can teſtifie. However, I thought it proper, (whilſt on the Spot) to ſend him the following Note, *viz.*

Mr. *Campbel*,

I Am now at the *Keys*, and you ſend word you will not come, though I came hither by your *own appointment*, and this is the ſecond time you had notice I was willing to Treat with you. Sir, I have given you liberty of bringing *forty men, or a whole City, againſt my ſelf, and but one more*, and he too of your own Trade; but I have other buſineſs to do, than to wait long for an *Enemy that dares not face me.* However, I have ſeveral to Witneſs, I came to meet you (as you deſired) this Night, and you refuſe coming, ſo that now I ſhall put my Debt into a Lawyer's Hands, and for your *other Treatment, the World ſhall know it*; for I'll dance no more after ye, but will wait here an hour longer to prove my Charge; and then give you Time to match Mr. *Thornton*. I am

Decemb. 20*th.* 1698. *Your abuſed Friend,*

John Dunton.

SIR,

YOur Thoughts upon this *New Parley*, *Mr.* Servants *Mediation*, my *Farewel* Let-

Letter to Campbel; and his refuſing to meet this *ſecond Time* (though 'twas an Appointment of his own making) is earneſtly deſired by

Your Humble Servant,

John Dunton.

Remarks on my Ninth Letter.

SIR,

I Have received yours, with the Account of a *New Parley offered by* Patrick, *Mr.* Servant's *Mediation, your Farewel Letter to him*, and of his diſappointing you again, though the Appointment was of his own making. I muſt needs tell you, that were you as much ſurfeited with the *Scuffle*, as I am with hearing of it, you would have given over long e're now. I don't think it worth your while to *buy* Patrick's *Confeſſion at ſo dear* a Rate, as to take ſo much Pains for it. If he were truly *ſenſible of his fault*, you need not dun him to Repentance, and how great ſoever his Hypocriſie may be in other Inſtances, I don't find he has a *mind to play the Hypocrite in this, that is, ſo much as to feign a Repentance.*

You have, I think, over-done it, in ſolliciting him ſo much; nor do I think his

Publiſh

Publick Confession, considering how you have Characteriz'd him, would be much for your Advantage. To be *commended or slander'd by a false Tongue*, is much the same thing, for they that know a Liar will believe him in neither. You have done well however to *follow Peace* as much as you could, and it was Prudent to have *so many Witnesses* of your having kept your Appointment, and made such fair Proffers of Reconciliation; but I perceive *Patrick*'s *Resentments* are become down-right Rancor, and that the sore is so much Fester'd, that there's no hopes of Cure. *Take care that you your self don't learn to be froward, by conversing with the froward.* Be sure to keep a calm and ev'n Temper within your own Breast, that you have not raging Waves to deal with, within as well as without, when you *Cross the Main.* You have sufficiently prov'd him to be an ill Man, and his declining to meet you, and to offer what he could say in his own Defence, seems to be *a Tacit acknowledgment of the Guilt* — Nay, I may say a direct proclaiming it on the House-Tops, seeing he durst not refer the *Trial of his Debt* to his own Friend — and refus'd to come to a hearing, though so often and so publickly invited to it. All I have more to adde is, that you *have come off Conquerour*, have choak'd *Patrick* with one Lie upon the back of another, and that if he were not

Case-

Case-hardened, he must needs have had qualms of Conscience before now, but those I am afraid are reserved to another time, and for his *greater Punishment.* In the mean time, let me again advise you, to make a *discreet use of your Victory*, don't discover your own Weakness in triumphing over a Conquered Enemy, and publish no *Minute-Circumstances*, but such only as tend to Vindicate your own Reputation; which may be reduc'd to a *narrow Compass*, and the shorter the better. I am,

SIR, *Yours.*

The Tenth Letter.

SIR,

YOU had in my last an Account of the Pains Mr. *Servant* took to reconcile *Patrick* and I, I also sent ye my *Farwel-letter* to *Campbel* occasioned by his *False report* that I durst not meet him. I next told ye of a *Second Parley* I had with him, and his Reason for not coming to the *Keys* in *High-street*, tho 'twas a place of his own appointment. I likewise sent you a Letter *Mr. Wild* received; wherein, as I formerly gave you the Sentiments of some Clergy-Men upon my *Scuffle* with *Patrick*; so you there saw the Opinion of

the

the Citizens of *Dublin* upon this Encounter; having proceeded thus far in the *History of the* Dublin *Wrangle*, This Letter is, to conclude the *Scuffle* so far as I was concern'd with *Patrick*. But the *Dublin Scuffle* did not end here, for I had no sooner silenc't the *Scotch Loon*, but I was Attackt by other Enemies (perhaps some that were set on by *Patrick*, for being foil'd himself, he was willing still to be *gnashing his Teeth*) who these new Enemies were, you shall know in my next Letter, and when you have answered that, I'll send ye a Copy of *my Last-Farewel to my Friends in* Dublin, *that stood by me in ev'ry Skirmish*, and in this (as I formerly promis'd) I shall Point at my worst Enemies; I mean those that snarl'd at the *second Spira*, have been very zealous to cut my Throat (*for Private slandering is of that Nature*) or which is worse, have Bought what they won't pay for: And with this *Farewel* (to both Friends and Enemies) I design to *conclude my Scuffle*; and you'll say 'tis Time, for *Patrick* is now Sick on't, and *calls out for help*; I mean having done me what Mischief he can himself, he is now setting the Lawyers *a Scuffling too*, and next Term *John Dunton* and *Patrick Campbel* are to be the *Grand Scuffle* (in the four Courts) amongst the Lawyers. But Sir, I as little fear his Law, as he minds the Gospel; and to convince ye of this, I no sooner heard that *Patrick had a Warrant*

for

for me, and was resolv'd to turn our *Paper-War into a Law-suit,* but I sent to his *Printer* the following Letter,

[*'Twas directed thus,* viz.]

To Mr. Brent *Printer in* Skinner-Row.

SIR,

IF you find *Patrick Campbel* has a mind still to continue our *Scuffle* by going to Law, Print the *following Advertisement* in my next Catalogue; but if he's sensible of the Damage he did me, you may (if you please) commit it to the Flames, but as for the *Printed Scuffle* he has forc't me to, it can be suppreſt on no other Terms, but his owning in Print the Publick Injury he did me, and if he'l own this in the *Flying Post*, I'll be as forward to forgive him, as he was to do me all the mischief he could; but a *Publick Injury must have a Publick Repentance* — I have only to adde, that I am

Nov. 26. 1698. *Your Friend and Servant.*

John Dunton.

The

The Advertiſement *I deſir'd the* Printer *to Publiſh, was this following,* viz.

WHereas a Report was ſpread about Town, as if *Patrick Campbel* had a deſign to expoſe himſelf by proſecuting of me, for Publiſhing ſeveral Papers, ſhewing the Injuries done me by his taking my *Auction-Room over my Head,* &c. — This is to give Notice (to condeſcend to the Words of *Dick the Coffee-man*) that the ſame ſeems *Falſe and Malicious*; for I no ſooner heard that *Patrick had a mind to continue Scuffling*, but I [illegible]nt my ſelf to his Printer (Mr. *Brent*) to deſire him to tell *Patrick* that if he had any thing to ſay to me, I was come to his Houſe on purpoſe to Anſwer him; but *Campbel* never appear'd, but ſent Word he knew my Lodgings, and would ſend to me when he thought convenient; ſo that I believe he has a better [illegible] mach to Print *Cocker and Whaley*, then to run the hazard of two Indictments; and beſides that, an Action of five Hundred Pound Damage for defaming my ſelf and *Auction*, and another Action for the Monies he yet owes me,

John Dunton.

SIR,

SIR,

I Sent the forgoing *Letter and Advertiſement* to Mr. *Brent*, by my Friend Mr. *George Larkin*, who was preſent with me when I ſent Mr. *Campbel* Word, I was then at Mr. *Powels*, ready to obey his Warrant (for hearing he had a Warrant, I was zealous to have it Executed) and to make good my Charge againſt him; but *Campbel* durſt not appear; but notwithſtanding that, and the *frequent Overtures* I made of meeting him at other Places (as Mr. *Servant* and others are able to teſtifie) he tells *Dick* (as thinking I was now Embark'd) that at the Arrival of *next Poſt*, he intended to Write againſt me; hearing by Chance of this, I ſent him (*though under Sail*) the following Letter,

Dated from on Board the Diamond, *Owner* Pickance *Maſter*, Monday Decem. 26*th*. 1698. *at Ten in the Morning.*

Mr. *Campbel*,

I Am told you receiv'd my *Farewel Letter*, inviting you to give me a Meeting to the *laſt Minute* I ſtaid in *Ireland*; but you never appear'd, and I not going at the Time I expected, to ſhew I had *no Malice againſt* Dick, I went to bid him Farewel; and he generouſly tells me, That at the Arrival of the next Poſt, (*that is, when I am gone, and you think I ſhan't hear your Abuſes*) you Deſign to Write againſt me, not conſidering that *all the Town will fling Dirt in your Eyes*, (to uſe the Words of a Gentleman who heard of it) for ſlandering an Innocent Perſon, who when he was preſent, you durſt not look in the Face. Sir, If you *abuſe me in this* ſneaking manner,

ner, though your Clandestine way of Scribbling shews the badness of your Cause, and what little Regard will be given to it: Yet for all that, least my Silence should make you *wise in your own Conceit*; I will take *Solomons* Counsel, and *Answer you according to your Folly*, and that before I Publish the *Scuffle* you have engag'd me in. Sir, In the *Dublin Scuffle*, if I am treated in this Cowardly Manner, shall be Printed a Key to explain what is meant by *Cocker*, *Cumpstey*, and the darker Passages: To which shall be added, a true Copy, (which I have by me) of what the Booksellers of *Dublin* Charge you with: And if you have *Courage to Answer this*, you may expect a Rejoynder, including the *Ludicrous Passages* of your whole Life: (For I have Materials enough for that Purpose) neither is the Account you sent in Answer to the Debt you owe me, less false or ridiculous than your other Actions; for you make your self Debtor but for three *Turners*, when I can produce a Letter under your *Hand*, declaring you owe for seven; does my great Civility (*ungrateful Man as you are*) of taking two of them back again, discharge you of the other two?

Thus have I fairly told you what I will do, and what the World will say, if you belie me after I am gone: And have as fairly answer'd the Account you sent me: Wherein my Lawyer shall prove (*since you durst not meet me whilst I was here*) that you are still about Forty Shillings in my Debt. When your *Cowardly Reflections* appear, I have order'd this to be Printed; but have yet to tell you, That I can still forgive you (*when I see you Penitent.*) And so farewel, tho' I am

Your Abused Friend,
John Dunton.

SIR,

SIR,

Campbel was no sooner inform'd, that I was *certainly gone for* England, but he had the Impudence (*according to what he told* Dick) to Print the *following Advertisement*, notwithstanding my sending the *foregoing Letter*, and his constant refusing to meet me ———

The Advertisement *Campbel Printed, as soon as I left* Ireland, *was this following*, viz.

MR. *Joh Dunton* having Publish'd several scurrilous Lybels against me these 2 Moneth past; I hav taken no notic of them, till last Week I sent both by Writ and a Friend, that I was ready and willing to meet him, either before a Magistrat, or any honest Gent. or creditabel Citizen; and if after a fair hearing of both Parties, it should apear that I did him wrong, I wold submit: And if it apear, that I hav not wronged him, it must necessarily follow, that he hes don me much wrong: First, in averring that I took the *Auction-Room* over his Head, which I affirm to be a falsf impudent Lie: And nixt, in setting upe in his long Lybel in the *Cofee-House*, that I owe him several Pounds, whereas it shall easily apear, that he is in my Debt. The desired Meeting he refused, and I declare my self readie to give said Meetting upon the Terms abav; that is, either before a Magistrat, or any creditabel Gentleman or Citizen; but I do not think the Crew that Mr. *Dunton* ordinarily Converses with, fit to bring any such into their Company.

Patrick Campbel.

SIR,

BY this *Advertisement* (Publish'd after I left *Ireland*) you may observe Three Things.

First, Patrick's *Noble Education*, how finely he Writes and Spells, for I have not alter'd a Letter from the Copy my Friend sent me.

Secondly, *His great Cowardice*, in not daring to Publish this till I left *Dublin*.

And Thirdly, *His great Honesty* in handing privately to the World a Paper, *fill'd with nothing but Lies* (as I have prov'd already, To need not do it again) but as base as he was in Printing such *notorious Lies*, when I was n't on the Spot to disprove 'em, yet I must own to his Honour (*for he has not a Vertue, but I blaze it abroad with greater Pleasure then I do his Vices*) that he did not Publish 'em openly, but only caused three of 'em to be Printed off, to shew to some particular Friends, or perhaps (as my Friend observes) to his *Beautiful Wife, to convince her she had Married a Wit.*

Thus Sir, having sent you the remaining Part of the *Scuffle 'tween* Patrick *and I* (and all I shall send ye about *Campbel*.) your Thoughts as *formerly* are desired by

Your Obliged Friend and Servant,

John Dunton.

Remarks on my Tenth Letter.

SIR,

I Am Sorry that you are *still haunted with Serpents in* Ireland, where the World hath always thought there were none. It seems *Patrick*

trick is a Man of Intereſt as well as Intrigue, when you are no ſooner rid of one of his familiar Spirits, but you are ſtraightways attack'd by another; *Patrick has gnaſh'd his Teeth*, as you word it, ſo long, that I wonder his Grinders are not worn to the ſtumps by this Time. You tell me you *deſign ſpeedily to conclude your Scuffle*, which is very well, but I am ſure it had been much better you had never begun it, or at leaſt that you had giv'n it over ſooner. You ſay, that he now *threatens you with the Law*, which if he do, you are like to be a good Booty to the Gentlemen of the *Long Robe*, and I dare ſay, they will not *turn you out for Wranglers* ſo long as the Caſh holds; and therefore I hope *Patrick* and you will be both better adviſ'd. I do believe it is only a *Copy of his Countenance*, for he will be as unwilling to be Expos'd before the *Bench*, as to come to the *Stool of Repentance*, and in that Senſe I doubt not but its true, that *you fear his Law as little as he Minds the Goſpel.* It's unhappy for *Patrick*, that he fell upon ſuch an Adverſary, as is *ready to Anſwer him at all Weapons.* I muſt needs commend your Courage, though perhaps it had been more Prudent, and ſome will ſay more Chriſtian too, if you had rather put up the Wrong, for there's a great deal of Truth in that North-Countrey ſaying, *That its the ſecond Blow makes the Fray.* However your own Conſcience is the beſt Judge of your Circumſtances, and to that I leave you, as to this Matter; but thus far I think I may venture to ſay, that it is no ill Policy in you to make *Patrick* ſenſible of the Advantages you have againſt him, that way too; if he have a mind to *change the Scene.* It was both Generous and Chriſtian to offer a perſonal Conference, and to *ſtand the Teſt of his Warrant* with which he threatned you,

and his declining it, is an Argument of his being highly defective in both Reſpects.

Your *Letter to him from on Board*, I think (all things conſidered) was needful enough, and I perceive your Pen was *nothing blunted, notwithſtanding you had wrote ſo much*; your Threats are terrible, like thoſe of an *Almanzor*, and I perceive you had a mind to convince *Patrick* of the Truth of what you have formerly aſſerted, that you *Wear your Pen as others do their Sword*; all that I can ſay to you further on the Matter, is this, That ſeeing you are engaged, be ſure either to give over, or elſe *let your Thruſts be home*, and your Blows keen; for Boxing and Caning is *Porters way of Fighting*, and I would not have *Bookſellers* do any thing that may forfeit their Right to the Title of Gentlemen.

Thus have I ſent Remarks upon *Patricks* pretended Warrant, your Anſwer to it, and the Letter you ſent him whilſt under Sail, I ſhall next adde (for I now Anſwer two of your Letters together) that I perceive by *yours on the Road*, that you have left a *Correſpondent behind you in* Dublin to obſerve *Patricks* Motions; by the Account you give me of his *Printing, and not Publiſhing his Advertiſement*, I perceive your Letter from on Board, had ſome, though not all the deſir'd Effect upon him. His Printing after you were gone, is a *clear Proof of his Cowardice*, his uttering ſuch manifeſt Untruths, is the like of his Falſhood, and his forbearing to Publiſh them ſeems to argue his being *Conſcious of his own Guilt*. Whatever Proof it might be to *convince his Beautiful Wife ſhe had Married a Wit*, it could be none that ſhe had Married either a Wife or an Honeſt Man. As to your Remark on his *Education*, that might have been ſpar'd, perhaps it was none of his Fault that it was not better,

and

and therefore he ought not to be upbraided with it, except it proceeded from his own neglect. His *Malice* is indeed very remarkable, in designing to Publish such a *false Libel* against you, and particularly in reflecting upon those you ordinarily Convers'd with, for it appears plain enough by what I have heard from you before, that you had the *Honour to Converse with those that were far above* Patricks *Merit, as being some of the greatest Note in Church and State*, but any Excuse is better than none. I am glad however, that your *Scuffle* with *Patrick* is ended at last, both for your sake and my own, for to be plain with you I have enough of it, and I am sure, whether you think so or not, you have too much. I am

SIR, *Yours.*

The Eleventh Letter.

SIR,

I Told ye in my last from *Chester*, I had done Scuffling with *Patrick Campbel*; but sure enough I am still fighting with Beasts at *Ephesus*: For no sooner was my Scuffle with *Patrick* a little over, but I was surrounded on every side.

First, *F* —— (*a meagre sort of an Animal*) threatens a Token (*in* English *a Warrant*) to fright me to a Compliance with unreasonable Rates for Binding; but *F*—— saw he was in the *Wrong-Box*, and found it his Interest to be Friends with me.

I was no sooner deliver'd from this Impertinence, but *a Young Stripling* summons me before the Lord *Mayor* of *Dublin*; he could not but think

he was too rash, and therefore had no stomach to argue before a Magistrate; So honest *Servant* (a true Lover of Peace) gets us both to the *Bull* in *Nicholas-street*, where the Lad saw his *Error*, and we parted Friends; and I'le say that for *TOM*— 'That tho' he is *a little hasty*, yet he's 'a very honest Fellow, was very faithful in the 'Post I set him, and (*writing an Extraordinary 'hand*) is fit for a good place, which he can't 'miss of in *Dublin*, for he might be trusted with 'untold Gold.

But I must leave *Nelson* to speak of the *Brass* in *Copper-Alley*, who is another Beast I am yet to fight with; This Fellow serves me with a *Token* (I told ye the *English* of it before) and before the Lord *Mayor* I must go, I was more ready to go then he was to have me, for there needed nothing to plead for me, but the *bare stateing my Case*; when his *Lordship* heard my Defence, he did me the Honour to say (Mr. *Wilde being then present*) that I had made my Adversary *a very just Proposal*—*My Proposal was*, that one of his own Trade, and one concerned in the same Agreement, should end the Controversie; so that all that *Brass got by his Token* was to be hiss'd at by Honest Men, and to be thought (if it could be) a little more Impudent then heretofore; Sir, you'll find his Picture in the following Letters; but more at large (excepts he Repents) in my *Summer-Ramble*——

I next encountr'd a *Female Devil* (a Woman, a thing in Petticoats) her Contrivance was to C—d her Husband; and to temptt me to this Wickedness, she sends me a *Billet Doux*, (a Copy of which you shall have hereafter) and calls her self *Dorinda*, had her *Billet* taken Effect, her *Smiles* had been more fatal than *Patricks Frowns*; but *God preserv'd me in this Temptation.*

I

I was no sooner deliver'd from this *Syren*, but a *Grave Ancient Don* [illegible] claim to a *Quarto Manuscript* that I purchas'd of Mr. *Daniel*, but this *Scuffle was very short*, for I no sooner Discourse'd him, but he honestly owns before Mr. *A* —— (*a giddy, talking, bauling Fellow*) my just right to the Copy, and so we parted (Friends) over a Dish of Coffee.

There were *other Beasts* I contended with, as the *M* — of *H* —— the *K* — of, and the *D*—— of, but I pass 'em by, 'till I hear how they carry themselves.

Thus Sir, have I given ye a *further Account* of my *Dublin Enemies*, and the *Scuffles* I had with 'em; in my next expect a Copy of my *last Farewel* to *Ireland*, and with that *Farewel* I'll conclude *Scuffling* in this Countrey —— In the mean time I desire your Thoughts on these *New Encounters*, by which you'll further oblige,

Your Humble Servant,

John Dunton.

Remarks on my Eleventh Letter.

SIR;

I Was in hopes that when your *Scuffle with Patrick* was over, you should have had no Body else to Scuffle with, but either your own *Shadow or* Don Quixots *Wind-mill*, but it seems your Adversaries are of *Hydra*'s breed; no sooner is one Head cut off, but two spring up in its stead. Had *Richard Strongbow* met with such obstinate and unwearied Opposition from the *Irish*, for any thing I know *Ireland* had remain'd uncon-

unconquer'd to this Day. I perceive however, that *Patrick* was the Giant with the hundred Hands, and having foil'd him, it was scarcely worth your while to draw upon the reſt, the *Grumbling of a Maſtiff* is enough to quell ſnarling Curs at any Time; if he do but turn his Head, they will be ſure to turn their Tail, and ſo I perceive it far'd with your other *little Adverſaries*, and therefore they deſerve no further Regard neither from you nor me. Nor were they worth your mentioning, but that you had thereby an opportunity of *my Lord Mayor of* Dublin's *approving the fairneſs of your Proceedings*, and perhaps *Patrick* foreſaw the like as to the Controverſie betwixt you and him, and therefore he would never *appear with you before a Magiſtrate.*

I had almoſt forgot the dangerous Aſſault made upon you by the *Syren*, which to a Man of a *Knight-Errant-like-Temper*, is the hardeſt thing in the World to reſiſt; and therefore, I never admir'd the *Heroes* ſo much for ſpurning up Oaks with their Feet, and *blowing down Caſtles with their Breath*, as for reſiſting the Attacks of the *Phyllis*'s and *Dorinda*'s. Its well you're Married, elſe ſuch a Character as this might perhaps give the *Fair Sex* a bad Impreſſion of you as a *hard hearted* Man, the Conſequences of which would be, that you were not likely to find theirs *very ſoft*. But you are out of the Power of ſuch a Temptation, and therefore there's now no danger on that Head; or if there were, you have *a Golden Shower at command, which would Conquer a* Danae *her ſelf*; though you had no perſonal Merit. Thus Sir, I leave you to *Glory in your Conqueſt*, and *Dorinda* to fret at her Diſappointment; when I ſee her *Billet Doux*, I ſhall be more able to Judge,

whe-

whether she were a formidable Enemy or not. But don't Publish *your Conquest* all at a Time, lest your Name be made use of in future Ages to frighten *peevish Bantlings into a better Humour*, for its too too much for one Man thus to Triumph over the *Irish Men, Women, and Children* all at once. I am

SIR, *Yours*,

The Twelfth Letter.

SIR,

I Sent you Word (by the last Post) how *Campbel* and I parted when I left *Ireland*, I have also told ye of other Enemies, who continued *Scuffling* after *Patrick* had done his worst —— I shall now (as I promis'd) send ye a Copy of my —— *Last Farewel to my Friends in* Dublin, that stood by me in every *Skirmish*, and here (likewise) I shall Point at *my worst Enemies*; I mean those that have snarl'd at *the second* Spira, have been very Zealous to cut my Throat (*for Private-slandering is of that Nature*) or which is worse, have bought what they won't pay for, and with *this Farewel* (to both Friends and Enemies) I shall *conclude the* Dublin *Scuffle*. I don't doubt, but in this *Farewel*, I shall say something that will vex the Guilty, yet I find it necessary for my Reputation, and (Sir, you'll find) I fear *nothing in Defence of* that: 'Tis true I can't fight my way in *Tropes and Figures*; but Truth needs no Varnish (it shines *brightest in its Native Dress*) and therefore in this *Retreat* (*which is the most difficult Part of War*) I face all my Enemies at once; and, if I *cou'd not spell*

my

my Name, I'd venture at 'em; for I'd rather be thought *a poor Scribe then a Coward*, as you'll find by the following Lines, which *I* call

MY

Last Farewel

To my Acquaintance in

DUBLIN

Whether Friends, or Enemies.

[*And is as follows*, viz.]

Gentlemen,

HAving now Sold the *Venture of Books I* brought into this Countrey (maugre all the Opposition *I* met with from *Patrick Campbel* and other Enemies) and being to Embark an Hour hence for *England*, *I* send this as my *Last Farewel to my Acquaintance in* Ireland (whether Friends or Enemies) and with this shall conclude the *Dublin Scuffle*.

Gentlemen!

I Told you in my *First Letter*, That I had brought into this Kingdom, *A General Collection of the most Valuable Books, Printed in* England, *since the Fire in* London *in* 66. *to this very time*; to which, *I told you*, *was added*, —— *Great*

Va-

Variety of Scarce Books. —— *A Collection of Pamphlets, in all Volumns:* —— *And a Parcel of Manuscripts, never yet in Print*; and that *I* have made good my word, is acknowledged, by all that have seen my *Catalogues*, and *Printed Bills of every days Sale*, for near Six Months. Neither can it be thought that the *Gentlemen of Ireland*, who are own'd to be very ingenious, would give one Thousand Five Hundred Pound for a Parcel of *TRASH* (as my Venture was call'd by some selfish People, of which more anon) except — *Bibles* — *Common-Prayer Books* — Pools *Annotations* — Clarks *Bible* — Hammond *on the New Testament* —— *Book of Martyrs the best Edition* —— *Duty of Mans Works* —— Dupins *Ecclesiastical History* — Josephus *the best* — Rawleighs *History of the World* — Heylins *Cosmography in* Folio — Eusebius *the best Edition* — Bakers *Chronicle* — Stanleys *Lives* — Cambdens Brittania — Terryls *History* —— Lock *of Humane Understanding* —— L'Estranges Æsop — Seneca's *Morals* — Cambridge *Concordance* — *The Great Historical Dictionary* — Greoads *Dictionary* — Littletons *Dictionary* — Gouldmans *Dictionary* —— Coles *Dictionary* — Screvelius *Lexicon* —— Speeds *Maps* — Mordens *Geography* — *The* Irish *Statutes* — Cook *upon* Littleton — Wingates *Abridgment* — Ben Johnsons *Works* —— Shakespears *Works* — Beaumont *and* Fletchers *Works* — Cowleys *Works* — Oldhams *Works* — Drydens *Works* — *Congreves Works* — Westleys *Life of Christ* — *Prince* Arthur — *Judge* Hales *Works* — *Mr.* Boils *Works* — *And the Works of Archbishop* Usher *Archbishop* Tillotson — *Bishop* Taylor — *Bishop* Patrick — *Bishop* Sprat — *Bishop* Barlow — *Bishop* Fowler — *Bishop* Wilkins — *Bishop* Stillingfleet — *Bishop* Burnet — *Bishop* Kidder — *Dr.* Barrow — *Dr.* Sherlock — *Dr.* Scot — *Dr.* Horneck —— *Dr.* South —

Dr.

Dr. Wake —— *Dr.* Lucas —— *Dr.* Chaget —— *Mr.* Norris — *Mr.* Edwards — *Mr.* Dorrington — *Dr.* Annesley — *Dr.* Bates — *Dr.* Manton — *Mr.* Charnock — *Mr.* Howe — *Mr.* Alsop —— *Mr.* Clarkson — *Mr.* Williams — *Mr.* Mead —— *Mr.* Baxter —— *Mr.* Flavel —— *Mr.* Boyce —— *Mr.* Showers — *Mr.* Rogers —— *Mr.* Calamy —— *and such like*, may be reckon'd into that Number ——

And Gentlemen, as *I* have fully answered your Expectations, as to the *Goodness and Variety* of the Books that I brought over, so *I* find you are all pleased with the *Candour you had in the Sale*; you may remember *I* told you *I* thought it *a sort of Picking your Pocket*, (as you came to my *Auctions* supposing to buy a Pennyworth) to advance the Rate upon you by any *underhand Bidding*, and to shew this *was not to serve a Turn*: *I* again declare (though I'm leaving *Ireland*) that for *every Penny I got that way I'll restore a Pound*. But the Dignity of Truth is lost by much Protesting, so I'll say no more to prove *my Innocence*, for 'tis what you all believe.

And Gentlemen, as you have been all satisfied with the Part *I* acted in this Matter; so *I* hope you have been all pleased with the *General Treatment*, you had from Mr. *Wilde* throughout the whole Sale —— The Truth is, he has shewn a *matchless Command over his Passions* under very great Provocations, and therefore 'tis (my Design in these Adventures being to please the Buyer and my Self too) that *I* have engaged him in a *second Auction I* design for *Scotland*, and were *I* to make a *Third* as far as *Rome* (as who knows but *I* may, for *I* design to see his Holiness) Mr. *Richard Wilde should be the sole Manager*, not only as *his Universal Knowledge in Books* renders him fit for it, but as *I* have found his

his *Candour and Diligence* to be as great as his Knowledge—And *Gentlemen*, as Mr. *Wilde* has treated you with the greatest Respect imaginable, so *I* hope he has done you as much Justice as he has me, in the *whole Management*.

And *I* hope you have been as much pleased with my *Book-keeper Mr.* Price, as to his great Fidelity in prizing what you bought, as *I* have been with his accounting with me for all the Moneys receiv'd; or if you can prove any Mistake (for no Man's Infallible) *I* shall be forward to have it rectified, though 'twere so much to my Loss——

And as Mr. *Wilde*, Mr. *Price*, *and my Self*, have labour'd to give you Content, so *I* hope so much *as Honest* Robinson —— *Trusty* James —— *and my very Footie* Bacon (*who brought the Bill of every Days Sale to your Doors*) *have not been wanting in their respective Place*. In a word, *I* suppose you are all Content, for we *all endeavoured* to make you so, but for all my Care in these Particulars, I find I have some Enemies; but (Gentlemen) my Comfort is (*a*) that I have no Enemy that's acquainted with me, or has Bought a Book in my *Three Auctions*; 'twas said of a Bookseller *Lately Dead*, *that he had no Enemies but those that knew him*; but I Thank God, if I have any Friends, they are *chiefly* those that have dealt with me. But I find 'tis impossible to please all; for though Mr. *Wilde and my Self* managed the whole Affair (from the *first* Minute I proposed it to him, to the *last* Book he Sold in *Dublin*) with that Sincerity, as we thought had left no room for Exception; not so much as a *Penny* was Paid in the *Auction* (*if any doubt arose from whom 'twas received*) but I gave it the Poor, for fear I had received more than my

(*a*) *As I told you in my second Letter.*

my Due. But for all this *scrupulous Care*, there was a certain Person beyond the *Herring-Pond*, and in *Dublin* too (for they Ecchoed to one another) that whisper'd about, that I had brought you nothing but a Parcel of *TRASH*. And that the *Auctioneer* was a Grand Sharper. Gentlemen, 'tis a pitiful Cowardice (as I told *Campbel*) *that strikes a Man in the Dark*, but I suppose you know who I mean by the *Littleness of his Soul*, for all such Books that he has not a Hand in, he calls *not fit to wipe his B——ch*, and a Copy from Heaven would be a foolish Paper with him, if *T. F.* were not the Bookseller. —— *strange how far Ignorance, Self-Interest and Pride will carry Men, especially Men that rise from nothing, or come of Mechanick Parents* ——'Tis true, I could take a singular Pleasure in forgiveing this *sneaking Fellow*, there is such a noble *Pride* attends this generous Conquest of an Enemy, as far surpasses the celebrated sweetness of Revenge. And this made Judge *Hales* say, *He thanked God, he had learnt to forget Injuries*; and I wish I could say the same (for I hate to *gratifie my Passion the common Way* (and because *T. F. has acted the Part of a mean Spirit, I must do so or worse by giving Scope to my Rage*) but though I had rather suffer a thousand wrongs then offer one, yet for all that, when a Man *persists in a base Practice*, he ought to be jerk'd in hopes of a Reformation, and *T. F.* the most of any I know in *London*; for how often has he call'd — *The Heads of Agreement* (Assented to by the United Ministers) — *The Morning Exercises* (Published by my Reverend Father in Law, Dr. *Annesley*) — *The French Book of Martyrs* (Publisht by Order of Queen *Mary*, and was the only Book she ever gave Her Royal Hand to) — *Malbranches search after Truth*, (so

(so much commended by the Learned Mr. *Norris*, in his Advice to his Children. —— *Mr. Coke's Detection of the Court and State of* England (of which large work there is Three Editions) —— *The Works of the Lord* Delamere (Publisht by consent of the now Earl of *Warrington*) —— Dr. *Burthoggs* Essay on Reason, and the Nature of Spirits (Dedicated to Mr. *Lock.*) —— *The Tigurine Liturgy* (Publisht by the Approbation of six Learned Prelates) —— *Bp. Barlows Remains* (Publisht from his Lordships Original Papers) by Sir *Peter Pet*, Kt. Advocate General for the Kingdom of *Ireland*. —— Mr. *Baxter's Life*, *in* Folio (written with his own hand) —— The Life of that Charitable Divine Mr. *Thomas Brand*. —— The Life and Death of Mr. *John Elliot*, the First Preacher of the Gospel to the *Indians* in *America* (of which there is three Editions) —— *The Bloody Assizes*, Containing the Tryals and Dying Speeches of those that Dyed in the *West* (of which there is four Editions) —— *Sermons on the whole Parable of Dives and Lazarus*, by *Joseph Stevens*, Late Lecturer of *Cripplegate* and *Lothbury* Churches. —— *The Tragedies of Sin*, by Mr. *Jay*, Rector of *Chinner*. —— Mr. *Williams Gospel Truth* (*of which there is three Editions.*) —— *Mackenzye's Narrative* of the Seige of *Derry*. —— Mr. *Boyses Answer to Bishop* King (First Printed in *Dublin*, and then in *London*)) —— Mr. *Showers Mourners Companion*. —— Mr. Rogers *Practical Discourses* — The Poems writ by the *Pindarick Lady* —— And the *Athenian Gazzet* (which has been continued to 20 *Volumns*, and is so much Valued in *Dublin*, that the Sale of that Book alone has come to an Hundred Pound)

Gentlemen, *I* shou'd prove Tedious, or *I* would inlarge, for these ben't the *Fifth Part* of those Valuable Pieces *I* Print; and so which, to

shew his parts (*or rather his Envy*) he gives the Title of —— *Mean Stuff, Perfect Trash*: Sweet Rhetorick! (*Gentlemen*) which, with something will keep Cold, has made *his Conscience as black as his Sign.*

I was likewise Treated in this manner, by another *Critick*, near *Hatton-Garden*, who tho' he struts like a *Turky-Cock at a Red Pettycoat*, wipes his mouth in *London*, and is *very saucy to every Book that he don't Print himself*, yet his *Sin has found him out in* Dublin; and 'tis very remarkable, that *I* my self should first discover it, whom he has most abus'd of any man in *London*; but he's *quiet enough at present*, and if he Repents, *I* can forgive; but if he *stir hand or foot* against this small Revenge, the World shall know (*as Proud as he is*) who has abus'd the name of a *late Peer*, by a Notorious *Sham-Title*. —— *Gentlemen*, such, and only such as these, are my Enemies, and this is the *Undermining Treatment I* have had from 'em.

But tho' there be *Little Souls* in the World that have great Dealings; yet, I find, the Gentlemen of *Ireland*, have more Honour then to belye their Senses, or to call that *Stuff or Trash*, which they find to be Solid Dyet —— *I* am sure, in proportion to the Great Number of Books *I* have Printed, no Man has *Printed* less *Trash* then my self: I am sure, T. F. has not, if you take in his *Black Lists*, *his false Titles*, *his Printing other* Mens Copies, *and new Vamping of Old Books* —— But *Gentlemen*, 'Tis losing of Time to speak in praise of my *Bookish Venture* (or to talk more of my Enemies *Trash*) Seeing a (*a*) *Worthy Member of the House of Commons*, did me the Honour to say, *That I had been* ('*by this* Undertaking) *a Great Benefactor to this Country*; and no longer than yesterday, a Clergy-Man told Mr.

(*a*) As is hinted in the *Sect. of my Conversation, in* Ireland.

Mr. *Penny* (an *English* Gentleman) That *I had done more Service to Learning, by my Three Auctions, than any one single Man that had come into* Ireland *these hundred years.* ——— *I* speak not this out of Ostentation, but to rectify the Opinions, who judge Men by what they hear from the *Scandalous Tongues* of their selfish prejudic'd Enemies: But, tho' *Boasting is none of my Talent*, yet *I* must say, *That my Venture has been serviceable to this Country*, is not only the *Sentiment of one or two*, but of all I meet with; and therefore 'tis *I* am desired, by some of the best Quality, *To make an Annual Auction of Books in* Dublin; but my Ramble to *Scotland* will hinder this; or if it don't, I'll still promise, *You shall have no better in my Auctions*, and as *Good Books* as now. ——— Not that I pretend to be more Infallible than other People; and of *Six Hundred Books*, *I* have Printed (*as I said in my second Letter*) it would be strange if all should be alike Good: But tho' in my *Unthinking Age*, I have Printed something *I* wish I had never seen (*though of* 600, *I know but of six I am angry at*) yet where *I* have err'd, *'tis from Heaven, and not from Man*, that *I* heartily ask Forgivness: *I* confess 'twas a Noble Saying of the Great *Montaigne*, after he had finish'd his Rambles, That *were he to live over his Life again, he would Live exactly as he had done: I neither*, says he, *complain of the past, nor do I fear the future*. *I* can't say so, for tho *I* am but turn'd of my 30th year, and have always devoted my *Time and Rambles* to the knowledge of Countries, Books, and Men; yet were *I* to correct the *Errata's* of my short Life, *I* would quite alter the Press. ——— *Would Time unweave my Age again to the first thread, What another man would I be?* but as willing as *I* am to confess this, yet where *I* have Erred with *Respect to Printing, I must cast the fault into*

the great heap of Humane Error; for seeing we digress in all the ways of our Lives, yea, seeing the Life of man is nothing else but digression, I may the better be excused, and the rather, as I am truly griev'd when any good Man is displeas'd; not that I ever Printed a Book in my whole Life, but what I had a just end in the Publication. But if others won't think so, I can't help it; not but I must own, That having Printed a great many Books (and not reading through the twentieth part of what I Print) *some Errors have 'scap'd my hand*; but this is my Misfortune, and not my Crime; *and ill success ruines the merit of a good meaning; however the way to Amendment is never out of date.* — *Repentance is a Plank, we* (*Book-Merchants*) *have still left, on which we may swim to shore; and having Err'd, the Noblest thing we can do, is to own it. He that Repents, is well near Innocent.* — Diogenes, *seeing a Lad sneaking out of a Bawdy House, bid him Hold up his head, for he need not be asham'd of coming out, but of going in.* I could even forgive *Patrick Campbel, if I saw him a True Penitent*; such a Penitent, as the Thief who robb'd me in *Dublin*, who begging my Pardon; *I scarce suffered him to kneel for it*, but as readily gave it, as he was to ask it.

Thus *Gentlemen*, you see (*at our last parting*) that tho' *I* am no more perfect than other Folks, yet that *I* don't deserve that ill Usage *I* had from *T. F.* in *London*, or *Patrick Campbel* in *Dublin*; and (*by the Grace of God*) for the future will deserve it less; for as *I* grow in years, *I* alter my opinion of things; when *I* now Print a Book, *I* put on my *Graver Spectacles*, and consult as well with my *Judgment as Interest*: When I first began to Print, I had then seen but the out-side of the World and Men, and conceiv'd them according to their *Appearing Glister*.

You know, *Gentlemen*, *Youth are Rash and Heedless*,

less, green Heads are very ill Judges of the Productions of the Mind: The first Glance is apt to deceive and surprize; *Novelties* have Charms that are very taking, but a little Leisure and Consideration discovers the Imposture; those false Lights are dispell'd upon a *serious Review*, and second Thoughts are wiser than the first, *and this is my very Case*. But though I am no *more Infallible then other People*, yet I have ever had that *regard to Justice*, that *I never Printed any Mans Copy*, or stole his Author by Private Slanders; and though I have *Printed six hundred* Books, I never Printed a *new Title* to an old Book, nor never *damn'd* any Man's Book, because I must Buy it with *ready Money*; and I ever thought it as *base Injustice* to run upon another's Project, neither did I ever *murther* any Mans Name (*with saying he Printed this or that*) the more cunningly to praise my self, and who ever will prove *one single Instance* of this in all the Books I have Printed (a Jolly Company for the small Time I have Traded) I'll own my self *of as Poor a Spirit* as those are (be they who they will) that Practice what I here condemn — And I as little like *under-selling* others to get Chapmen. I believe *T. F.* will own (though a great Offender in this Kind) that I keep my Copies as punctal as any Man; Mr. *Wilde* knows in *all the Notes I made for* Dublin, that I put the same Price to every Man, and wou'd any Bookseller be at the Pains to *compare all my Notes together* (though I exchanged with all the Trade) for *every Penny* he finds charged more to himself then to other Men, he shall have five Pound Reward, and a Thousand Thanks into the Bargain for rectifying a Mistake I never design'd. Then pray Gentlemen (for I am now speaking to the *Book-*

sellers of Dublin) *no more Reflections* (as if I injur'd the Trade by *Auctions*) for is it not your own Case? There's few *Eminent* Booksellers, but have traded this whole-Sale way; *is that a Crime in me, which is seen in your daily Practice?* — If I have a Fancy to Travel *a Year or so*, and after that to live *a studious and retired Life* (as I have done several Years) what harm do I do in selling my Stock, and making of *Auctions* without *Setters*? For my own Part, I have enough to bear my Charge to the Grave (for thither Gentlemen we are all going) and am contriving now *to Live for my Self*, as well as for other People — (a) *I would have busmess, but exempt from strife* — and therefore, 'tis I have done with *Shops*, the hurry of 'em are apt to ingross our Thoughts, and I'm loth to venture Eternity upon my last Breath; to what Purpose should I covet much?

(a) *Cowley.*

I really Pity those that (*like the Dog in a Wheel*) toil to Roast Meat for others Eating. *Abraham*, see how he beginneth to possess the World! by no Land, Pasture, or Arable Lordship, *the first Thing is a Grave.* The Reverend Mr. *Stevens* (Author of the Sermons on *Dives* and *Lazarus*) gave Order for the making his Coffin (a) in perfect Health: I desire to follow such Examples as these; and therefore, instead of *loosing Time* in a Shop, I'd now, *in a quiet Retreat from the World*, be studying what good I may do to my Friends with what I have, and *how little a Time I may Live to enjoy it*; being troubled with the (a) Distemper my Father dyed of. I take my last leave (*as I now do of* Dublin) of every Place I depart from? And that's the Reason I now follow the World with such

(a) *I had it from his own Mouth.*

(a) *The Stone.*

such Indifference, as if *'twas no Matter whether I over-took it or no.* But though I'm *come from behind the Counter*, yet methinks a Man out of Business, like a rotten Tree, only cumbers the Ground, so I won't altogether desert Printing, or that *Learned Trade*, which my Father so much approv'd of, whilst there's an *Author in* London, or a Pen in the World; but (with Submission to better Judgments) I think 'tis a great madness to be laying *new Foundations* of Life, when I am half way through it.

And they methinks deserve my Pity,
Who for it can indure the Stings,
The Crowd, and Buz, and Murmurings,
Of this great Hive, the City ------Cowley.

So that being tir'd *with Galloping after the World*, I'll walk now with a Horse in my Hand, and who ever sees my House (*and Green Prospects before and behind it*) will own 'tis suited to this Purpose — And here Gentlemen, don't let's mistake one another (at Parting) or think I prescribe my *Method of Living as a Rule for others to walk by.* No! He that takes me for a Guide in this (or in any thing else) may perhaps *fall* (a) *into the ditch*, for I must confess that if he alone is a Wise Man, who hath a clear and certain Knowledge of Things; then I am excluded, for *I mistake every thing.* I feel a Mountain of Ignorance on my Understanding, which I struggle under, but cannot remove. I dwell in the out-side of things; do what I can, *Circumstances do always so uneven the Scales*, that I cannot Balance things aright; when I weigh the Conditions of Men, (*whether Friends, or Enemies*) if I come near them, I am within a Circle, and am strait-ways as if conjured from giving

(a) Mat. 15. 14.

a true Verdict; theſe things are beſt ſeen at a diſtance, when I have ſometimes given a right Sentence, *a new Relation, or ſome other Event*, hath ſtept in, and violently blindfolded me. Again, when I have beheld a worldling as full of Earth as a Worm, one that loads himſelf with thick Clay, that walks in the Sun-ſhine daily, and never enquires who hath lighted him that *glorious Candle*; as goes rooting as if he were a *Mole in Humane Shape*, and *Cannibal*-like devours poor Mens Fleſh; when I had clearly ſeen, I confidently affirm'd his Gold to be droſs, and himſelf beautified with all his Pomp, to be but a *Jade in Trappings*; when I had made uſe of him, as an occaſion of admiring *Divine Providence* for ſparing ſuch a *monſtrous Hog*; yea, when I had Out-lawed him, as one altogether unworthy of Protection; yet how hath the tender of ſome *few Courteſies* (or a bare pretence to a *Reconciliation*, as in the Caſe of *Campbel*) been ready to make me reverſe it, hath not only ſtopped my Mouth, but muddied my ſounder Judgment of him; ſo that now I have had enough to do to ſee the fault, through my Friend, my very *Judgeing Faculty* hath been ſomewhat bribed to ſpare the Sin, leaſt I ſhould fall too foul upon the ſubject of it; and how have I found out *a weak Brain, a ſtrong Temptation, or ſomething or other* to extenuate the Offence. Yea, an intent of aſſaying the World my ſelf, hath diſpoſed me to the pondering, yea, almoſt to the Entertainment of his Principles, and a Reſolution of *returning again to the hurries of a Shop*; and ſome poſſibility of arriving at his heighth, hath been ſuch *a Powder-mine*, that I have been well nigh blown up in mine own Trenches; and my Affections have been like a *NAVT* in a Storm at Sea, hardly kept together. I therefore thought the *beſt*

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Prospective to see the World in its genuine and proper State, was a great distance from it. A Man must play the Cunning *Astronomer*, who when he wou'd gaze a Star, gets not on the *Top of a Pyramid*, but descends some deep Pit for so the *Visual Spirits* are kept together, thus a Man should look, as a wise man, just before him. *Earthly things are a very Mist*; before a Man comes at it, he may see the Dimensions of a Fog, and perhaps look over it, but when once invellopt and clouded within it, his sight is limited to a small extent. Gentlemen, such thoughts as these made me retreat to that *Countrey-like Seat* where (after *Scuffling* a while in *Dublin*) I'm now going to live again; which being still and private, and suited to a *studious Life*, is (next to my *Wife*) the *only thing* on Earth I Love ———

Gentlemen, having (largely) shewn you, why I leave the *Hurries of* Dublin, and given my Reasons for a *Private Life* when I return home; having also told ye my Thoughts of *Shop-keeping*, and of the several Copies I Printed, perhaps my Enemies will expect here (being fain amongst Books) that I say something of the *Second Spira*, for though 'tis a Book quite forgot, yet my Innocence is such (with respect to the Printing of it) that I dare bring it again on the Stage; and the rather still, as my *Dublin Enemies* (and some in *London*) have snarl'd at it with so much Fury.

As to this *Second Spira*, which my Enemies so nibble at, perhaps the Publishing of *that Relation* was one of the *most Innocent Actions of my whole Life*: Gentlemen to prove this, I'll lead you *step by step* into this Affair, so far as I was concern'd in't —This Narrative was put into my hands about *Decem.* 26. 1692. by the Methodizer of it, who assured me, that he received the *Memoirs*

that

that compoſed it, from *a Divine of the Church of* England, and as a Confirmation of this, he deli- vered into my Hands *a Letter and Preface*, which are Printed in the ſaid Book (both which he ſaid was ſent to him by the Divine that viſited the Sick Man) wherein the Divine ſays. 'That *having examined the Peice now 'tis perfected, with the Original Notes and Papers which he drew himſelf, he finds the Subſtance and Material Part very faithfully done*; he further adds, 'I *dare affirm, that there's nothing material left out, nor is there any Interpolations which are not genuine* —— And in his Let- ter to the Methodizer, he begins thus, 'Sir, *I had yours with the Manuſcript, and having compared it with the Memoires I took, I think you have done me, and the Caſe of that miſerable Gentleman, a Rigid Juſtice*—— My way being made thus plain by theſe *Atteſtations* given me by a Gentleman I had long known to be a Perſon of Integrity, *I* procured Mr *Bohuns* Licenſe to the Book (which I have ſtill by me.) After the Book was Publiſh'd; ſeveral Clergy-men and others inquiring of me the *Truth of the Relation*, I went with them my ſelf to the *Methodizer* of it (for ſo he had order'd me to do, if any one enquir'd about the Truth of it) who gave 'em all (*as he owns in his Preface to this Book*) the very ſame account he had given me, and they thereupon did me that Ju- ſtice as to *acquit me of any unfair dealing in the Caſe*, and the ſame thing has been alſo done by the *Me- thodizer* himſelf in the *Third, Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Editions of this Book*; ſo that I need add no more on my own Account, for *what can appear fairer?* But that no doubt may remain as to my Innocence in this Matter, I further (and ſolemnly) de- clare in the Preſence of God (*the ſearcher of all Hearts*) that I ne're thought of the *Second Spira* till 'twas brought to me, and that 'twas all (*every*

Page,

Page, Line and Syllable of it) delivered to me as a *True Narrative*. And 'tis worth Remark (as it shews the *Generosity of the* London-*Booksellers*) that but three of 'em quarrel'd with this Book, and the first was that very Person who (as I can prove) offer'd to be Partner in it; and that too, after his going with me to the *Methodizer*, by which he could know no more of *Spira* then I did, so that 'tis clear if I have Printed a *False Spira* (as I hope not) that 'tis no more than an older Man would have done, upon the same Informations which I received.

But to do this Bookseller Justice, there were several Divines (*as well as he and I*) that believed the Truth of the *Second Spira* (from the Account the *Methodizer* gave of it) I could name two that (*from the Pulpit*) advised their Hearers to read it —— 'Tis true, this Bookseller tells you, he afterwards *alter'd his mind* (what the *Divines* did, I can't say) but what of that? This no ways affects me, for he would fain have been concern'd at first (*and to tempt me to it, promises a Preface to recommend the Book*) and *I* could see no more into *Futurity* then he, and therefore *I fell a blushing*, (for his sake, not for my own) to hear him *Rail* at the Book —Gentlemen *I* really thought if *Second Spira* had wanted a *Champion*, this had been the very Man, he was so zealous for a share in it, but *I* rejecting the offers he made, instead of being the last [as *I* might expect] he was the *first Publick Enemy it* met with.

And the next to him was a Man who leers under his Hat, and may now *see his Sin in his Punishment*, in those *Lashes* Mr. *Mather* gives him, in *p.* 68. But *I* won't Name the Book or Passage, for [when *I* remember how abusive he was] *I think it revenge enough to forgive him.*

A Third Slanderer of *Second Spira* [and is all

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I met with amongſt Bookſellers] was a *Gentleman-Stationer*, who had no grudge againſt me or the Book, yet had the Conſcience to ſend it to ——— to ſerve a Turn, I would explain my ſelf, (for here we are *Bout-Ship*, as we ſhall cry by and by at Sea) but that, He's below himſelf, that is not above an Injury, or at leaſt the Ingratitude of a little Fellow. I am thus particular in telling the Enemies to *Second Spira*, and in Defending my Printing of it, that the World may ſee what a *vile thing* Slandering is, (eſpecially the Private Slanderer. *The thing is True, but pray ſay nothing you had it from me*, is a Wound can never be Cured. ——— *'Tis Stabbing a Man behind*, and is the worſt ſort of Murther, as it leaves no room for Defence.

And this has been my Fate, for *I* verily think, were all the Lyes that were told about *Second Spira*, Printed in one Book, 'twould ſcarce be Printed in *Two Years*. ——— But *I* am willing now (*for I have bore long*) to be out of the *Slanderers Debt*, and *I* hope what *I* here affirm will give Satisfaction to all the World.

For Gentlemen, you ſee my Innocence as to this Book, and how much I ſuffered (when formerly rail'd at for Publiſhing of it) *by the malice of ſome, and ignorance of others*; and therefore I thought it proper now to ſet *Spira* in a True Light, for I can't run every where to anſwer Slanderers, eſpecially my *Dublin* Enemies (for I'm now leaving of 'em) and theſe have treated (both *Spira* and) me without the leaſt mixture of Candour, tho Archbiſhop *Tillotſon* tells 'em, in p. 515. in his works, *That if there were any need that a Man ſhould be Evil ſpoken of, it is but fair and equal that his good and bad Qualities ſhould be mentioned together, otherwiſe he may be ſtrangely miſrepreſented, and an indeferent Man may be made a Monſter.* —— They (continues

tinues this Great Prelate) *that wil observe nothing in a Good Man but his failings and infirmities, may make a shift to render a very* Wise and Good Man (and I never pretended to be either) *very Despicable.* —— *If one should heap together all the Passionate Speeches, all the Froward and Imprudent Actions of the Best Man, all that he had said or done amiss in his whole Life, and present it all at one view, concealing his Wisdom and Vertues, the Man in this disguise, would look like a* Mad-Man or a Fury; *and yet if his Life were fairly Represented, and just in the same manner it was led; and his many and great Vertues set over against his failings and infirmities, he would appear to all the World to be an Admirable and Excellent Person.* But (adds this learned Author) *How many and great soever any Mans ill Qualities are, it is but just, that with all this heavy load of faults; he should have the due praise of the few real Vertues that are in him.* —— Herbert *says,*

He that will but one side hear,
Tho' he judge right, is no good Justicer.

One would have thought this distich, with the foregoing passage of Archbishop *Tillotson*, were enough to cure Censuring, and to have enclin'd the Readers of the *Second Spira*, to have been more charitable to the Publisher of it, for if I had not *One Good Quality to mention with my Bad* (as Bishop *Tillotson* advises) yet they were wholly ignorant of me, and cou'd not tell *(did they give me a hearing)* but *I* might clear my Innocence, and having now done it, I expect they *recount their old Reflections*, and revive that Opinion they had of me before the publishing of this Book. —— The Reason why I expect this *Generous Treatment* (and am thus positive in the Account I give of the *Second Spira*) is because I write this, as if I made

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an *Affidavit before a Master in Chancery*. For *Livy*, the Famous Historian, saith, *That he that writes a Lye for Truth, is the greatest of Perjur'd Persons, and his Reason is, because he imposes upon Generations to come*; and this makes me yet think that the *Second Spira* is a true Narrative: *For had't there been as strange Concealments* (Who'd have thought that *Overbury*'s Murder would have come to light 5 *years* after 'twas done) and *I believe the Methodizer*, a Man of that *Honour & Vertue*, that had he the least suspition, that *I S*, (*the Divine which he says gave him the Notes*) had impos'd upon him, he'd soon Publish the same to the World, and as a Christian ought, own his Error in being imposed upon. —— This is what *I* believe of the *Methodizer*; and as for my own share, *my Innocence in such* (as *I* have here shewn by running through *all the steps of the Publication*) that if *I* find *Second Spira* a Lye (tho' 'twere Ten Year hence) I'd be the first should tell it; and be as zealous for Printing the *Methodizers Recantation*. But till such Discovery is made, I shall still believe it as much the true *Spira*, as his in *Newgate-Street*, who to shew the honesty of his *little Soul*, calls his Book the *True Spira*, that mine might be thought *a False One*, or as is the Relation of *Francis Spira*, whence this *Second Spira* has its name. —— Now *Gentlemen*, what *I* have here said of the *Second Spira*, being what *I* am able to swear to, upon all *the Bibles* in the Kings Dominions, and if my Credit appears hitherto Unspotted and Free, and not stain'd with Base Little and Dishonourable Actions, *I* hope (to use the words of the Methodizer) *I shall have that common Charity in this Affair, which every one would be unwilling to be deny'd, were he in my circumstances*; and you can't go to a *Binder*, *Printer*, or *Stationer*, in *Dublin*, or *London* either, (for *I* owe not one of them a Brass Farthing) but you may

may have full satisfaction upon this last head. But if after all *I* have here said, there is any one yet so base, as to reflect upon the *Methodizer of the Second Spira*, or upon my self, for Printing that Dismal Narrative, *I* have only to tell 'em, That *I as little matter, as I deserve, their uncharitable Censures.* — *Gentlemen*, *I* shall only add, (as to *Second Spira*) that the *Methodizer* never saw this Apology for Printing of it; for *Truth is ever the same*: And having said nothing but what *I* can prove at large, *I* thought it a greater proof of my Innocence, to *Publish it without his knowledge:* Neither could *I* have consulted him, if I would, for he lives 300 Miles from *Dublin*, and I do declare in the *Presence of God, Angels and Men*, that I writ this *Defence of Spira and Farewel Letter*, with my own hand, whilst *I* lay'd with Mr. *Cawley* in that City, and that in the presence of Mr. *Larkin*, who is now going for *England* with me, and I hope you'll wish us a *Boon Voyage.* ——— And I think *Gentlemen*, *my not consulting with the Methodizer* in this matter, is enough of it self, (had I omitted all that I said before) to shew my Innocence as to *Second Spira*, concerning which, I have said nothing but what I would say, were I now taking my last leave of the World, and the *Irish Voyage*, on which I am just entring, is near a kin to that *long and awful Journey*. ——— But so much for the *Second Spira*, of which I Sold about 20000, and when the *Gentleman is known*, I believe I shall treble the Number.

Thus Gentlemen, having in this *Farewel* further accounted for the *Dublin* Scuffle, —— For the Venture I brought to *Iseland*, —— For the Auctions I made in it, —— For the Candour you had from me with respect to Setters — For Mr. *Wilde's* generous management ——— For my *Book-keepers* great Fidelity — For my Servants

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of an Inferiour Station — For the Notes I made with the *London* Bookſellers —— For the Hurries of *Dublin* — For my Private Living in *Jeweu-ſtreet* —— For my Averſion to Shop-keeping —— For the ſeveral Copies I Printed [and in particular for the *Second Spira*] —— And for an *Annual Auction* in *Dublin* [which I told ye was propos'd to me] and Gentlemen, I muſt tell ye, if any thing put me upon it, 'tis my great Deſire to bring *Patrick* to a Sence of his Errour, and the fair Dealing I had from others. And here I'll take my leave [a while] of the Generous Buyers, to give

A Farewel

To thoſe that have BOUGHT, *what they won't* PAY *for.*

ANd truly Gentlemen (for 'tis of the Non-Pay-maſters *I'm now taking my leave*) if you won't be juſt, I'll perſwade you to it, and to that Purpoſe I've agreed in the Lump (for I'm now leaving *Ireland*, and ſhall *relapſe into no more Duns*) with an Honeſt Lawyer (yes an Honeſt Lawyer) and *Two Bailiffs*, who will fear nothing in the juſt Execution of their Office —— Gentlemen, could I ſtay in *Dublin*, I'd give as much time as you won'd deſire, but I have been long from my *Native Country*, have a Houſe and Servants to look after, and which is more, am daily expected by *a Young and Obliging Wife*; and Gentlemen, wer't your own Caſe, *a Day under ſuch a Circumſtance would ſeem an Age.* Then

Pay)

pray be Honeſt in a few Days, that *even Lawyers and Bayliffs may be kind to ye.* I ſuppoſe none have been ſo unjuſt to Buy what they could not pay for. And pray let me ask you a *Sober Queſtion*, Is it reaſonable I ſhou'd have Juſtice? *Make my caſe your own*, and you'll ſay, It is; for my Venture was Bought and Sold at a Great Expence, (*and without Setters too*) and which is yet heavier upon me, you have bought what others wou'd have honeſtly paid for; neither do I ſerve your *City of Dublin* as you have ſerved me, for of 400*l.*&c. I have Expended in it, with *Printers, Stationers, Binders, and the Servants concern'd in my Three Auctions*, &c. I have Receipts from all I have dealt with, to a *very half penny*; or if any *Binder* (or other Perſon) have injur'd himſelf, by forgetting any thing, or by miſtakes, in ſumming up his Bill (though it be but the worth of a Farthing) if he diſcovers it Ten Years hence, I'll pay it my ſelf, if I am then Living, or in caſe of my Death, my Heir ſhall do it, or forfeit my whole Eſtate. ——

And as I have been juſt to *Meum and Tuum* in this City, ſo I was ever as true to anothers Reputation as to my own: I never *ſtruck at any Mans Fame in* Dublin (or in any part of the World) till he fell to Murdring mine; even *Patrick Campbell* (tho the moſt Barbarous Fellow I ever met with) did not hear from me till he took my *Room over my head.*

And now Gentlemen (*I mean you that are ſtill in my Debt*) I leave you to think upon theſe things, whilſt I return again to the *Generous Buyers*: And here Gentlemen, 'Tis my duty to tell you, That as I ill reſent the Bad Uſage I have from the Non-pay-maſters, ſo I can never enough acknowledge your Honeſt Dealing; you have ſtrictly obſerved the Golden Rule, *Of doing*

as you would be done by, and *I* doubt not but the Books you have fairly bought, will be a bleſſing to you and your Children after you. — When ſome came to my Auction with *Naught*, (*a*) Pro. *Naught*, (a) you never ſided with 'em, 20. 24. or bely'd your Conſcience to ſave *Six Pence*. You never bid, but in ſome proportion to the worth of a Book: You knew *I* had no Setters, and therefore *acted a Nobler Juſtice than to bid as if a Book were ſtolen.*

In a word, You all acted ſo Honourably, both in your *Bidding and Paying* for Books (eſpecially the *Noble Collonel*) as if, *Like meer Conquerers o'er Covetouſneſs*, and ſuch mean beggarly Vices, you had a mind to *ſhame the other Buyers into Gratitude*, for the Charge *I* was at to ſerve 'em. Gentlemen, by this *Treatment*, *I* have been able to ſee, *how much of Heaven can live upon Earth*; and ſurely Men of ſuch Juſt Principles, as *I* found you of, need but dye to be in that Bleſſed Place. *Men of ſo great a Soul*, ſeem only *lent to the City of* Dublin, *as a univerſal Pattern for others to imitate.*

Gentlemen, If in my *next Ramble*, I meet with ſuch Men as you, Men ſo refin'd from all mixture of our groſſer Elements, *Men ſo ſpiritualized before their time*, *I* ſhall Ramble to *Scotland* to good purpoſe, and deſpiſe the Proverb of a *Rolling-ſtone.*

I wou'd here (this being *My Laſt Farewel*) deſcend to particular Characters of ſome of the chief Encouragers of *My Three Auctions.* ——

And here I ſhould firſt *acknowledge*, my Great Obligations to the Right Reverend the *Biſhop of Clogher* (who was mention'd before, in *p.* 50.) this Learned Prelate, was a Generous Encourager of my Undertaking; He is a Perſon of Great *Worth*, *Knowledge and Humility*, and by his hard *Study and Travels*, hath to ſo great a degree improved

proved his own Extraordinary Parts, that ſoon after the Thirtieth Year of his Age (which is the year of Qualification for that Office) he was made *Provoſt* of *Trinity College* in *Dublin*, a place of great Honour and Truſt; where he ſo well acquitted himſelf, that in a little time he was Conſtituted *Biſhop* of *Clogher*, and ſoon after that, for his great Accompliſhments, was made One of His Majeſties *Privy Councellors* for the Kingdom of *Ireland*. I might mention his great knowlege of the *Tongues* and moſt *Sciences*, but the bare relating the *Publick Stations* he is in, are ſufficient demonſtrations of the Reaſons of his deſerv'd Promotions, and of the great Honour he did me by *perſonally* encouraging my undertaking, and therefore I hope his Lordſhip will pardon me for preſuming to mention him in this *Farewell*; for I ſhou'd think my ſelf very ungrateful, ſhould I leave *Ireland* without making this publick acknowledgement of the Favours I receiv'd from him. His Lordſhips Name is *St. George Aſhe*.

I ſhould likewiſe in this *Farewel*, take my leave of the Reverend Mr. *John Jones*, the moſt Eminent School-maſter in all *Ireland*; he hath ſent many Scholars to the Univerſity of *Dublin*, and I don't wonder he's ſo Accompliſh'd; for he's a man of ſo great a *Soul*, that I found he was ſeldom out-bid in my *Auction* for any Book he had a mind to. He's a very *Studious Perſon*, and does not (like ſome Authors) loſe his time by being buſie about nothing; nor make ſo poor a uſe of the World, as to *Hug* and *Embrace* it: I ſhall ever acknowledge the *Generous Encouragement* he gave my *Auctions*. In the ſhort *Converſe* I had with him, I found him to be a Perſon of great Piety, and of a moſt ſweet Diſpoſition; he is free from Vice, if ever any Man was,

becauſe he hath no occaſion to uſe it, and is *above thoſe Ends that make men wicked.* In a word, Mr. *Jones* is a Perſon of great *Worth*, *Learning*, and *Humility*; Lives Univerſally belov'd, and his Converſation is coveted by all that have the happineſs to know him.

But I take leave of the Reverend Mr. *Jones*, that I may next ſhed a few *Tears* on the *Grave* of the moſt ingenious Mr. *Davis*; for tho' he is dead and gone, the ſervice he did my *Auction* ſhall live as long as I can *Write* or *Read*, he was Famous for a School-maſter, and ſo Eminent for *Preaching*, that his death was lamented by all that knew him; and I may truly ſay of him, *Vixit poſt Funera Virtus* —— I had not the happineſs of *once hearing* this Extraordinary Preacher, and *I* can't ſay *I* ever ſaw him; but *I* am told (by one that knew him well) that if *I* have err'd in his Character, *'tis that I have ſaid too little* —— But tho' I can't do juſtice to his Perſonal *Merits* (being wholly a ſtranger to him) yet Mr. *Wild* tells me, he was a true Friend to my Undertaking, and therefore at leaving *Dublin*, I ought to ſtrew ſome *Flowers* on his *Herſe*, and thank his very *Aſhes* for the kindneſs he did his *unknown Admirer*.

Leaving this Good Man aſleep in his *Grave*, *I* ſhall next take leave of the Reverend and truly Pious Dr. *John Stearn*, Miniſter of St. *Nicholas*-Church; He is a moſt Excellent Preacher, and as good a Liver; This worthy Divine was my Friend, not only in buying diverſe Books for his own uſe, but alſo in buying for others, and ſo far was he from that ungenerous Temper (not to call it worſe) of depriving me of Reaſonable Rates, that he would aſſure the Bidders *ſuch and ſuch Books were good, and a Pennyworth* at ſuch and ſuch Rates, as he inform'd them

them of; neither was his *Generous-Bidding for Books*, all the Favour I receiv'd from him: I wou'd go on with this Gentlemans *Character*, but that he's too humble to hear it mentioned, besides 'tis very improper to tire my Friends at a parting *Visit*. I shall therefore here take leave of this *Reverend Doctor*, and next step to the *College*, where I have so many *Farewels* to make, that I don't know where to begin, nor where to end; for I should here pay my acknowledgments to the Reverend Dr. *Loyd*, Dr. *Hall*, Mr. *Gilbert*, Mr. *Bawldwin*, Mr. *Young*, &c. These and several other Fellows of the *College* of *Dublin*, did as their occasions serv'd, generously Encourage my *Auction*, as did divers others of inferiour *Rank* in the *College*, to whom I here give my *Parting thanks*.

I might, had I time, take my leave of many more Worthy *Clergy-men* that were Encouragers of my *Auction*, such as the Reverend Dean *Trench*, Dean *Sing*, Arch-Deacon *Handcock*, Dr. *Bolton*, Mr. *Marsh*, Mr. *Hemsworth*, Mr. *Burridge*, Mr. *Lucas*, Mr. *Aspin*, Mr. *Moulins*, Mr. *Drury* Mr. *Vivian*.

And here I would in a particular manner take my leave of Dean *Francis*; for I wanted (till now) an opportunity to thank him for the *Encouragement* he gave my *Auctions*: He makes an eminent Figure in the Church of *Ireland*, and is too *Great* for me to attempt his Character, but if any man does not know him, let him go every Sunday morning to St. *Michaels* in *High-street*, where hee'l hear, as Mr. *Larkin* and I did upon that Text, *And* Fœlix *Trembled*, as much clear *Reason* *Scripture*, and *Divinity*, as ever was yet delivered in a Pulpit. And those that go to this Church in the afternoon, will find the same entertain-

Acts. 24, 25.

ment by my Learned Friend the Reverend Mr. *Searl*, the preſent Lecturer. But to proceed to the Character of Dean *Francis*: His *Piety* is as Remarkable as his *Preaching*, and his *Charity* as remarkable as either. Mr. *Feltham* ſays, *A good Tongue never wanted Ears to hear it*; for my own ſhare, I muſt ſay, that morning Mr. *Larkin* and I heard the Dean, he preach'd in ſo *refin'd a manner*, that I could ha' heard him with pleaſure till night, and my Friend (as I found by the Remarks he made on the Sermon) could gladly have heard him as long as I. I wou'd enlarge in the Dean's *Character*, but that he was a Generous Buyer, and (as the caſe ſtands) I think it proper to ſay little of the great Benefactors; ſo I ſhall leave the Dean (with humble thanks for the Favours he did me) to pay a Viſit and *Farewel* to my true Friend, and great Benefactor, the Reverend Mr. *Searl*; he was a frequent Buyer at my *Auction*, which I did not forget to acknowledge both at my *Auction*, and afterwards at the *Curragh*, where (in my Ramble to *Kilkenney*) I had the good Luck to meet him, I had now and then the happineſs of ſpending a few agreeable minutes in this Gentlemans Company, which *I* thought no ordinary Bleſſing, as he was a Perſon of a truly Humble and Affable carriage — As to his Preaching, 'tis *Plain*, *Pure*, and *Edifying*, and generally without-book: The laſt Sermon *I* heard in *Ireland*, was Preach'd by the Reverend Mr. *Searle*, upon theſe Words, (a) *For unto you is born this day in the City of* David *a Saviour, which is Chriſt the Lord*, and *I* thought it the moſt *Practical and awakening Diſcourſe* I ever heard in my Life. He ſucceeded Mr. *Davis* (whoſe death *I* mention'd before) and is no ways inferiour to him, either for good

(a) *Luke* 2. 11.

Preach-

Preaching or vertuous Living. In a word, *I* have such an Idea of the Piety and Moderation of this eminent Divine, that *I* could dwell on his Character for ever; but (*I* muſt remember) *Pichance* is ready to Sail, and I have other Viſits to make, and ſo *Worthy Sir*, Adieu.

For *I* am now going to take my leave of the Reverend Mr. *Rowe*, a Country Miniſter, a Pious Humble Man, and great Encourager of my *Book-Adventure*. *I* ha'nt the happineſs to be known to this *Generous Buyer*, ſo I'll take my leave with this ſhort acknowledgment ——

And my next *Farewel* ſhall be to the Reverend Mr. *Fiſher* (Chaplain to the Right Honourable the Earl of *Meath*) this Gentleman was a great Encourager of my *Auction*, by which means *I* had the happineſs of enjoying his Company often; we were together that very time when *Patrick Campbel* refus'd to meet me at the *Keys* in *High ſtreet*. The Satisfaction *I* receiv'd in Mr. *Fiſhers* company, obliges me to attempt his Character. *He is all that's delightful in Converſation*, ſo eaſy company, and ſo far from all conſtraint, that 'tis a real pleaſure to talk with him; he's a Perſon of a ſweet natural Temper, one that's *never out of Humour*, and *I* muſt ſay, *I* found his Friendſhip to be ever *equal* and the *ſame* — In a word, 'tis a Vertue to know him, and *a glimpſe of Heaven to hear him Preach*: But dear Sir Adieu, for the wind is Fair, and *I* muſt be gone; but *I* leave your Company with as much regret as ever *I* did any *Earthly Bleſſing*.

Having taken my leave of the Clergy, my *next Viſits muſt be to the Layety*; and theſe muſt be very ſhort, *for fear the Ship ſhould Sail* before *I* finiſh my Letter.

And here *I* ſhall firſt take my leave of the Honourable *Colonel Butler*, a Member of Par-

liament, He is a great Lover of Books, and was a conſtant and generous Encourager of all my *Auctions*. His *Affability*, *Candour*, and *extraordinary Senſe*; but more eſpecially his ingenuity in *Painting to the Life*, is beyond what *I* ever ſaw (*in my whole Life*) but at his Houſe, and in his Perſon. 'Tis to this *Honourable Gentleman I* Dedicate my *Dublin Scuffle*, where (and in my Viſit to him) you have his Character more at large, ſo with a *ſhort Farewel* to the Noble Colonel,

I ſhall next paſs on to own my great Obligations to Mr. *Lum— Gradon* Eſq; Councellor *Reading*, and diverſe other Members of the *Honourable Houſe of Commons*, who were great Encouragers of my Undertaking, and in this *Farewel* I return 'em my Humble thanks.

Neither can *I* in *this place* forget the many Favours *I* received from that Worthy Gentleman, *Chriſtopher Uſher* Eſq. (a Relation of that Famous Prelate *Arch Biſhop Uſher*) He's a Perſon of True Piety, ſolid Judgment, and Great Eſtate, and God has given him a Heart to do good with it in his Life Time, for he is very Eminent for his Great Charity, and a Vaſt Encourager of Learning; he laid out ſeveral Pounds at my Auction, and almoſt daily honoured me with his Preſence at my Sale. *I* could write a *Folio in this Gentlemans Praiſe*, but he's as Humble as he's Rich; ſo *I* ſha'nt inlarge, leſt *I* offend his Modeſty: But this hint is enough to ſhew how worthy he is of that Great Name he bears; and therefore however he may reſent this *Publick Farewel* (conſidering his Great Humility) yet *I* could not think of leaving *Ireland* without paying my thanks to him, not only as he was my Friend, but one of my *Chief Benefactors*.

I shou'd also (*before I Embarke*) pay my Acknowledgements to Sir *Henry Tichbourn*, *Robert Stopford* Esq; Captain *Acgbmooty*, Mr. Recorder of *Dublin* (an Eminent Counsellor) *Stephen Ludlow* Esq; one of the Six Clerks, to Mr. *Justice Coot* of the Kings Bench, a Person of great Piety, Lives universally Belov'd, and justly merits the Honour he enjoys: He was pleased to cause several Books to be bought for him at my Sale. And here *I* cannot omit to add to the rest of my Benefactors (*in this Farewel*) Mr. *Baron Eeling*, a Person of Great Honour, and of a *Greatness of Soul* beyond most that *I* ever heard of: He is such an *Universal Lover of Books*, that very few, if any, shall escape him, whatever they cost: He has a *very Large and Curious Library*, yet as inquisitive still after Rarities, as if he had none: He is a most Noble Encourager of the *Book-selling-Trade*, and whenever he dyes, the *Stationers of England and Ireland* will have a great loss, besides what the Publick will sustain thereby.

I fear if *I* write on, *I* shall lose *my Passage*, but Gentlemen, you see by my unwillingness to leave *Ireland*, how *I* resent your Generous Treatment. But shou'd *I* take my leave of all my Friends of the Laiety, that were kind to me and my Auction, *I* should swell this *Farewel* beyond bounds. However, tho *I Scribble till the Ship is gone*, *I* won't forget, at parting, to give my thanks to my *True and Generous Friend Mr.* Robert Jey: He was one of those that gave me a *Farewel Treat* in *Essex Street*, and was my True Friend from first to last, and the chief Person I advis'd with in *Dublin*, under any *Difficulty*: *He is a real lover of Learning*, as appear'd by what he bought at my Auction, Extreamly Civil and Obliging in his Conversation; and a Man of that Great Integrity (*and of such quick dispatch in Business*) that had

had *I* a *Thousand Causes*, they should all be intrusted in his hands. *I* wou'd inlarge in his Character, but that *I* shall meet him again in the *Account I design to give of my Conversation in* Ireland.

I have also many Thanks to return to Captain *Simon Annion*, *Mr. Rath. Jones*, *Mr. Sholdham*, *Mr. Cuppage*, *Mr. John Smith*, *Mr. Moss*, *Mr. Williamson*, *Mr. George Osborn*, *Mr. Bonny*, *Mr. Samuel Martin*, and diverse other *Eminent Attornies*, who were great Encouragers of my Undertaking.

Neither can *I* think of leaving *Dublin*, before *I* have taken my leave of my Three Printers, *Mr. Brent*, *Mr. Powel*, *and Mr. Brocas*, for they come into the number of my *Benefactors*; and I'm told, bought several Books in my Auction; besides to forget these, would be a little unkind, not only as they served me (once) at a *Pinch*, but as they Printed my daily Catalogues: and 'twas only by their Presses, that *I* could now and then Thunder at *Patrick Campbel*, and defy all my Enemies; so that, at *shaking hands*, sheer Gratitude obliges me to give each of these Printers a particular Character.

And *I* shall first begin with *Mr. Brent*, who, *I* think, is the Oldest Partner, He's a *Scrupulous Honest*, *Conscientious Man*, and I do think, a *True Nathaniel*, he's perfect Innocence, yet a Man of *Letters*; he knows no harm, and therefore contrives none: And by his frequent attempts to make *Campbel* and *I* Friends, 'tis clear, he never promoted the *Dublin-Scuffle*, tho the Printing of it would have furnish'd him with *daily work*; so that he's what we may truly call a *Religious Printer*, (and I was going to say) he hates Vice, almost as much by *Nature as Grace*; and this I think is his True Character.

As

As to Mr. *Powel* (the second Partner) His Person is Handsom (*I don't know whether he knows it or no*) *and his mind has as many Charms*: He's the very Life and Spirit of the Company where he comes, and 'tis impossible to be sad if he sets upon it: He's a Man of a great deal of *Wit and Sense* (and I hope of as much Honesty) and his *Repartees* are so Quaint, Apposite and Genteel, 'tis a pleasure to observe *how handsomly he acquits himself*; in the mean time, he's neither Scurrilous nor Prophane, but a *Good Man, and a Good Printer, as well as a good Companion.*

I come next to *Honest Brocas*, the third Partner, and with him (if he's return'd from *Holland*) take leave of my *Three Printers.*

Mr. *Brocas* is much of a Gentleman, he gave me a Noble Welcome to *Dublin*, and never grew less Obliging: He's one that loves his Friend as his Life (nay, he values Mr. *Wild* beyond it) and I may say, without offence to the *Printers of Dublin*, that no Man in the Universe, better understands the *Noble Art and Mystery of* Printing, than *John Brocas* in *Skinner Row*; and as a threefold Cord is not easily broken, so Mr. *Brent*, Mr. Mr. *Powel*, Mr. *Brocas*, 'tis my Advice tee yee all (at parting) that you never divide your Interests: *For what would you have?* Your House is a *meer Paradice*; *Oh Spatious Dwelling!*

A Garden in a Paradise, would be
But a too mean Periphrasis of thee.

And Gentlemen, as your House is Airy, Great and Noble (and the *Top Printing-House* in all *Dublin*) so if you keep together, Copies so Crowd in (*from Patrick Campbel, &c.*) you'll soon be *Aldermen of Dublin*, and in time arrive to the Honour of *Lord Mayor*; and what a charming

Figure

Figure will the *Beautiful Powel* make, when attended with *Sword and Mace*, Surrounded with Aldermen, Bedeckt with Jewels, and Glittering with a Gold Chain. ———

But I don't know when to ha' done, I see, ſo *Gentlemen Printers*, farewel tee yee all Three; but when *I* come to *Dublin* with another *Cargo of Books*, 'twill be in Company with Mr. *Larkin*, and then expect my Cuſtom again, and to find us both at the *Dolphin*.

And this (tho' he's going with me) brings me in the *laſt place*, to own my Great Obligations to my Moſt Ingenious Friend, Mr. *George Larkin*, whoſe *Noble Treatment* at his own houſe, and Great Readineſs to Serve me at all hours, and upon all occaſions, *from the firſt minute I ſaw* Dublin, *to the laſt hour I ſtaid in it*, ſhall be kindly acknowledged to my dying day. ——— But I can't inlarge, for Mr. *Larkin* is come to tell me, the Ship is going to Sail, which makes me Tremble, for tho' I've croſt the Ocean often, yet I ſtill dread the *Iriſh Sea*; but my comfort is, Mr. *Larkin* (like a true Friend) ſtill ventures his Life with me, and *I can never dye in better Company*.

Thus have I paid my thanks where I think it due, and given a *Farewel to all my Friends*, and as I took my *Leave*, have Characterized my Benefactors, concerning whom, I have ſaid nothing but the real Truth; and Gentlemen, I have often wiſht, there were no ſuch thing as a *Complement in the World*, and therefore I flatter no Man *in theſe Characters*; I have no occaſion to do it (for my Auction's ended, and I'm leaving *Ireland*) beſides *I was not born to creep*, neither is it agreeable to my Temper of mind; but a Man may be grateful ſure, without being of a *mean Spirit*.

But

But perhaps my *Enemies* will say, I'm thus large in Praising my Friends, that my *Scuffle* may Sell the better: I do declare this is all as false, as what they said about *Second Spira*, &c. for I don't write this *Farewel*, or the *Dublin-Scuffle*, to get a Penny, my Circumstances set me above it (the *Athenians long since told you, my Raven was gon to Roost*) neither do I publish it out of Vain Glory, to be talked of when I'm gone; for as *Cowley* says, *I'd Live unthought of, and unheard of Dye*: and my aversion to Shops (and *Private Dwelling in Jewin-street*) proves I'm of this humour; but I Publish it purely to do justice to my self (in the first place) and then to my *Dublin Enemies*; and (lastly) that the World may see *How Generous my Friends were*; and who knows, but my Enemies, by seeing other Mens Vertue, (*and how charming it makes 'em look*) may endeavour to practice it; but whether they do or no, I must declare the *Honest Dealings* I had from 'em, is that alone which has put me i'th' head of a *Second Auction*, so that as soon as *I* get to *London*, *I* shall fall to Printing *several Copies* in order to Furnish out a *New Venture*, with which *I* shall march directly for *Scotland*, and when *I* return from thence, having clear'd with all the World (*for as to my* (a) *Morals I am, or should be an Honest Man*) I'le Embark for *France*, *Italy*, &c. but more of this in — *My Summer Ramble, or History of my Travels through Ten Kingdoms*, &c. (of which *I* have seen four) *Scotland*, *France* and *Italy* make it seven; and when *I* ha' croſt the *Hellespont* (where poor *Leander* was drown'd) *Greece*, *China* and the *Holy Land*, are the other three *I* am bound too, and perhaps (when my hand's in) *I* may step thence to the *Indies*; for I'm a true

(a) *As is hinted in the Account of my Conversation.*

Lover

Lover of Travels, and when *I* am once mounted, care not whether *I* meet the *Sun at his Rising or going down*, provided only I may but Ramble: But as much as I love Travelling, *I love pleasing my Wife better*, and were I now entered the City of *Rome* (as far as 'tis, and as much as I desire to see it) her least Impatience to see me, should hurry me back before I had seen any thing; or if shee's *so obliging as to let me gratifie my Curiosity*, Ten *Months* will be the longest time I can live from her, and having seen the foresaid places in that time, I'le return to the *Raven* in *Jewin-street*; for tho' 'tis good to Travel abroad, 'tis best to dye in the Arms of a kind Wife: *But Shops are of small Account* (as I formerly hinted) and I hope to get more by Travelling abroad, then by staying at home. Then if *Valeria* consents (for without that I'll not stir an inch) I'll soon be on this *Grand Ramble*; and when I Return, for I go for Profit, as well as Pleasure, (*I mean for subject matter to write on*) will fall to Printing as much as ever.

Gentlemen, This *Long Ramble will be Ten Volumns, of a Crown each*; the first of which, will be Publisht in few weeks, and will contain my *American Travels.* ——— The Second, *My Trip to the Low Countreys.* ——— The Third, *My Ramble to* Ireland, *wherein you'll find the History of my Sea-Voyage, the Conversation on the Road, at the Inns and Towns I staid at, with particular Characters of Men and Women, and almost every thing I saw or conversed with, but more especially in the City of* Dublin, where Two Hundred (*a*) Persons will see their Pictures, that at present, little expect it. The *Non-Paymasters* too, shall have a share in the *History*; neither will I forget the *Extortion of Copper-Alley*, nor

(*a*) See more of this, in the Account of my Conversation.

not my Good Friend at the Bible in Skinner-Row.

This *Ramble* (*through Ten Kingdoms*) will contain about a *Thousand Letters*, which I'll write in my Travels, and send 'em to my Friends in *England*; I shall intermix 'em with *Characters of Men and Women*, &c. (according to the method in my Ramble to *Ireland*) and hope I shall receive *Remarks* upon what I see by those to whom I direct my Letters, and I desire they'll treat me with the same freedom as my *Correspondent does in the Dublin-Scuffle.* —

Gentlemen, This Rambling Project owes its Rise to something I found in the *Athenian Mercury*, which being an *Invention of my own* that has pleased the Age (for 'twas confinned to *Twenty Volumns*) I hope the same by this, for 'twill be as *Pleasant a Maggot*, and I'll endeavour to make it as Useful. —

Gentlemen, If you ask me, How I can think of *Rambling* thus, having lately Marryed a *Second Wife?* To this I answer, I am Marryed indeed, — but 'tis to One (to use the words of my first Wife) *Who knows it her Prudence and Duty, to study my humour, in every thing* (I mean every thing that en't sinful) and finding I am for Travelling (*to shew the height of her Love*) is as willing I should see *Europe*, as *Eliza* was I should see *America*; so that, you see Gentlemen, neither my First, nor my Second Wife, have been She-Clogs, (*a*) as St. *Austin* call'd his Spouse; they were both pleased as it pleases me, with my *Rambling Humour*, then to be sure (this Temper is so Obliging) as soon as my *Eye is satisfyed with seeing*, I'll hasten home to the Dear *Valeria*, Run to meet her with Devouring Arms; and then Live, and (if possible)

(*a*) See *Austin's* Confessions.

ble) dye together ——— 'Tis true, the Man in the Gospel *had married a Wife, and he cou'd not leave her*, but he was not born to Ramble, or he must have pursu'd his Destiny: Sure *I* am, if any thing cou'd keep me at home, 'tis a Tender Wife, such a one as *I* NOW enjoy; for there is such an Union between us, that we seem but as *Two Souls Transform'd into One*; and *I* must say, Were her mighty Tenderness known to the World, it wou'd once more bring into Fashion Women's Loving and Trusting their Husbands. But tho' *Love is strong as Death*, and ev'ry good Man loves his Wife as himself, yet I cann't think of being confin'd in a *Narrower Study* than the whole World. He is Truly a Scholar who is vers'd in the Volume of the Universe, who doth not so much Read of Nature, as Study Nature her Self. Who'd ha' thought I cou'd ever have left *Eliza*? For there was an *even Thread of Endearment run through all we Said or Did:* I may truly say, For the Fifteen years we lived together, there never passed an Angry Look: But (as Kind as she was) *I* cou'd not think of growing Old in the Confines of one City, and therefore in *Eighty Six* I Embark'd for *America*, *Holland*, and other Parts: But tho' we parted a-while, 'twas by Free Consent of *FATHER* and *WIFE*, as my Coming now to *Ireland*, was by Consent of *Mother* and *Daughter*: *I* found then that the Arms of Love were long enough to reach from *London to the West-Indies*; and to encourage me to Ramble now, they are as long as ever: What tho *Scotland*, *France and Italy*, &c. part our Bodies, yet we have Souls to be sure, and whilst they can meet and caress, we may enjoy each other, *were we the length of the Map a sunder*: So, that you see, Gentlemen, tho' I have Marryed a Second Wife, yet that I Love her never the less for

Rambling,

Rambling, but (were't poſſible) a great deal more, for *Diſtance endears Love, and Abſence makes it thrive.*

If a Wife don't give me ſome proof of her Love (for Fine Words are but *painted Babies* to play with) how ſhall I know ſhe loves me at all? And can ſhe give me a greater Teſt, then by telling of me, in a Thouſand Endearing Letters, *That to be out of her ſight, is to be ſtill the more in her mind?* When I was in *New-England*, I ſent *Eliza*, *Sixty Letters* by one Ship, as you'll find in my Ramble thither.

Were *Valeria* and I always together, theſe (ſort of) Endearments were wholly loſt, and we to ſeek (for want of a Touch-ſtone) *whether we Lov'd in earneſt.* So that I think to Ramble, is the beſt way to endear a Wife, and to try her Love, if ſhe has any, which is ſo rare a thing (ſince Women have marry'd for Money) that for my own ſhare, I'd Ramble as far as *China*, to be convinc'd of the *leaſt Scruple.* 'Tis true, for a Wife to ſay, as *Eliza* did, *My Dear, I Rejoyce I am able to ſerve thee, and as long as I have it, 'tis all thine* (and we had been ſtill happy, had we loſt all, but one another) this indeed is very Obliging, and ſhews ſhe loves me in earneſt; but ſtill there is *ſomething in Rambling beyond this*; for this is no more (if her Husband be Sober) then *Richer for Poorer*, obliges her to; but for a Spouſe to cry, *Travel as far as you pleaſe, and ſtay as long as you will, for Abſence ſhall never divide us*; is a higher flight abundantly, as it ſhews ſhe can part with her *very Husband* (Ten times Dearer to a Good Wife than her Money) when it tends to his Satisfaction. —— Since to Ramble then from my *Second Wife*, is the beſt way to expreſs my Love, and Endears like any thing; I ſay, conſidering this, I'll ſoon be on my *Scotch Ramble*; and if I

Return Rich in *Valeria*'s opinion, tho St. *Andrew* Frown as much as St. *Patrick*, *I* shall think I make a Good Voyage on't.

Thus Gentlemen, have I fairly prov'd, *That Absence Endears a Wife*, if she's good for any thing, and that *Rambling* becomes a Duty to him that's well Marryed: A *Duty?* Ay! Sure enough! For *Valeria* and I improve our *Separation* to better use than if we had been together; for by *Absence*, we better fill, and farther extend the possession of our Lives, in being parted; *She Lives, Rejoyces and Sees for me*, and *I* for her, as plainly (for we are still but two Souls in the same Body) as if I had my self been there— And *I must say that of* Eliza *too*, We did not pretend Affection, and carry on two Interests; Her sympathy with me in all the Distresses of my Life (both at Sea and Land) make her Vertues shine with the greater Lustre, as *Stars in the darkest Night*; and assure the World, she lov'd me, not my Fortunes; like the Glow-worm (*that Emblem of True Friendship*) She shin'd to me, even in the Dark: She has been almost ready to wish us Unfortunate, that she might give me the greater Test of her Love. *My Head no sooner ak'd, but her Heart felt it; and had I faln Sick (in her Dying Hour) She'd e'en then have crawl'd up stairs to have seen me*; and to requite her Love (for a kind Wife makes a kind Husband) I'd have parted with Garment after Garment; stript my self to my very Skin; yea, *Mortgaged my very Flesh*, to have served her. — And indeed all our Distresses of Body and Mind, were so equally divided, that all hers were mine, and all mine were hers; we remembred we were *One Flesh*, and therefore were no more offended with the Words, Failings or Wants of each other, than we would have been, had they been our own; had we Lov'd at a less Rate, our Pretences to Love had been

meer

meer Banter: *True Conjugal Love, is a step above House or Land!* Neither durst I ha' marry'd, had I lov'd *Eliza* less than my Self. But as True and Great as our Endearments were, I found I con'd love as well *Absent* as *Present*; and therefore I as little scrupl'd the Leaving *Eliza*, as I now do the *Kind Valeria*.——

Gentlemen, I had not troubled you with such *soft Tender Things*, but to let you see my *Rambling Now*, (as well as Formerly) is the Effect of *Choice* and not *Disgust*. If you doubt this, Read the Character (*a*) of my First Wife, and you'll find it confirm'd with her last Breath.

(*a*) *Printed for* J. Harris *at the Harrow in* Little Britain

Then, *Gentlemen*, cease wondering that I can Talk of Rambling so soon after Marrying a *Second Wife*. For you see (by the Happiness I enjoy in her) that he that is born under a Rambling Planet, all that he does to Fix him at Home, does but Hasten his Travels Abroad.—— *I* found it thus when *Eliza* liv'd, and the case is the same now: For tho *I* am married again, and that to a Wife of whom *I* may say, "*That She fully Understands and Practices all* "*the Duties of a Tender Wife; so that she seems to* "*be* Eliza *still in a New Edition, more Correct and* "*Enlarged; or rather my First Wife in a New* "*Frame: For I have only chang'd the Person, but* "*not the Vertues.*——But for all this present Happiness, being born to Travel, *I* am e'er and anon Talking of *Ships, The Mariner's Compass, and Going to Sea*, and cann't be easie an hour together, without thinking of some *far Country*. If 'twere not thus, *I* had never left Mother, Daughter, House and Home, to Ramble I knew not whither, and to see I know not what. Surely in the *Winding Chambers of Nature*, I even then

lay Forming Ideas of *Long Voyages and New Worlds:* For ever ſince I came into Being, to *Ramble* has been as Natural to me as Eating.——

Thus (at parting) have I *Set my Self in a True Light*; have Thank'd my Friends for their many Favours, and am pretty even with all my Enemies; but more eſpecially with *P. Campbel, T. F. and the Foes to the Second Spira*, &c. And now if *T.F.* or any one elſe thinks himſelf injur'd in *This Scuffle*, I muſt tell him, as I did *Patrick, That the Preſs is Open. Gentlemen*, If you'd know who I mean by this *T. F.* I ſhall anſwer this, by asking, Who do you mean by *I N. take thee M.* in the *Form of Matrimony?* I mean no body but he that ſhews his Guilt by Wincing; and whoever that Perſon be, I'll Reply to him (as I told *Campbel*) *de die in diem*, till I wear my Pen to the Stumps. 'Tis true, *Patrick Refus'd to Anſwer my Broad Side*, (*I* mean my Second Letter in the *Dublin-Scuffle*) as knowing his own Guilt: And I ſuppoſe *BRASS* will have *more Wit* than to have his Life Expos'd: But if he has more Courage than *Patrick* had, and will Anſwer this with his Name to it, I ſhall Treat him as a Generous Enemy. But if *Braſs* (or any one elſe) offers to murder my Reputation in a private manner, I ſhall ſmell (as I did before) whence the Malice ſprings, and will do my ſelf Juſtice on *Patrick Campbel*, and the *Wanton Fop* of *Copper-Alley*, and on a certain Perſon who boaſts (for 'tis only ſuch are my Enemies) he has lain with ſeveral Lewd Women: Gentlemen, The Hints I have by me on *Theſe Heads*, are large enough for *a Second Part of the Dublin-Scuffle*; which I reſolve to Publiſh, if they ſlander me when I am gone, or offer to cleanſe their hands by laying their vile *Practices* at my Door, which I am clear of, ſo much *as in thought*;

Neither

Neither cou'd they brand me with an ill thing, *for the 9 Months I liv'd in* Dublin; for I dar'd 'em to it again and again, and they durſt not ſay *Black was my Eye:* but when I am ſhipt off, and gone too far to diſprove their Lies, then to invalidate my Charge againſt 'em, they'l perhaps call me *Drunkard*, *Swearer*, *Sheep-ſtealer*, *Whore-maſter*, *Murderer*, and what not? For *how far will Revenge carry men?* But my comfort is, they may as well call me *Rhinoceros*, as any one of the foreſaid *Monſters*; for they can no more prove me one than t'other: And therefore whatever Lyes they ſpread, or *Leud Wretches* may be tempted to ſwear; and ſome Evidence (*eſpecially Iriſh*) will ſwear through an Inch board; as was ſeen in the Caſe of the Earl of *Shaftsbury*, and at other Tryals, yet I defy the worſt their Revenge can utter, *provided* I *have a fair bearing*; but that I ſhall never have, for they durſt not (but in private) ſlander me whilſt I ſtaid, and when, Gentlemen, I'm gone, rather than want ſomething to charge me with, they'l make that exact Juſtice I did ye all, paſs for a piece of Hypocriſie. But if that be White and Innocent too, then will they go near to indict my very *Care and my Caution*, and make my very *flying Temptations* to be (tho but ſuperficially) Criminal. But if my *Converſation* be Fair and Honeſt, (the Account of which ſhall be added to the *Dublin-Scuffle*) then will they venture to dive into the very Receſſes of my Soul, for it may be there may skulk ſome *naughty Thought*, which *Patricks People* will not fail to produce as Evidence againſt me ——

Gentlemen, of this Temper I found my Enemies in the *Dublin-Scuffle*, and this is the Treatment I expect from 'em as ſooon as I *am under Sail*, but they know Mr. *Wild* is a Honeſt Man

Man, and ready on the Spot to Defend my Innocence, and therefore they'l ſcarce abuſe me, but *behind the Curtain*; But if my Reputation is Murder'd by a Perſon who conceals himſelf, I ſhall value it as little as I do *Patricks Malice*, for let the World judge of Abuſes which the *Authors are not able to prove, and are aſham'd to own.* However, Gentlemen, tho' I'm leaving *Ireland*, I ſtill dare theſe ſneaking *Badgers* to do their worſt, and to prove I'm in good earneſt, I do in this *laſt Farwel* offer 5 *l.* to any that will and can honeſtly ſwear to any thing my Enemies ſay that will *bear an Action*; for if it touches my good Name, *the Law is open*, and tho it coſt me 500 *l.* the *Lawyers* ſhall purſue the Slanderer with the utmoſt Rigour; for *tho an Honeſt Reputation is preferable to all the World*, yet I ought to own my ſelf Guilty of every thing that *wounds my Name*, that I dare not proſecute.

Thus (Gentlemen) you ſee I am prepar'd, for the worſt that *Patrick* (and all his Scoundrels) can ſay againſt me, but having *told 'em the Truth*, I muſt expect as *abuſive Dirt as their foul hands are able to fling*, but the moſt falſe and ridiculous things they can ſay or invent, won't at all ſurpri'ze me; for I know 'tis eaſy to dreſs up even *an Apoſtle in a Fools Coat*, and to laugh at him: I don't preſume to have better luck than the *Great* SHERLOCK, and ſeveral Eminent Divines who are yet living, who, tho Men of *Great Piety and Learning* cou'd not paſs through the World without a SLANDER, or a WEASEL nibling at their Reputation, and therefore Gentlemen, had I not known my *Innocence*, (except what I do *Penance* for in theſe ſheets) I ſhould not have *Scuffled* with them; But if they'l let me have fair play, when I am gone, *Say nothing but what they found — Put their Names*

to

to what they Write, and Publiſh nothing but what they'l prove (for Accuſations make no Man a Criminal) I defy all my Enemies, from the *Man in Buff, down to the Black-Roſe*; which (tho the *beſt Flower* in all the Garden, yet) when it ſpreads its Leaf, and begins to ſwell with *Conceit and Pride*, it loſes it's *Fragrancy*, and ſhall be *reſpected* accordingly — Thus as I began, ſo I end *my Farewel* with a Defyance to all my Enemies ——

But Gentlemen, I have tyr'd ye all; So I come now to [*the laſt Becken of Farwel*] Then Honeſt *Wild*, Dear *Wainright*, Generous *Dell*, Handſome *Powel*, Eaſy *Dick*, Friend *Dobbs*, (and all my other Friends) Farwel, *Farwel for ever*, for the Wind is fair, (*Geo. Larkin* and *Price* are already in the Boat) and I have but time to tell you that I am (as you found me all along)

Dublin, *Dec.* 26. 1698. being *Monday* 8 in the Morning.

Your very Faithful, and very Humble Servant,

John Dunton.

The Anſwer to my Twelfth Letter, being Remarks on my Farwel to Dublin.

SIR;

I Have received ſo many of *Your Letters* concerning your *Iriſh Adventures*, that one more will make them up a *Baker's Dozen*: By your laſt, I perceive you are like a True *Game Cock*, being

once Engag'd, there's no *Diſ-engaging* you again. You are ſo much flush'd with your *Victories* in *Ireland*, that I perceive you breathe nothing but Dreadful Threats againſt your Enemies in *England*, enough to make them either run away, or meet you on the Road with *Terms of Submiſſion*; which (you look ſo big) I am afraid muſt be no leſs, than to ſubmit to the Will of the Conqueror, and ſurrender on Diſcretion: And to be free with you, I think 'twill be their *Beſt Way*; and if I knew them, would ſend them *Penny-Poſt Letters* a piece to perſwade them to it. You need not make any Apology for not *fighting your Way in Tropes and Figures*, for your Flights are ſo Extraordinary, that I do believe they can be reduc'd under any of the Rules of our *Common Rhetorick*. To make a handſome Retreat, is one of the beſt Accompliſhments in a *Good Captain*; but I don't perceive yours to be any thing of that nature: To me, it looks more like the *Sounding of a New Charge*; and by your Way of *Marching to the Field*, *I* can almoſt Aſſure you of the *Victory*, without giving my ſelf the Trouble of Conſulting the *Entrails of Birds or Beaſts*.

But now to your **Laſt Farwel** to your Acquaintance in *Dublin*, whether *Friends* or *Enemies*.

Your very firſt Line is a *Cordial* to the former, and a *Corroſive* to the latter. *You have Sold your Venture of Books*; then *Patrick*, I perceive, has Scuffled with you to little Purpoſe. If this be the firſt Note of your *Retreat*, I can ſcarcely imagine what other you can make uſe of for a *Triumph*; but this I impute to your Modeſty.

As to the *Catalogue* of *Your Books*, which you think fit to exhibit, to ſhew the World they were not *Traſh*, as your Enemies maliciouſly alledged

ledged them to be, I am of Opinion you might have sav'd your self the Labour. Those that Bought them did not Think them so; Else they *Reflected upon Themselves, more than your Enemies did upon You:* And as for *Booksellers* who call'd them by that Name, it would have past well enough under the Notion of the no less True, than Common Saying, *viz.* That *Two of a Trade can never Agree:* —— And as to Others, your Catalogue is no Vindication: For there are Men in the World who will call the *first and best Book in your Catalogue, Trash*; I mean the Bible: And therefore well may others be so call'd: Nay indeed is there any thing more usual amongst depraved Men, than to undervalue what does not agree with their own *private Sentiments*, or what they have not an Interest in themselves.

But admitting, that in your *Venture*, there might be *some Trash*; I would fain know, what *Bookseller* there is, who has none in his Shop; yea, or what Gentleman or Divine is without it in his *Closet*. If Authors have *Trash in their Heads*, the World must endure the Pennance to have it in their Houses and Hands, so that the *Reflection is General*; and I question very much, whether any, or all of your Enemies, are Masters of so many *Good Books* as were in your Venture? And whether there be not more *Trash*, in the Best of their Shops, than you carry'd to *Ireland*?

For the *Fairness of your Dealing*, in not employing *Setters*, and making use of *Trusty Servants*; it's proper, that you make your Appeal to the Publick in your *Last Farewel*: But I am afraid, you have been *too particular* in that matter, which can scarcely admit of any excuse, but that it shews the *Goodness of your Nature*; that not so much as an *Honest Porter* shall miss his due praise from you. As to Mr. *Wild*, I perceive, accord-

ing to your Character, he is a *Second Millington*; ſo that if you were happy in his Aſſiſtance, *he was happy in your Juſtice*. Your deſign of going to *Scotland*, I cannot ſay much to; that Countrey has labour'd under diſcouragements, as to Learning, for many Years, tho it does not want its proportion of Learned Men; and ſome of them you know, as the Lord *Biſhop of Salisbury*, to name no more, make a great Figure in the World, on that Account: But as I am inform'd, by the conſtant intercourſe they have with *London* and *Holland*, they are pretty well furniſht with Books; and what they buy, is generally of the *Beſt Sort*; ſo that if you go thither, you muſt have an Auction well pick'd, for thoſe that buy Books there, are either the *Chief of the Gentry*, who are generally Men of Good Breeding, or the *Richeſt of their Clergy*, with whom every thing will not go down, that is greedily coveted by the *Wits here*.--And beſides, there are ſo many of their own *Bookſellers*, that come hither yearly, that I queſtion if you will find your account in going thither, except you can afford Extraordinary Pennyworths.

You talk, *I* perceive, of going to *Rome*; I hope you don't deſign to carry *Engliſh Books* there, if you do, you are likely to find a very diſcouraging Market; and for *Latin Books*, ſuch as they value, the *Continent* can furniſh them cheaper than our Iſland: But if you will go, Reſerve all the *Traſh and Stuff* you can get, for that Auction; the worſt that the *London* Bookſellers ſhops contains, is good enough for the *Whore of Rome*.

Having done with *Patrick*, and the reſt of the *Scufflers* in *Dublin*, I perceive you now whet your Pen againſt *T. F.* and others of the ſame kidney in *London*; It's but Juſt that you ſhould

make

make Repriſals upon *one to his Face, who has been ſo Cowardly as to Attaque you behind your Back* Envy they ſay looks Pale, and that ſeems to be ſo much of *T. F*'s quality, that I am affraid all your *Rhetorick won't be able to make him bluſh*, yet I am confident that upon Reading what you ſay of him, he muſt needs have ſome *Stings within*, or elſe his Caſe is worſe than was that of either the *firſt or ſecond Spira.*

The great Number of Books you have Printed, may very well be allowed in part of an *Apology* for ſome Traſh, and I queſtion whether any of your Adverſaries have printed as many *Good Books*, in proportion, as you have done. Your Ingenuous Confeſſion, *that you don't approve of all you have Printed*, ought alſo to be allowed as another part of your *defence*, and I think the practiſe of ſome of the Trade (to print what they can get a Penny by) may very well be allowed to Compleat it, as far as the Caſe will admit of a defence; and therefore whatever *Rigid Caſuiſts* may do, it ill becomes Book-ſellers to hit any ſuch thing in your Teeth: *Let him that is without Guilt in that Reſpect, throw the firſt ſtone* at you. But I find *T. F.* is not the Man that muſt begin, you have by *a juſt Providence hit a Blot in his Eſcutchion*; by which, I ſuppoſe, you have him at Command, and can Charge him with *a downright Cheat upon the World*, if he be not ſo wiſe as (with *Merry-Andrew* on the *Stage*) *to Eat his Pudding and hold his Tongue.* What you ſay as to your General Practice in the *Way of Dealing*, I conceive, to be ſo Univerſally known, that few will offer to contradict you; Nor can any Man in Juſtice upbraid, or be angry with you, for diſpoſing your Stock to the beſt advantage, by *Auction or otherwiſe*: Theſe are but *Snarles*,

and the ordinary effects of Envy in ill Men, who Grudge to see others thrive better than themselves.

I come now to your *second Spira*, whereof you have given such *a full and Satisfactory* Account, that I am of opinion, no thinking Man can hence forward Entertain an ill thought of you upon that Head. If it be a *forgery*, it's none of your making, or contrivance, nor is there a *Bookseller* in Town would have Refus'd the Copy upon the *Like Information*. As to that Person who dealt so *Basely* with you, and exclaimed against the Book, tho he was *so Eager to be a sharer in it*, your Reproof is so *sharp and pungent, and yet so true and just*, that if he have any Resentments within his breast, or were ever accustomed to *Reflect upon his own ways*, I should not much wonder that he became a true Subject *for a second* Spira *himself*, if he allow'd his own Conscience a free Parley; All that I can say further is this, that you have laid it *fairly at the Methodizers Door*, and that of *I. S.* the *Divine, who gave him the Information*, if they won't Vindicate themselves, you were not in that oblig'd to bear them Company. The *Defence of your self* on this Head, was certainly Necessary, and you have perform'd it so well, that were any Friend of mine *engaged in a Combat of the like Nature*, I could not tell where to recommend him to *a better Second* than your self: You needed not have been at the trouble of such an Asseveration, that this Defence is the *product of your own Pen*, for I am satisfied every body that knows you, will be ready enough to believe it.

SIR,

SIR,

I am sorry that to the ill Treatment you have met with from *Patrick Campbel*, you should have that of other unjust Men added, *who have Bought what they won't Pay for*; It is but just the *Bums* and they should reckon when you are gone, seeing they would not come to an account with your self: *I* am glad however that they cannot plead *your own Example as a President*, and that no Man can charge you with any thing you have not paid for: *Honesty is always Uniform, and the same in* Ireland *as in* England, and therefore it is that the Provocations you have met with, have not been able to make any change upon you, or to influence you to return *Evil for Evil*.

Your Grateful *Remembrance of your Friends* that incouraged your Auctions, does in my opinion, bespeak more of the *Justice of your Temper*, than of your digestedness of thought. It had been sufficient to have named some of the most Eminent, and to have included the rest with an *&c.* Neither do *I* know how some of them may take it, to have their *Characters* published in this method; *Modesty is a tender quality, and will soon be offended*: The kindness of your heart must be your best Apology, and to such as know you, it will be excuse enough; but you ought to have remembred, that there's something else in the old Proverb of *Killing with Kindness*, than a meer Pleasing: It cannot however be supposed, that you have any sordid design in these *Encomiums*, now that your Auctions are over, and that your *next Ramble* is design'd elsewhere, and therefore all that can be said for it is this, That whereas some Men are troubled with an *Over-flowing of the Gall*, you are troubled with the contrary Distemper, if the saying be true, that *jecore Amamus*. It may perhaps, be ill taken by those of the

Higher

Higher ſort of your Friends, that you ſhould joyn ſo many of an *Inferiour Rank*, as ſharers with them in your *Valedictory Elogiums*; but *I* ſee no great Reaſon for it: No Man can live without the Services of the meaneſt Vulgar, and therefore Juſtice obliges us to *owe no Man any thing but Love*. But it ſeems, you have a mind to Supererrogate, and to owe none of that neither, *but to pay it all before hand, or on ſight*: *I* muſt confeſs, that for my own ſhare, *I* never could think there was any thing of Barbarity or want of Cultivation in that Good Nature of ſome of the *Indians*, which Travellers ridicule them for, *viz.* That they will not only enquire, after the Welfare of their Friends and their Families, but *very kindly ask, how their Horſes and their Dogs do*; which in my opinion, includes this principle of Natural Juſtice in it, That we ought to be *Grateful to all ſorts of Creatures, that yield us Lawful Profit or Pleaſure*: And thus *I* bid *Farewel, to your Farewel to all your* Dublin *Friends*.

I come next to your *Project of Rambling*, as to which *I* muſt tell you, *That you have Rambled more with your head in one Year, than you will be able to do with your Heels in ſeven*; therefore would adviſe you to make uſe of the *Curb* a little, and not to be altogether on the *Spur*. You ſay, *Your Raven was gone to Rooſt, a pretty while ago*; and I know no reaſon why his Maſter ſhould Ramble. But if the *ſight of four Kingdoms, and the Marrying of two Wives*, be not enough to qualify this *Rambling Humour*, you muſt rectify your *Geography* a little better, and not Talk of *Croſſing the* Helleſpont *to ſee* Greece, for you muſt either Sail by *Greece*, or travel through it, before you can come at the *Helleſpont*, except you deſign to take a round, and to repay the *Czar his Viſit*; or if you be for a

near or

nearer cut, Sail down the *Danube*, and fall into the *Black-Sea*.

Methinks, the *Good Entertainment* you boaſt of at home, ſhould intice you to ſtay there; *If* Valeria's *Arms be ſo Charming*, She ſhall, if ſhe take my advice, transform them into *Chains*, and hold you ſo faſt, that you ſhall not have leave to ſtir; if Love won't oblige her to it, *I* am reſolv'd that Fear ſhall; *And therefore* Valeria, *for it's to you that I now addreſs my ſelf, Don't truſt the Raven too often abroad; You know that* Noah's *when once ſent out, never came in again; and for any thing I perceive, yours has a great mind to be following his; it was beyond the Helleſpont where that was let looſe, and I don't know, if yours once paſs the* Dardanelles, *but they may meet, and ſo ramble on, and never think of returning to their Rooſt again;* Noah's *has none to return to, except it be an old rotten piece of the Ark on the Mountains of* Ararat, *or as ſome ſay, of* Armenia; *and I am ſatisfied, the Raven in* Jewin-ſtreet *has better quarters: If nothing elſe will prevail with him to ſtay and rooſt there, tell him, That* Noah's *Raven feeds upon Carrion; and you know very well, by his rejecting* Dorinda's Billet Doux, *that he hates ſuch entertainment.*

But now *I* return again to your *Husband*, & muſt tell him, *He expoſes your Vertue too much, firſt, by Rambling from you*; and then by giving ſuch a High Commendation of you, as were enough, but that you are beyond the reach of *Temptation*, to endanger you, or at leaſt, to make you *run* Lucretia's *Fate.* —— Wherefore *Sir*, Let me tell you, that as ſome will charge you with *impertinence* in troubling the World with an account of *your Happineſs in two Wives ſucceſsfully*, when there are ſo many Thouſands, that to their grief, can never ſay, they were happy in one; if any misfortune ſhould befal you on that account, you

muſt

muſt blame your own Imprudence for it. — Had *Tarquin* never heard any thing of *Lucretia's Vertue and Beauty*, he would never have tempted her; and therefore my advice to you is, *To ſtay at home and guard your Treaſure*, and don't both Fare well, and cry Roaſt Meat too. Remember the Old Saying,

Sed tacitus Paſci ſi poſſet Corvus Haberet,
Plus dapis et rixæ multo minus invidiæque.

I am Sir,

Your Faithful Friend, &c.

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Advertiſement.

☞ *The Three following Letters in the* Billet Doux, *which are called the* Eleventh, Twelfth *and* Thirteenth *Letters, are Miſ-Printed, and ought to have been Printed the* Thirteenth, Fourteenth *and* Fifteenth *Letters.*

THE

THE BILLET DOUX, Sent by a Citizens-Wife IN DUBLIN Tempting Me to LEUDNESS: With my ANSWERS to Her.

EPHES. V. xii.

It is a shame even to speak of those Things which are done of them in Secret.

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THE

BILLET DOUX

SEE BY

Citizens-Wife

IN

DUBLIN

Tempting Me to

LEUDNESS:

With my ANSWERS to Her

EPHES V. xii.

[illegible]

LONDON

Printed by [illegible] Jun. [illegible]
[illegible] and are to be sold by [illegible]
[illegible] in [illegible]
by the [illegible] in [illegible]

The Eleventh Letter.

SIR,

I Formerly gave you an Account of my *Scuffle* with *Patrick Campbel*, who is none of the beſt of Men; and now ſhall entertain you with a ſurprizing Adventure that hath befall'n me with a *Lewd Woman*. 'Twas a *Billet Doux* ſent me by a *Citizens Wife in* Dublin (as I judge by a Paſſage in it) both Enticing and Threatning me to her wanton *Embraces*. Your Remarks on this, as on my former Letters, will adde to all the Obligations which you have already laid upon,

SIR,

Your very much obliged Servant,

John Dunton.

The Billet *was directed thus,*

To Mr. John Dunton *at the* Auction-House *at* Dick's *Coffee-House in* Skinner-Row.

[*And is as follows, viz.*]

SWore Philaret, *you are not always guilty of disrespect to your Friends; can't you be more punctual to an* Assignation; *I can assure you, I was punctual both to* Place and Time, *and waited more than two Hours in hopes of your Happy Arrival; but when I found my Expectations frustrated, and my self only Banter'd and Abused, and forced to Retreat without so much as the bare Aspect* of what I so longed for; *none but one in my Circumstance is able to imagine the various Passions that moved me:* Fear, Hope, Love, Revenge, *all acted their several Parts, and so pass'd off the Stage; only* Love *remain'd to plead Excuses for you. Some of them* so frivolous, *that I am ashamed to mention them, only to tell you* (that senceless as they were) *they had Power enough to prevail with one willing to believe* (though against Sense or Reason) *any Things that pleads in* Philaret's Favour; *home I went, where I attend your Answer, and am longing with Impatience, till*

I see

I see what Excuses (the false) Philaret *can frame for himself, for so the* present Passion stiles him; *though that Sentiment too was over before I had finish'd the Sentence; and I could almost find in my Heart to burn my Letter; but that I should not have time to write another, before the* watchful Argus *would inspect into my Privacies; then I was about to blot it out, only that I fear'd would spoil* the Phiz of my Billet; *so I resolved to let it stand as a* mark of my Courage, *that I dare at sometimes adventure to think* Philaret false; *yea, and that I was once bold enough to let you know it;* ——— *Well* Philaret, *I shall one Day be even with you, and it may be, you may Repent when it may be too late to retrieve the* slight Value *you have had for the most sincere and cordial Friendship laid at your Feet, by*

Sept. 2. 1698. Your ever faithful,

Dorinda.

POST-SCRIPT.

DIrect your Answer to me, to be left at that which was St. *Lawrences Coffee-House* on *Cork-hill*, under the borrowed Name of *Captain John Seamore*, and I will order it to be call'd for by one that will safely deliver it to,

Your own (Dorinda) *if you please.*

The First Answer to the Citizens-Wife.

Sept. 5th. 1698.—I Received a Letter subscribed *Dorinda*, but am wholly a Stranger both to *your Person and Meaning* — your two Hours — your Time and Place — are *Arabick* to me, who approve of no *Assignations* but what are Just; and therefore 'tis very certain your Letter was wrong directed, and should have gone to some of your Leud Companions, who in your Drink *(for there are such Monsters as drunken Women)* or by the likeness of Garb, you mistook for me — or perhaps you're some *Suburb Impudence*, who would abuse an Honest Man in *hopes of getting a Penny* to conceal your Slanders. If this is your Design (as I am told 'tis usual with common Strumpets) you are as much *mistaken in my Humour, as you are in my Person*, and therefore go about your Business; *for till you're Vertuous I can't Love ye, and 'tis not in my Nature to fear any Thing.* 'But you say you'l be e-'ven with me, *if I fly your Leud Embraces*, 'and that (*if I don't meet you*) I shall re-'pent when 'twill be too late, *the slight Value* 'I have for you; but (I Thank God) my *Vertue is Proof against all your Charms*, and

my

my Innocence such, as I challenge you to do your worst. But though the *Repentance* you threaten, no ways affects me, yet if you carry on your Jest farther, 'twill be fatal to Mr. *S*——, as he's the only Person in *Dublin*, that knows me by the Name of *Philaret*, and must expect (upon the least Occasion) to bear the *scandal of being your Friend*—— As to your Care in concealing your Lewdness (*for you say you're afraid of your watchful* Argus) it no ways obliges me, I should more rejoice to hear that such a wanton (as your *Billet* shews you to be) had broke the Devils Fetters, and was kneeling to her Husband for Pardon; though if he denies it, you have no Reason to Pout; for if *Citizens Wives* will C——d their Husbands, and invent new Fashions (and frisking Strains) of Disobedience, which their Holy Ancestors (and for ought we find in the Word) even the worst of Women abhorr'd; why should not their Husbands, either send 'em to the *House of Correction*, *or suit 'em with new Forms of Discipline*; To what end else are they to *dwell with 'em as Men of Knowledge?* Doth this Knowledge, think ye, import nothing but *Pusillanimity* and Patience? *Is the Husband Gods Vicegerent for nothing? And can he not be a Saint, unless a Fool too?* But though the cold Water your Lewdness has flung upon *Argus* Affection is enough to extinguish

it, yet *the way to Amendment is never out of date*; and who knows, if you prove *as kind a Wife as you have been to the contrary*, but *Argus* may be yet Happy. But he is Flesh and Blood as well as you, and therefore, except of a Wanton you become Chaste, he were better Travel than live with a W——r; if you think of Amendment, fling your self at your Husbands Feet; *Tears in your Eyes may carry the Cause, where a Husband is Judge?* Without this, you do but dissemble with God and Man, neither can *Argus* think you Repent, till you discover your Leud Haunts, and the Names of those that have defil'd his Bed; to act thus, is to shake Hands with your Master Sin (*which I find is Lust*) and in some measure to repair the Damage you have done to Religion by your Whorish Intreagues. As this will prove your Sincerity, so 'twill make *Argus* forget your former Leudness, and if he's *a generous Husband*, never to mention 'em more. And *Argus*, if she thus repents, prithee receive her again — for *what knowest thou, O Husband, whether thou shalt save thy Wife?* (a) Neither are these ungrateful Reflections (*my own* Dorinda, *as you call your self*) for there is no Faith in Sin, and I ought to slight a Friendship which can't be true, and would end in the Ruine of Soul and Body; *Then go and Sin*

(a) 1 Cor. 7. 16.

no more, (b) ben't dilatory in these Matters (*'tis ill vent'ring Eternity upon your last Breath*) nor suffer your Aversion to *Argus* to spread abroad, for a Quarrel Conceal'd, is half Cur'd —— I have only to add, That I wish you Chaste, and *better Eyes for the Future*, and then *Argus* and you will fall a Loving again; and remember at Parting, 'tis your *Penitence*, and nothing else, can set you right in the Opinion of, *&c.*

(b) John 8. 11.

Thus Sir, I have given you a faithful Account of this *New Temptation*, with which I have been Assaulted; and of my Reply to this *Female Aggressor*; I desire you to use your accustomed Freedom with me in your *Remarks*, which shall always be taken in good Part, by

Sir, Your very humble Servant,

John Dunton.

Remarks

Remarks on the Billet Doux, *and J. D's Letter in Answer to it.*

My Good Friend,

YOUR Last, with the *Billet Doux*, is more surprizing to me, than any thing that happened in your Encounter with *Patrick Campbel*. I cannot but bewail the hardness of your Fate, that you should be condemn'd to *Fight with Beasts of both Sexes*: I find *Ireland* cannot boast of her being free from the Seed of the Serpent, whatever she may say as to her having none of those Creatures in Specie; and were I to choose, I should rather desire to Inhabit amongst Adders, than *Lewd Women*: Happy would it be for *Ireland*, if she could make an exchange of the one for the other; but so long as the *Popish Clergy* are suffered to Nestle in such Numbers there, 'tis in vain to hope for it: *Rome* may well be call'd the *Mother of Harlots*, when it is the Practice of her Sons, to make as many such as ever they can.

I did not think however, that the *Art of writing* Billet Douxes, had been so well understood in *Ireland*: Your *Dorinda seems to be so very expert in her Trade*, That I fancy (if there be any thing of Reality in it, that is to say, if there be not Masculine

Kna-

Knavery and Malice at the bottom of it.) She must be some *Abdicated Retainer to our* London *Play-houses*; or perhaps, the Off-cast of some Dead or Reformed Officer, who having no pay himself, is not able to retain her: Nay, for any thing that I know, She may be *the Captain of* Kirk's *Troop of Twenty Five, that they say, he had in that Countrey*, when so many of the Late King *James*'s Atheists were sent to fight against their Brethren the Papists; for I can hardly think, a *She-Cit of* Dublin, so well vers'd in *Ovid de Arte Amandi*, as your *Dorinda* seems to be.

It's true I might Fancy, it were some *Green-Sickness Nun*, that had gone a Catterwawling from her Nunnery, but then it comes into my mind, that they are sufficiently provided by the Monks and Fryars; for you have heard, it was an Observation of *Henry* the 4*th* of *France*, many years ago, *That the Nunnery was the Barn, and the Monks the Thrashers.*

Then give me leave to add one Conjecture more, Perhaps it might have been a Trap of *Patrick*'s laying, and that he had a mind to try what he could do by Women, since he was not *able to deal with you by Wit.*

Had you been caught in the Snare, there would have been *subject of Triumph*, and there's no reason to doubt but he would have Trumpeted your Fame. This cannot

not be accounted Uncharitable, if I underſtand the *true Character* of the Man, for he that makes *ſo bold with the laſt of the Ten Commandments* (as it appears *Patrick* has done) cannot be ſuppos'd to have any great value for the other Nine: But be that how it will, *I applaud your Conduct*, and think you acted the part of an Honeſt Man, in returning *ſuch a Sharp and Pertinent Anſwer*; and the part of a Prudent Man, in doing it with thoſe Precautions: You know I never *Preach up Merit*, and therefore you will not be offended if I tell you, *That it was but your Duty:* I am not unſenſible, what many Men in your Circumſtances would have pleaded in *Excuſe of complying with ſuch a Proffer*; but you knew the danger of yielding to the *Paſſion either of Revenge or Luſt*; none but Weak Men and Fools, are Slaves to thoſe Tyrannical Maſters. Beſides the *Reward of a Good Conſcience*, your Courage in this Affair, will enhaunce your Value to your *Family at Home*, or at leaſt, it ought to do ſo, if they be not *condemned to perpetual Ingratitude.*

I am the more Confirm'd in my Thoughts, that it was *a Snare* laid for your Reputation, when I conſider *your way of carrying your ſelf, the plainneſs of your Habit, and the influence which your Illneſs and late Souffle muſt needs have had upon your outſide; and eſpecially, that the Letter was di-*

rected

refled to your Auction-Room, for if the design had taken, then there would have been ground for *Patrick* to have Libell'd you in the *Irish Flying Post*, and to have call'd it an *Assignation-Room for Strumpets*, instead of an *Auction-Room* for Books; which would have effectually hinder'd any Mans frequenting it, who had but the least value for his Reputation. This is all I shall say at present, and conclude with my hearty Wishes, that you may still continue a *Conquerour over your own Passions*, as well as over your unjust Enemies. I am

SIR,

Your Sincere Friend and Well-wisher.

The Twelfth Letter.

SIR,

YOU are so very obliging and happy in your *Remarks, and Advice*, that I make bold to trouble you again with my *second Letter to the* Irish Dorinda. I thought it my Duty not to let Her pass without a *severer Reproof*, the Copy of which I here send you, to satisfie you how abominable such Crimes are in my Eyes, and that I took the most effectual Method

I could to prevent a *second Attempt of that Nature* upon me. I am what I always was,

SIR,

Your very humble and much obliged Servant,

John Dunton.

To Dorinda.

I Hope you have received *my First*, which becauſe I think not ſevere enough, I ſend you a Second. You ſee I reject *your Courtſhip*, as I would ſhake off a Toad, or a Snake that ſhould Crawl upon me; for I look upon *your Poyſon* to be worſe than theirs. Yet becauſe I would not be altogether ungrateful, for that which you proffer'd me under the *Notion of a Kindneſs*, I ſend you, as a ſuitable preſent, *a Treatiſe of Fornication*, and a Book call'd *God's Judgments againſt Whoredom*, both which were Printed for me. I recommend them to your ſerious Peruſal, they may through God's Aſſiſtance be inſtrumental to Reform you, and at the ſame time to ſatisfie you that *you miſtook your Man, when you directed your* Billet Doux *to me*. Yet I know not but there may be a Providence

dence in it, for you see *my Auction affords proper Remedies for your Distemper*; and I am so generous as to send you them *Gratis*. You must Pardon me however, if in my Applications I do something resemble the *Quack*; that is to say, if I prescribe Physick without seeing the Patient; because I remember *Solomon* says, *Go not by the Door of the Harlot, lest she intice thee; that none but Fools follow such, and that the Way to her House is the Way to Hell and Death. That the Mouth of a strange Woman is a deep Pit, and that none but those who are abhorr'd of the Lord shall fall into it.*

I wish you would be at the Pains to Read the *fifth and seventh Chapters of the* Proverbs. You who are Ladies of Pleasure, use to Converse much with your *Looking-Glass*, and I will assure you, that there is the best Mirror you can make use of, it will exactly shew you all your *Spots and Patches*.

I doubt not, but you are troubled with all the *Infectious Distempers* that attend those of your Trade; and seeing the best way to cure Ulcers is to Lance them well, read this *Treatise of Fornication*, it may prove of Soveraign use; or if you find it makes your Wounds smart too much, apply the softer Remedy of the *Book of God's Judgments against Whoredom*, which being Historical may please you better perhaps, and be no less Effectual for working your

Cure.

Cure. To make the Pacquet compleat, I likewise send you another Medicine, call'd *Concubinage and Polygamy displayed*, which is an Answer to a Parson, one Mr. *Butler, who fell out with his Wife, and in with his Maid*, and therefore muster'd up all the Arguments he could in Defence of the more *Genteel Practise of keeping Misses*. Which you will here find solidly answer'd and condemn'd, but much more your own abominable Practise, which seems by your Letter to be that of a *common Prostitute*, or next a kin to it.

I would offer a *few Arguments*, if it were possible to reclaim you, and therefore would pray you to consider that *Uncleanness dishonours your Body*, makes you despicable in the Eyes of all Men, nay ev'n of those that haunt you, so that your usual Reward is an infamous Name, Loathsome Diseases, Extream Poverty, and an End suitable to such a vile way of Living.

Then it damns your Soul, makes you uncapable of receiving any good Advice, destroys the Peace of your Family, if you have any, brings a Scandal and Disgrace upon your Children, reflects shame upon your Relations, and makes you to be abhorr'd by all Civil Company.

It is against Reason, for it destroys all Property, brings a spurious Issue into Families, hinders the Propagation of Mankind, de-

debases Humane Nature, makes you more Vile than the Brute Beasts.

It is against Charity, not only, because of the Discord it occasions in Families, but also because the Children of Whoredom are many Times murder'd, and continually neglected, either in their Maintenance or Education, which is destructive both to their Souls and Bodies, and upon this Account it was as severely punish'd by the Canon-Law as Murder.

It is against all the Rules of Christianity — There being nothing more severely Censur'd in the Scriptures than Fornication and Adultery; Persons who continue in those Practises, being therein declar'd unfit for the Communion of the Church here, and of the Saints hereafter; and liable to Everlasting Damnation: This is so plain, that I shall not trouble you with quoting Texts, for you can turn your Eye no where, but you will find what I say to be true, that the Holy Ghost Threatens *Gods Judgments upon Whoremongers and Adulterers, and that they shall not inherit the Kingdom of Heaven.*

We see by Experience, that they who give themselves up to this Sin are very seldom, if ever, *reclaim'd*; but go on in their Wickedness till they become Vile in the Eyes of all the World, hateful to Heaven and Earth, and fit only to be Fewel for Hell.

God in his Just Judgment gives such Persons up for the most part to hardness of Heart, a Reprobate Mind, Vile Affections, and to work all Uncleanness with Greediness; so that instead of being *fit Temples for the Holy Ghost to dwell in*, they become Dens for Legions of Unclean Spirits; and how often does it appear upon the *Trials of Sharpers, Thieves, and Murderers*, that their falling into this Sin of Uncleanness, has been the first occasion of their committing those other Crimes, which bring them to fatal Ends.

It were easie to *fill a Volume* with Topicks against this Crying and Reigning Sin; but your Temper is such, that I can scarcely believe you will have Patience to read *those short hints* I here send you. Yet Charity obliges me to give you this Reproof, *though it be no other than to cast Pearls before Swine.*

I have clear'd my own Conscience by improving this Opportunity, and if you do not Reform upon this fair Warning, Remember that it will be a dreadful Witness against you at the Last Day, however slight you may make of it now.

If you have a Husband, your Guilt is [illegible] *the Greater*; as being aggravated with Perjury, and the odious Crime of Ingratitude: Nay, perhaps may be attended in Time with *Murder of your Self, Husband or Children*; you entail a Disgrace upon your Posterity,

sterity, and fill your Relations with Shame: — The *very Name of a Strumpet*, being as offensive to the Ears of every Modest Person, as the sight of a Dead Carkass, tho' of the dearest and nearest Kindred, is to our Eyes, or the Scent of it to our Nose.

But for all these known Consequences of a *Wanton Life*, yet there's more Wantons in *Dublin*, besides *Dorinda*; any how common and bare-fac'd (as I hinted elsewhere) *is this Vice grown?* — For there's my Lord — *L* — declares, he could Love his Wife above all Women in the World, *if she were not his Wife*. The Duke of — is of the same Mind; and the *George and Garter* little better. Sir *Charles* — follows his Example; and most have a Tang of this *Rambling Fancy*. — Where is the Man (except my self) that's not a C—d? Or the Woman that so Tempers her self in her Behaviour with Men, as if Vertue had settled her self in her *Looks* and *Eyes*? I profess, (when I have excepted Three or Four Persons) I know not where to find her. We were wont to say, *It was a wise Child that knew his own Father*, but now we may say, *It is a wise Father that knows his own Child*. Men and Women as familiarly go into a Chamber, to *damn one another* on a Feather-bed, as into a Tavern, to be merry with Wine. She that does not Dance so softly, that you may *see her Silken Garters*, and learn to

'forget Shame, is no Body. Who would 'think to find *Hercules*, the only Worthy 'of his Time, stooping to the Meanness 'of being a Servant to *Omphale*, and in the 'quality of a Wench working at the *Rock* 'and *Spindle*? Or to see *Mark Anthony* lose 'the World for a *Cleopatra*, a Woman, a 'thing in Petticoats? But would Flesh and 'Blood listen to *Prov.* 22. 14. and remem-'ber, that *the Child often proves the Picture* 'of the Lover, and discovers it (*Blest Con-*'*clusion of both sweets*) they'd ne'er invade 'the Right of another. This Vice was formerly punish't with Death: *Abi-melech* made it Death to the Men of *Gerar*, to meddle with the Wife of *Isaac*: and *Ju-dah* Condemn'd *Thamar* for her Adulterous Conception; the *Egyptian* Law was to cut off the Nose of the *Adulteress*, and the of-fending Part of the Adulterer. The *Lycians* put out both the Adulterers Eyes. The *Sermai* (as *Tacitus* reports) placed the Adulteress amidst her Kindred Naked, and caused her Husband to beat her with Clubs through the City; and the *Camani* caused the Woman to *Ride upon an Ass* Naked, and hooted at, and for ever after call'd her (in scorn) a *Rider upon the Ass*: And here in *England* (which Argus *must needs know, and therefore* Dorinda *make no more Assigna-tions*) 'tis common for *Whores* to be Whip'd, or to do *Penance in a White Sheet*; and in *Scotland* they are put into (what they call) the

the *Stool of Repentance* — But, *Dorinda*, besides the Shame that attends Whoring, you'll find (*if you dare read the Duty of Man, p. 221.*) 'That to accept your Offer, is to 'do *Argus many and high Injuries*, for it is 'first the Robbing him of that which of 'all other Things, he should count most 'precious, the *Love and Fidelity* of his 'Wife; nor is this all, but it is further in-'gulfing him (*if ever he come to discern it*) in that most tormenting Passion of 'Jealousie, which is call'd the *Rage of a Man*. It is yet further bringing upon him the Name of a C—d, and though (as this Author observes) 'it is very Unjust, 'he should fall under Reproach only be-'cause he is injured; yet unless the World 'could be new moulded, it will certainly 'be his Lot. Besides *Dorinda*, if you C—d *Argus*, 'tis a Robbery (as this Author further observes) 'in the usual Sence of the 'Word; for perhaps, it may be the thrust-'ing in the Child of the Adulterer into his 'Family, to share both in the Mainte-'nance and Portions of his own Children; 'and this is an *errand Theft*. First, In 'respect of the Man, who surely intends 'not the Providing for another Mans Child; 'and then in respect of the Children, who 'are by that Means defrauded of so much 'as that goes away with. And therefore, 'whosoever hath this Circumstance of the 'Sin to repent of, cannot do it effectually

'without Restoring to the Family, as 'much as he hath by that *means* robb'd it 'of.

Thus (*Dorinda*) having briefly shewn the Shame, and many ill Consequences that attend the gratifying your *wanton Appetite*: I would next give you Directions (would you Listen to 'em) how to mortifie your Carnal Desires, *for Lust* (as I said in my first Letter) seems to be your *Master-sin*— 'Tis true, there are Persons that seek to justifie their Commission of this Sin, by the *impossibility* of their abstaining from its Commission; but surely, the Apostle *Paul* would not enjoin the *Corinthians*, to *flee Fornication*, if it were a Thing *Persons cannot flee*; the Plea of *cannot* is a meer Pretence; the most passionately Amorous can contain for a *Time*, upon Promise of enjoying the Woman he desires, and cannot he then if he will, contain for always, when better Pleasures and Enjoyments are assured to him, upon his *Continency*, unto all Eternity.

And now (*Dorinda*) having answer'd the Pretence of Impossibility of your being Chaste: I shall next proceed to such Directions, which if minded, will keep you Honest.

I own *Directions* of this Nature are so common a Theam, that 'tis impossible to avoid treading in the steps of other Writers, but I judge you *Ladies of Pleasure*, don't Love long Harangues; I shall there-

fore

fore say so little, what others have more largely insisted upon.

First, *Then in order to the Flying Adultery, suppress the first Desires of Uncleanness* that do arise in your Heart. 'Tis safer *(Dorinda)* to deal with a Spark, than with a Flame; to crush an Egge, than kill a Cockatrice: The beginning of a Temptation is the Time to shew your greatest Valour and Vigilance in.

Secondly, *Hold no Dispute against any Temptations to Uncleanness:* To Dispute with it, is the way to be overcome by it, hear the Temptation but speak for it self, and *before you are aware,* it insinuates it self into the Bosom of you, and is in your Heart before you can think it got into your Head; with an unseen Fire and insensible Power, it *melts you into softness,* and dissolves you into yielding: I say *(Dorinda)* give it no Consideration, but run away from it, as *Joseph did from his Tempting Mistress.* Had our great Grandmother *Eve* done so at first with the Devils Temptation, *had she given no Ear to his Words, set no Eye upon the Fruit, held no Dispute with him,* but turn'd her self, and gone away from him; she had not been the Mother of so much Sin and Misery, as she hath been to her Posterity.

Thirdly, *Avoid all Things that may externally provoke to Lust, as Conversation with Men that are Lewd,* &c. *Dorinda,* if you

touch pitch you will be defil'd; Mens Arts to seduce are powerful and prevailing, their *Blandishments* delicate and melting, their Words are charming, their Looks inchanting, *their Kisses killing*, and their *Glances are Darts to destroy*; there's Pitch and Birdlime in their Lips and Fingers, and Itch of amorousness of Skin all over; *you may* (Dorinda) *as well hug a Flame* without being burnt, as to admit a Leud Man within your Embraces, and not be all on Fire with the heat of Lust.

To put many Things together for brevity sake, avoid the speaking of any wanton Words, and if possible the hearing of any spoken; and be sure write no more *Billet Douxes*, also the reading of any lascivious Books or Verses, also the beholding of any *impure Sights, either of shameful Parts or Actions* themselves, or the Pictures of them: *Avoid also* the being a Spectator of any *wanton Plays or Shows, Balls, or Dances*, or other lascivious Revels, which by the garish Dresses, amorous Words, and wanton Gestures used therein, do not only instruct, but stir up to Uncleanness. These Things (*Dorinda*) are the great and common Bane of Modesty.

Fourthly, *Fly those Vices and subdue those Passions which encline you to Lust, such as Drunkenness* (for alas 'tis now become a Feminine Vice) *Gluttony, Covetousness, Idleness, and Curiosity.*

In

In the first Place *shun Drunkenness*, for though the Eye stirs up Lust, 'tis Drunkenness sets it on Fire; there is but *one step* (*Dorinda*) *from excessive Wine to unlawful Lust*. *Lot's* Daughters made their Father drunk with Wine, and the next News you hear of him is, that in his Drunkenness he lay with his own Daughters.

Again *Dorinda*, if you'd live a Chaste, Modest Life, you must not *Eat to excess*; *Jesurun waxed Fat and Kicked*, that is, waxed wanton upon his high Feeding; so *Jer.* 5. 8. *They were as fed Horses, in the Morning every one Neighed after his Neighbours Wife* —— It is very difficult to Feed high, and Live chastely; then (*Dorinda*) avoid not only the use of all lustful Food, but all extravagant Feeding on any Meat.

Thirdly, Don't be too much in Love with Money, *'Tis the Root of all Evil*, (1 Tim. 6. 10.) There's a huge Power in Riches to corrupt Chastity, few Women (if but a little amorous) are *Proof against the blaze of Gold* — How many Women in *Dublin* (and in *London* too) *prostitute their Bodies to all Comers, perhaps for a beggarly* 2 s. 6 d. Yea (and which is a shame to speak) how many Men are there, that for the *Love of Money* do as it were let themselves out to hire for Stalljons to satisfie the *Lust of some Women*; I suppose ye have heard of G——n, if therefore you're willing to Reform, and to *live chastly*, you must fly Covetousness.

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Again, I'd advise you to avoid *Idleness*, for Lust (as Bishop *Taylor* observes) *usually creeps in at those Emptinesses where the Soul is Unimployed, and the Body at Ease*; and above all Idleness, the Idleness of the *Bed and Couch* is most hurtful; the *soft Bed* is the Mother of wanton Thoughts — The Time when *David* fell a lusting after *Bathsheba* was in the Evening, after he had been lolling on his Bed, 1 *Sam.* 11. 2. And therefore (*Dorinda*) if you'd live honest, you must avoid Idleness.

In the next Place, I would advise ye (if you'd live chastly) to *make a Covenant with your Eyes; have a chaste Eye and a Hand*, for it is all one (saith Bishop *Taylor*) with what Part of the Body we commit Adultery; what though I have rejected to C—d *Argus*, yet if I let my Eye loose, and enjoy the Lust of that, I am an Adulterer; for our Saviour saith — *Look not upon a Woman to Lust after her*; the Eye is a great Inflamer of Lust; we read of Eyes full of Adultery (2 *Pet.* 2. 14.) *Joseph's* Mistress first cast her Eye upon *Joseph*, and then she said *Lye with me*, Gen. 39. 7. Beauty is a dangerous Thing, therefore when you see a Handsome Man (especially at Church, if you ever go there) take heed of *Eying him too much*, stare not upon him; you may as well face a Basilisk, as a pretty Face.

Now *Dorinda*, these Directions, if carefully heeded, will be a means to keep you

Chaste

Chaste and Honest, but if you find 'em ineffectual (for I'd fain have you a true Penitent) then,

Fifthly, Mortifie your Body, in order to the subduing of your Flesh; and to this Purpose Fast often, and that a considerable Time; take away Diet and Drink, the *fuel of Lust, and the heat of it will abate, and the Fire of it goeth out*. In the *Fasts we read of kept by the Saints in Scripture*, they did neither Eat nor Drink, that is, not until Night, and that which they took then, was very little, and of mean quality, *a bit of Bread and a draught of Water*. In this Case take Meat *like Medicines*, no more then needs must, to keep you alive and preserve ye in Health. Thus (*Dorinda*) by often forbearing to Eat at all, *and a mean Diet* when you do Eat, you'll have little mind to be Writing of *Billet Doux's*, for thin ordinary Food will *starve your Lust*, and bring the Flesh (*that Enemy of yours*) (like a Town pined out with a long Seige) to your own Terms. But (*Dorinda*) if the *Rebel Lust* still haunts your Mind, then use some sharpness to him, cause him to smart either by Praying in painful Postures (*as on hard Stones, with bare Knees*) or else by wearing Sackcloth, or Hair Sacks upon your Flesh, or by Scourging your Body with the *Rod or Whip*. This is a Course Saint *Paul* took with himself, (1 *Cor.* 9, 27.) *I keep under my Body, and bring*

bring into Subjection — (a) *One for this end tumbled himself among Thorns; another burned his Face and Hands; a third run sharp Prickles up his Fingers between the Flesh and the Nails;* and (*Dorinda*) 'tis much better to Afflict your self for a while, than be *lash'd* by Satan forever in Hell.

(a) St. Bernard.

Sixthly, Meditate on those Things, as may by poring on them curb your Lust; and here, *Dorinda*,

First, Consider the falls of those who have miscarried in this way, as of *Jane Shore*, *Creswel*, *Nel G—n*, &c. Women famous in their Generations for Wit and Beauty; and yet see (*Dorinda*) to what weakness of Body, and poorness of Spirit they were brought to by this Sin.

Secondly, Consider the Constancy of others that have continued Chaste, notwithstanding their Temptations to Uncleanness; the most remarkable one that I can think of, is that of *Joseph*, Recorded in *Gen.* 39. 7, to 13. *He was tempted* to it by his Mistress, who had some Power to command him, and many ways to oblige him, yet he *consented not*. *He was tempted to it*, not by Looks and Glances, Hints and Intimations, (any of which were enough with too many in these our Days, to draw them to it) but with downright Words, she plainly and boldly said to him, *Lie with me*; and *yet he consented not*. *He was tempted to it* by her, not once or twice only,

only, (for Tryal of him, as might be thought) but many times, to shew she was in earnest; she was often at it with him, tempting him, she *spake to* Joseph *day by day, and yet he consented not. He was tempted to it* by her, not at unseasonable times only, while Company was at home, whereby they might be discovered and descryed, but at a time of greatest seasonableness and opportunity, when he might act the thing with greatest Secrecy and Security, when he had business to do within the House, and *there was none of the Men of the House there within*; and *yet he consented not. He was tempted to it* by her, not only by winning Speech, but by enforcing Action; she not only used Speech to him, but laid hands on him, she caught him by his Garment, saying, *Lie with me*, and *yet he consented not.* Here (*Dorinda*) is an Example of Constancy and Chastity worthy of your Imitation. Not much unlike was that which St. *Hierome* Reports of a Son of a *King of Nicomedia*, who being tempted upon Flowers, and a perfumed Bed whereon he was tied, by an *impure Curtesan* with all the Arts, and Circumstances of Luxury, lest the ease of his posture should abuse him to a yielding to her Temptations, bit off his Tongue, and spit it in her Face. *Dorinda*, if such Chaste Examples as these be made familiar to your Mind by frequent Meditation on them,

them, they will help you toward the Victory over Uncleanness.

Thirdly, Bethink with thy self a while (*Dorinda*) when thou art under *Temptation to Uncleanness*, what a business that Face is, which thou so dotest upon, and the Consideration thereof, will very much *allay thy heat, and cool thy desire*, and even dash thee out of Countenance. For there is nothing certainly that so much *mastereth the desire of the Flesh, as to think what that which one loveth, is, after once it be dead.* And the Experience hereof, we have in that *Hermit*, who understanding that a Woman, whom he was too too much enamoured on, was Dead, went by Night to her Grave, and having opened it, with the Lap of his Mantle wiped away some of the filth of the dead Corps, being half rotten, and when afterwards he found himself possess'd with any unlawful desires, he laid abroad his foul and stinking Mantle, and said thus to himself; *Go to now, see what it is that thou dost desire, and take thy fill of it.* By which means his heat was cooled, and his Lust quenched.

Then *Seventhly*, *Dorinda*, consider that you cannot Act this Sin, but there will be *Eyes* upon you.

First, *The Eye of God* is upon you, *The Eyes of the Lord are in every Place*, as *Solomon* tells us, *Prov.* 15. 3. *beholding the Evil and the Good*; no possibility of escaping

his

his sight, if ye should attempt the committing of any such Fact. And who that hath seriously considered of this, could ever have the Confidence to do any such thing?

In a Fury, or for some politick Purpose, such a like thing as this may be acted in the presence of a Man; as it once happened in *Alexandria*, where a *Tartaguin* transported with beastly Fury, ran at a Woman *as she came out of the Stove*, threw her on the ground, and notwithstanding all the Resistance she made, had *carnal Knowledge* of her in the presence of many Spectators. And so we read in 2 *Sam.* 16. 22. how to make the breach irreparable between *Absalom* and his Father *David*, *Absalom spread a Tent upon the Top of the House, and went in unto his Fathers Concubines in the sight of all Israel.*

Yet generally in Men that have not utterly defaced all the common Notices of God, which Nature's hand hath written in the Heart of Man, *Secrecy* for Time, and for Place, is sought out for the acting of this Sin. Nay, *Dorinda* her self (as Leud as she is) would scarce commit Adultery in the view, even of those *Pimps and Bullies* who are the most instrumental to her Debaucheries.

Now surely, *Dorinda*, if the Eye of Man be not to be endured in the Commission of this Sin, much less should you be able

to

to endure the Eye of God upon you. This Consideration was effectual to Preserve *Paphnutius*, who being wearied with the Sollicitations of a tempting *Dalilah*, at last consented to the Act, provided it might be committed where they might not be seen. Whereupon being brought into one Room, he alledged they *might be seen from this Place*, and in another, that they *might be seen in that Place*; and still found some Exception upon that account; but at last being brought into such a Place where could be no Reason for such a Plea, yet he alledged, that *it was not so Secret, but that the Eye of God would be upon them* even there, and that unless his Eye too, as well as all others, could be shut out, he durst not do it; by which means he not only preserved his Integrity, but converted a Harlot.

Secondly, *Beside the Eye of God upon you, who is to be your Judge, you have the Devil with you, who does mean to be your Accuser.* The Devil is Pimp-General to the World; not a piece of filthiness *Dorinda* ever commits, but he is as one at it by his Enticements to it. He finds and furnishes with fuel for Lust. And as he knows all ye do now, so *he will tell all ye have* done hereafter; where, and when, and with whom you have play'd the Whore.

Thirdly, *Besides the Eyes of all without you, there is* (Dorinda) *the Eye of your Conscience within you, which will also be one Day*

a Thou-

a Thousand Witnesses against you. In Consideration whereof, doubtless it was, that *Pythagoras* gave that good and wise Counsel of his, That no Man should commit any filthiness either with another, *or alone by himself* (which *Self-pollution* is a sort of potential Murther) and that above all others, he should stand in awe of himself; that is, dread and fear his own Conscience (as I formerly hinted to *Patrick Campbel.*)

Now *Dorinda*, if the following these *Directions*, don't Cure your *raging Lust*; then in the *Eighth Place*, when you are tempted to Uncleanness, seriously think on what is behind, *viz. Death, Judgment, Heaven*, and *Hell*; and the serious Thought of any one of these, is enough to extinguish the Flames of Lust. *Dorinda, Death is behind Thee.* Thou canst not live for ever here, thou must dye; and you know not how soon; perhaps it may be in the very Act of thy Uncleanness; and how dismal, *Dorinda*, would your Condition be, if that should befal you? What can befal a Person more dreadful, than to be catcht, and cut off by Death, in the very Act of Sin?

But, *secondly*, Not Death only, but *Judgment* also is behind. *Dorinda*, thou must not only Dye, but be judged too for thy Uncleanness after Death: For *Whore-*

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mongers and Adulterers God will judge, Heb. 13. 4.

Then again, *There is Heaven behind*, a State of Pleasure, Joy and Happiness, beyond all that the World, hath of ever had. — Then *(Dorinda)* if at any Time you are tempted to Uncleanness, say, Shall I, for a brutish Pleasure lose my Heaven? Lose my Happiness? Can the Company of all the Men in the World (had I the Enjoyment of them all) countervail the loss of Heaven.

And Lastly, *Dorinda*, There is *Hell* behind. And who are to be turned into this burning Lake? Why, the Wicked, and amongst the rest, *Adulterers*, and such-like Defilers of the Image of God, and Members of Christ, and Temples of the Holy Ghost.

Then *(Dorinda)* argue with thy self, and say, What shall I go to Hell for a *Billet Doux*? Have I a mind to be damned for an Assignation? Shall I plunge my self into Fire and Brimstone, there to lie and roar to all Eternity, for the *little short sixty Pleasure*, which is had in the Embraces of a Lewd Person? Thus *(Dorinda)* at any Time, when you come under the Temptations of Lust, call to mind *Death*, *Judgment*, *Heaven*, and *Hell*, and you will (by God's Grace) be so wrought on in that Meditation, that you will both fly the Acts, and detest the Thought of Uncleanness.

And

And now *Daviada*, you may perhaps upbraid all this as a *Sermon*, as is usual for the *Libertines* of the Age to do. I shall not be much concern'd at it, if it happen to be so. I think no shame to own that, I am *descended from the Tribe of* Levi *by Four successive Generations, and was likewise Allied to it by my first Marriage, wherein never was any Man more happy.* They that Honour God, will Honour his Ambassadors; and they that despise them, despise him, as they do his Message; but at the last Hour you will change your Mind, *and wish to die the Death of the Righteous, though you never car'd to imitate their Life.*

Break off then from your Sins in Time, by a *true Repentance and cordial Reformation*; *learn to entertain pure and chaste Flames of Devotion in your Soul*, and they will quickly extinguish those brutish Lusts that hurry you head-long to Perdition; which if the Almighty grant you Grace to do, you will be sensible that you *were not mistaken in making Application to me as your Friend; though you were very much out in the Method, and as much disappointed in the Manner.* I adde no more, but that I do as earnestly wish your Conversion as I hate your *Vice*, and if this may be any way conducive towards it, I shall think my self Happy in a good Improvement of the *first Billet Doux* that ever was put into my Hand; and

that though you were Wicked, that you were not unhappy in sending it. *Farewel Dorinda.*

Remarks on J. D's. *second Letter to the Citizens-Wife.*

SIR,

I Have perused your *second Letter to the* Irish *Dorinda*, and am of Opinion she never met with such returns to her Courtship before. It's not probable, that she will trouble *Philaret* any more with her *Billet Douxes*, and it were to be wished she never troubled any Body else with them. You have done *your Part to cure her Distemper*, but that Disease in the Soul is too often like the Gout in the Body: *Opprobrium Medicorum.*

You have however discharged your Duty, be the Event what it will. I cannot well tell what you could have said more, for you have *touch'd on most of the Ordinary Topicks*; if what you have said do but reach a Conviction, she will not grudge to read the *Treatises* you have recommended to *Her*; to which I wish you had added Mr. *Carr*'s *Antidote against Lust*, 'tis also a Book of your own Printing; and will further inform her Judgment, and con-

convince her of the vileness of her Practise.

I am glad that you have left behind you in *Dublin such Proofs of your fair way of dealing, and of your Justice to the Marriage-Bed*; had all who have gone hence shew'd the *Irish* such good Example; it would have rendred the *English Conquest* of that Countrey more Universal and Effectual, than ever our Arms have yet done.

I have nothing else to say, but that perhaps, when this *Billet Doux* comes to see the Publick, *the Reality of it may be Questioned*; not that your *Person and Purse* might not have been *as tempting as those of others*, who have *frequent Adventures* of this sort; but because of ill natur'd Suspicion amongst those of your own Trade, and the too frequent Abuses of that Kind, which some few of 'em have put upon the Publick; and indeed had I not seen the *Original*, and been satisfied from the probability of the Circumstances; *as the Place to which 'twas directed, the credible Witnesses, who saw you send your Answer, and your own Affirmation*; I should have suspected the Truth of it my self.

Your Design of putting it in Print, I cannot disapprove; it (shews your Innocence and) will not only prevent those *wanton Ladies from making you any more their Confident*, but may deter others from the like Practises, lest they should have the

same Fate, and it must needs be a *Piquant Rebuke to the loose* Dorinda, *to see her* Billet Doux *expos'd to Publick View.* For though she Lives under Covert, it may happen some way or other to point her out, as it's but Just it should. I am

SIR,

Your very Humble Servant.

The Thirteenth Letter.

SIR,

HAving troubled you with *Dorinda's Billet Doux, and my former two Letters* to Her, and receiv'd your *Remarks* upon them, which were very much to my Satisfaction; I give you the Trouble of *one more*, which you will oblige me to peruse, and to give me your Thoughts upon it with your usual Freedom.

[*The Letter is as follows*, viz.]

Dorinda.

IN my first Letter, *I checkt your Impudence* for contriving to C—d *Argus* —— In my second Letter, I sent *you Rules for Chastity*; and having receiv'd no Answer to either of these Letters: I conclude you are asham'd of your *Billet Doux*, and are willing to be Reform'd. If these Conjectures are Right, 'twill be proper in the next place to say what I can *to set* Argus *and you a Loving again*; and here I shall Write nothing but my own Experience, to which I'll adde *Rules* for

Dorin-

Dorinda and *Argus* to live by, which may (if *Dorinda's a true Penitent*) make 'em yet *a Happy Pair*.

I shall begin these Rules, with telling *Dorinda*, We are taught from Scripture, that — *Marriage is honourable in all Men, so is not a single Life*; in some it is a Snare, and a Trouble in the Flesh, a Prison of unruly Desires, which is attempted daily to be broken; *A single Life* is never commanded, but in some Cases Marriage is; for he that (*like Dorinda*) *cannot contain, must Marry*; and he that can contain, is not tyed to a single Life, but may Marry very lawfully: *Marriage was ordain'd by God, instituted in Paradice*; was the relief of a natural Necessity, and the first Blessing from God himself: He gave to Man *not a Friend, but a Wife, that is a Friend and a Wife too.* It is the Seminary of the Church, and daily bring forth Sons and Daughters unto God. Our Blessed Lord, tho' he was *born of a Maiden*, yet she was Vailed under the cover of Marriage, and she was Married to — *A WIDDOWER* — for *Joseph*, the supposed Father of our Lord, had Children by a former Wife. *The first Miracle* that ever Jesus did, was to do Honour to a Wedding — Marriage was in the World before Sin, and has been in all Ages of the World the greatest Antidote against it, and although Sin hath sowr'd Marriage, and stuck the Man's Head with Cares, and the Womans Bed with Sorrow in the *Production of Children*, yet these are but *throws of Life and Glory*; and she shall be saved in *Childbearing*, if she be found in *Faith and Righteousness*. — So that Marriage is the proper Scene of Piety and Patience, of the Duty of Parents, and the Charity of Relatives; here Kindness is expanded, and Love is united, and made firm as a Center — *Marriage is the Nursery of Hea-*

ven, the *Virgin* sends Prayers to God, but she carries but one Soul to him; but the state of Marriage fills up the *Numbers of the Elect*, and hath in it the Labour of Love, the *Delicacies of Friendship*, the Blessing of Society, and the Union of *Hands and Hearts*.

And as Marriage is the Nursery of Heaven, so 'tis the *Mother of the World*; it preserves Kingdoms, fills Cities, Churches, and Heaven it self. — Thus (*Dorinda*) have I shewn that the state you are enter'd into, is *Divine in its Institution* — Sacred in its Union — Holy in the Mystery — Honourable in its Appellative — Religious in its Imployments — It is Advantage to the Societies of Men, and Holiness to the Lord, and is certainly preferable to a *single Life*.

But *Dorinda*, as happy a State as Marriage is, *Argus* and you will be ever disappointed in't, if it ben't *intirely conducted, and over-ruled by Religion*: None are Happy in Marriage, but those that invite Christ to the Wedding, this you did not do, as is clear by your *Billet Doux*; but I write to you now, as supposing you a *True Penitent*, so shall adventure to give ye *Rules*, for your Happy-Living in a Married-state. *The Rules* I shall Name, shall be only those that relate to *Argus* and you, in Conjunction, I an't so fooliſh to think, that all the Duty lies on the *Weaker-Vessel*, (a) or so Barbarous to expect the Wife should prove obliging, except the Husband be so too — *the Obligation is mutual*; — and therefore prescribe nothing (in the following Rules) that I think too bitter for *Argus*'s swallow —

(a) 1 Pet. 3. 7.

Before I give any *Rules*, I premise this, that 'tis the Duty of all that intend to Marry, seri-

ously

ously to read the *Form of Matrimony*, least when they come to the Church, they Answer there to what they had not consider'd before-hand, and then no wonder if they don't Practice a Duty of a larger extent then they apprehended. But to proceed to the *Rules, that* Argus *and you must walk* by, if you'd be yet happy in your Married-state.

And the first is, that once a Week you read, and digest the 5th of the Ephesians, *from the 22d verse to the end of the Chapter* — All Scripture is given for your Instruction; and sure I am, all that Marry before they Love at the rate here described, commit a very great Sin, and can't expect the Blessing of God on their Marriage. — 'Tis the Blessing of God Crowns the Wedding, and they that Marry without it (be they ne're so Rich) are but *two tied together to make one another miserable.* All that intend to Wed, would do well to consider, that they who enter into the State of Marriage cast a Dye of the greatest Contingency; and yet of the greatest Interest in the World, next to *the last throw for Eternity — Life, or Death*, Felicity or a lasting Sorrow, are in the *Power* of *Marriage*—A Woman indeed ventures most, for she hath no Sanctuary to retire to from an Evil Husband; she must dwell upon her Sorrow, and hatch the Eggs which her own Folly or Infelicity hath produced; and she is more under it, because her Tormentor hath *a Warrant of Prerogative*; and the Woman may complain to God as Subjects do of Tyrant Princes; but otherwise she hath no Appeal in the Causes of Unkindness. And though the Man (*who Marries a Shrew, or such a Wanton as* Dorinda *was*) can run from many Hours of his Sadness, yet he must return to it again, and when he sits among his Neighbours, he

re-

members *the Viper that lies in his Bosom*, and he sighs deeply, as well he may.

It is the unhappy chance of many Men, finding great Inconveniences in a *single Life*, to rush into Marriage, in hopes to remove their Troubles, and there they enter into Fetters, as the *Stagge in the* Greek *Epigram*, and are bound to Sorrow by the *Cords of a Mans*, *or Womans Peevishness*; and the worst of the Evil is, they are to thank their own Follies, for they fell into the Snare by entering an improper Way; *Christ and the Church* were no Ingredients in their Choice; but as the *Indian Women* enter into Folly for the Price of an Elephant, and think their Crime warrantable; so many chuse for a Rich-Fortune (*like* Eriphyle *the* Argive, *prefer Gold before a good Man*) and shew themselves to be less than Money by over-valuing That, to all the Content and Happiness of Life; but I Bless God, I an't of this sordid Temper, for I don't (nor never did) think, that the Happiness of a Mans Life, consists in the *Abundance of what he possesses*; but in Gods giving him a Heart to make a *Sober-use* of what he lends him (I say lends him) for we are all Stewards to the Great Lord of Heaven and Earth.

And *Dorinda*, *as He*, *or She*, deserve to be disappointed that Marry for Money, so as very a Fool is he, that chuses for *Beauty*; who chuses for one (as a Wit expresst it) *whose Eyes are Witty*, *and her Soul Sensual*. It is an ill Band of Affections to tie two Hearts together, by *a little Thred of Red and White*. These *Dorinda* will Love no longer, but till the next Ague comes, and are Fond of each other but at the *Chance of Fancy*, *or the Small-Pox*, *or Child-bearing*, *or Care*, *or Time*, or any thing that can destroy a pretty Flower.

But it is the basest of all, when *Lust is the Paranymph*

nymph and ſolicites the Suit, makes the Contract, and joins the Hands. This *Dorinda* was your own Caſe, and is commonly the Effect of the former Folly; according to the Proverb — At firſt for his *fair Cheeks and comely Beard*, the Beaſt is taken for a Lyon, but at laſt he is turned to a Dragon, or a Leopard, or a Swine. *That which at firſt is Beauty on the Face, may prove Luſt in the Manners.* He, or She, that looks too curiouſly upon the Beauty of the Body, *looks too low*, hath Fleſh and Corruption in his Heart, and is judged Senſual and Earthly in his Deſires. Sure I am, no Marriage will prove Happy, that is not Bleſſed with *Religious Affections*.

Another Thing in which I conceive Dorinda *and* Argus *to be equally concerned* (if they'd be Happy in Wed-lock) *is, To avoid as much as poſſible all Offences of each other in the beginning of their new Honey-Moon* (for ſo I may call it, *Dorinda* having run aſtray) every little Thing can blaſt an *Infant-Bloſſom*, and an unkind Word or careleſs Carriage, is apt to give the Alarm at the beginning of this Union — People generally at firſt are *watchful, and obſervant, careful and inquiſitive*, and even the ſmaller failures of Chance or Weakneſs, are then Interpreted as want of Love, and uſually affright the *unexperienced Man, or Woman*, who make unequal Conjectures, and Fancy mighty Sorrows by the Proportions of any new and early Unkindneſs — *Plutarch* compares a *new Marriage* to a Veſſel before the Hoops are on, every little thing diſſolves the Union of its Parts, but when the Joints are ſtiffen'd, and the whole tied together by a *firm compliance, and proportionate bending*, it is then hardly diſſolved without Violence or Burning: In like manner (*Dorinda*) when once the Hearts of a *Man and Wife* are endear'd

and

and hardned by a mutual *Confidence*, *Compliance* and *Experience* (longer then Artifice or Pretence can last) I word it so, for Infirmities do not manifest themselves in the *first Scenes*, but in the Succession of a long Society, there is then no great Danger; and there are *many things Past*, *and some things Present*, which will dash all little Unkindnesses in Pieces.

And therefore (*Dorinda*) in the next Place, I think *Argus and you* should be very careful (at your first Reconcilation especially) to *stifle* all little Differences, and to cut them down as fast as they spring up; for if they are suffered to grow, they render the *Society troublesome* by their Numbers, and the *Affections become loose by an habitual Uneasiness* — Some People are more vext with a *Fly*, *then with a Wound*; nor can Reason be always upon the Guard, in the frequent little Accidents of a Family, but *trifling Troubles*, if often repeated, will be apt to render you restless, and betray you to Passion; and at last to beget an indifferency, if not a Disgust and Aversation.

Lastly, *Dorinda*, if you'd (*be happy in Marriage and would*) have *Argus* Love ye again, be extreamly watchful against all curious Distinctions of — *Mine and Thine* — for this has caused all the Laws, Suits, and Wars in the World. *Let them who have but one Person*, *have also but one Interest*; for when either of them begins to impropriate, it is like a *Swelling in the Flesh*, which draws more then its share, and what it feeds on turns to a Bile, and a Sore. *Dorinda you shine by your Husbands Honour*, *and will certainly be darkned if he suffer an Eclipse*; *and therefore 'tis your Interest*, *as well as Duty* (if *Argus* be kind and loving) to contribute to his *ease and welfare*; the *Use and Imployment* of what

Man

Man and Wife poſſeſs, ſhould be common to both their Neceſſities, and in this there is no other Difference of Right, but that the Man has the *Diſpenſation of all*, and may (as a late Author expreſſes it) keep it from his Wife, as a Governour of a Town may keep it from the right Owner; he hath the Power, but not Right to do ſo.

But (*Dorinda*) you have nothing to fear here, for if *Argus* be a kind Husband, you may *do with him what ye Liſt*; *or if* Argus *Rules*, 'tis *becauſe you would obey, and in ſo obeying you Rule as much as he*; for my own ſhare, I have been Married twice, and was ever ſo much for a mutual Endearment (and againſt the vile *Diſtinctions of Mine and Thine*, that I could never approve, except there were Reaſon for it) of keeping of *two Purſes: No! She that keeps my Heart, ſhall keep my Purſe*—*Two Keys to a Till*, ſuppoſes a diſtruſt on one ſide or other; and ſure I am, *Diſtruſt is the Bane of Love*: And *Dorinda*, when it once appears (but I hope you'll ne're more give occaſion for't) *farewel to the Comforts of Matrimony*. 'Twas ſuch a Truſt as this, I repos'd in my firſt Wife; and therefore ſhe loved me to that Degree, that I judged it my Duty *to ſettle her preſently* in all I had (for 'twas ſhe, and not her Fortune I Married,) *that I might give at the Rate I loved her*; nay, I was ſo deſirous to requite her Tenderneſs, that I was ſcarce contented with giving all; but grudged (as I once told her) *my Funeral Expences, my very Shroud and Grave*, that I might adde to her Future Store —— *Dorinda*, I need not preſs ye to believe this, for Men in their *Laſt-Wills* appear juſt as they are, they here grow open and plain hearted, and *dare not depart with their Hands to a Lye*; and as this was my Carriage to

my

my First Wife, so 'tis no more than I owe to This, *or if possible, a greater Tenderness*.

Thus, *Dorinda*, have I shewn ye (from my own Experience) how *Argus and you may fall a loveing again, and be yet happy in a Married-state*; and if ye follow the *Rules* I have sent ye, I shall think my Labour very well bestowed.

And now *Dorinda*, having brought ye to *Argus*, I leave ye in his tender Arms, where (*and not in the Arms of other Men*) you should desire to Live and Dye.

I shall only adde, I don't desire your Answer, either to *this or my other Letters*, for you see by my way of Writing, 'tis your *Reformation* is all that's desired by

Your Faithful Adviser, &c.

And so Farewel.

Thus Sir, I have Entertain'd *Dorinda*, which I hope may have some good Effect upon her; if not, I have discharged my self of what I thought was Incumbent upon me in this Case. I am

SIR, *Your's*, &c.

John Dunton.

Remarks on J. D's. *Third Letter to the Citizens-Wife.*

SIR,

I Have received your *Third to Dorinda*, who I suppose will scarcely thank you for your *Good*

Good Advice, if she bestow the Perusal upon it, which I much doubt. In my Opinion you have *over-done the Matter, your first was enough, your second by Consequence too much, and your third must needs be superfluous.* I am satisfied, *Dorinda* is of my mind, so that there's two to one against you. *As many Men, and as few Reproofs as can be, suits Women of her Temper best.* Did her Husband know you, I am certain he would think you deserv'd *a Pair of Gloves, and a Wedding Dinner*, better than the Parson that Join'd him and his unfaithful *Dorinda* in the Bands of Matrimony; for I am satisfied, he did not read her *a Lecture so long by one half*; and if I say, not half so much to the Purpose neither, there are People in the World will vouch for the Truth of it.

I think the *Method* you took with *Dorinda* very Genuine and Natural, *first to lay before her the Wickedness of defiling the Marriage-Bed, and then to endeavour to possess her with honourable Thoughts of it.* But I am of the mind, she will give an equal Ear to both, that is to say, she will not hear one Word of either. If her Husband had been an *Argus* as you suppose, I can't see how she could have found out a Place, *secret enough to write her Billet Doux in*; and I am verily of Opinion, except he be one of those whom *Juvenal* calls *Dotius spectare Lacunar*, he must needs think the *Peacocks Tail a much finer Ornament than the Rams-Head*; but perhaps he finds it to be true, what *Æsop* says, that it is *easier to take a Bag of Fleas set them a Grazing all day, and gather them into their Bag at night again, than to keep Guard over an Unchaste Woman*; and being over-watch'd, his Hundred Eyes fell asleep all at once, and so *Dorinda* took the opportunity of making a Sally.

If your *Third Letter* have so much Influence,

as

as to create in her a better Opinion of her Husband, and make her *more faithful to his Bed*; then he may sleep securely with *Two Hundred Eyes*, if he had them, and I am sure, it is no fault of yours, if it does not.

I shall not trouble you with *long Remarks upon your Letter*, only your hint of *Joseph's* having been a *Widdower*, when he was Espoused to the *Virgin*; puts me in the Head to ask you this Question, Whether his Hose which they shew at *Aix la Chappelle*, *be of the first or second Wives making?* And in which of their Times it was he gave the *Hem*, when Playing the Carpenter, which the Church of *Rome* has got pent up in a Bottle, as a precious Relick?

I Congratulate the *Happiness of your Wife in so Chaste an Husband*; nor do I see how she can be quits with you by less than *an Ocean of Love and Respect*. She had best spit in her Hand and take fast hold, for if she should drop, you have *magnified Widdowers so much in the Person of* Joseph, that all the Virgins in the Town can do no less than proffer themselves to you to cull out one of their number for your *Third*. Yet I am not willing to think that any thing of this is at the bottom of your Plot, I hope you are no such *designing Man*. I shall take my leave of you, and heartily Wish, that *every* Dorinda *may meet with such a* Philaret. And that all the good Women in the City, had such Husbands as your self. I am

SIR, *Yours*.

SOME

SOME ACCOUNT OF MY Converſation IN *IRELAND.*

In a LETTER TO AN *Honourable Lady.*

WITH Her Anſwer to it.

CAMBRIDGE COLL

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Some Account of my Converſation in Ireland: *In a Letter to an Honourable Lady, &c.*

Madam,

I AM extreamly ſatisfied to have the Honour of knowing your ſo well, as to know *that you hate to be Flatter'd*; and ſo hope you will not think me guilty of that Crime, when I profeſs to you, That I eſteem the Favour of having a Correſpondence with you, to be One of *the Chief-eſt Bleſſings of my Life.* And therefore I ought to take all Opportunities to ſhew my ſelf worthy of it: which I could not be, ſhould I ſuffer *my Reputation to be Attack'd, without Defending it*: And having met with ſome Unhandſome Treatment, from *a Perſon in Dublin*, to whom I never offer'd the Leaſt Injury, (unleſs he thinks telling him the Truth to be ſuch) I am willing to have my *CAUSE TRY'D AT YOUR BAR*; who, as you will not Favour the Guilty, ſo neither will you Condemn the Innocent. And whether I am ſuch or not, *THE PRECEDING SCUFFLE* will give you the cleareſt Idea. But ſince no Man's Profeſſion will juſtifie him, without a Correſpondent Practice, I have deſign'd this Letter to give you ſome account of my *CONVERSATION* (or Method of Living) whilſt I was in *Ireland.*

The occasion of my first going into this Kingdom, is so well known, and manifestly lawful, that I shall not so much as hint at it in this place; But how my *Conversation* has been, while I resided there, is the task that lies now upon me to set forth in a true Light; which I will do with such sincerity, that I will even *dissect my Breast to you*; and at the same time make (not only *Your Ladyship*, but) the *WHOLE WORLD* my Confessor: But still, with this Restriction, as far as my frail Nature and weak Memory will permit me; and where that's defective, if any where Invention has supply'd it, I hope you'll excuse it. For *Madam*, you'll find (at least they will that are touch'd in the following Pages) that

Whatsoe're of Fiction I bring in,
'Tis so like Truth, it seems at least a kin.

Madam, this *ACCOUNT OF MY CONVERSATION* was all writ in haste; and most of it at *Pat's Coffee-house* in *Dublin*, as People were dinning my Ears with News, or some *Query's about my Auction*. So that if neither *Method nor Stile* is what might be expected from me (when I address to you) I hope to make some amends in my *Summer Ramble*, which I shall dedicate to your Ladyship, as an acknowledgment of the Honour you did me, in corresponding with me whilst in *Ireland*; and for your attempts since to quiet my Mind upon the loss of one of my best Friends (*for I may call D——e so, a high Birth, Virtue, Wit, and Constancy*, can intitle to that Character.) But to proceed to the *ACCOUNT OF MY CONVERSATION*.

This Madam, (*for Methods sake*) will best be comprehended under Two General Heads; *viz. The Discharge of my Duty towards God, and towards Man*: These two contain the *whole of a Christian*: And if I take the *Great Apostle of the Gentiles* for my Guide, I hope I shall not wander out of my way: For he has declar'd, this was his care, *to keep a Conscience void of offence both towards God, and towards Man.*

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The firſt of theſe Heads, which *reſpects God*, comprehends all the Duties of Religion; which is a thing in this Age admits of ſo many *ſeveral Modes and Forms*, that without ſome further Explanation, it is difficult to know what is meant by it. For a Man can now no ſooner ſpeak of Religion, but the next queſtion is, *Pray what Religion are you of?* I need not tell you, Madam, That *Religion in general, is a ſenſe of our Duty to God, and the Worſhip we owe to him, according to the beſt of our Underſtandings, in order to the obtaining of a bleſſed Immortality*; And this likewiſe conſiſts in two parts; *Firſt*, in its *Principles*; and *Secondly*, in putting thoſe Principles in *Practice*; For Principles without *Practice*, teach Men to be Hypocrites, but never make 'em Chriſtians. They may indeed by a *Profeſſion* of Religion, deceive others; but without the *Practice* of it, they more fatally deceive themſelves. I will therefore, Madam, in the firſt place, ſhew you what my *Principles* are, and then give you an Account of what my Practice was in *Dublin*.

If then you ask me (*Madam*) *what Perſwaſion I am of*? My Anſwer is, I am that which the Diſciples were called at *Antioch*; that is, *I am a Chriſtian*; *a Follower of Chriſt, a Servant of God, the World's Maſter, and my own Man*. I do not think Religion to conſiſt ſo much in Names as Things: *Chriſt's Church is not limited to any Nation or Party*; *but extends to all Places, is propagated in all Ages, and containeth all ſaving Truth*; *and in this Sence is Univerſal or Catholick*; and therefore I love a Good Man, of whatever Profeſſion; or by *what Name or Title ſoever he's diſtinguiſh'd*. A good Navigator can ſail with any Wind; and why ſhou'd not a Chriſtian be as dextrous to improve all Opportunities that may facilitate *his paſſage to the heavenly Canaan*? The various lines that are made from diſtant parts of the Circumference, may all tend to one and the ſame Center. I have a large Charity, and exerciſe it to all in whom I ſee Goodneſs and Vertue ſhew it ſelf, whatever their particular Perſwaſions are. And conformable to this Opinion, was *my Practice in*

Dublin. One Sunday I heard Dr. Stern, *another Mr.* Sinclare, *a third Mr.* Seatl, *a fourth Mr.* Boyse, *a fifth Mr.* Weld, *a sixth the Anabaptist in* Francis-street. And *when* William Penn *came thither, I went with the crowd to hear him*: For when I think of *George Keith* in *London*, and *William Dobbs* in *Dublin* (Two Persons of Great Sense, and as strict Justice) I must think *that some Quakers are* Christians; and, for ought I know, we contend with 'em about Words, while we think the same thing: Sure I am, their *Celebrated Light within*, is what we call the *Dictates of Conscience*; and if we could but get 'em to *Baptism and the Lord's Supper*, we should begin to call 'em Brethren. And thus you see, by my going one *Sunday* to one Perswasion, and a second to another, *that I can go to Heaven with any Wind, and with any Name*; and shall think it an happiness to go into *Canaan*, tho it were through a Red Sea.

(Madam,) *'Tis true I was born to travel, and am now pursuing my Destiny*: but if I wander the Length of the Map, and never see you here, yet I hope we shall meet *in Heaven at last*: What tho we differ in our Way thither? (I hope we pardon one another). *Men go to* China *both by the* Streights *and by the* Cape. The Good Men of *Ireland* (*such a Bishop* King, *and Mr.* Boyse) perhaps, contend about words, when they heartily think the same thing. But whatever the Opinions of others are in Polemical Matters, yet as to my self, I dare boldly say, *I am, or should be, an Honest Man*; for Vertue is my Business; my Writing is my Recreation: (*which made* Iris *say, She'd bury me with a Pen in my Hand*) *God is my Father, the Church my Mother*, (*I need not say this or that Church, if I am sound in the main Point*:) *the Saints my Brethren, and all that need me, my Friends*; and I am likewise too, a Friend to my self, for shall I have it, and want Necessaries? *What though I am now in a far Country*, yet I have in my self (as *Randolph* says) an *Household-government*; and where e're I go, do intend to live,

Let

Lord of my ſelf, accountable to none,
But to my Conſcience, and my God alone.

Now, *Madam*, give me leave to ſay, however Romantick ſome may think this to be, That I have found (notwithſtanding my many Infirmities) more Peace and Satisfaction in the diſcharge of a good Conſcience, than in all the Pleaſures this World can give.

In the next place, Madam, I ſhall give you a *ſhort Diary of my Practice in* Ireland, with reſpect to Religion; but I will firſt *give you a Relation of a Rencounter I had with a ſort of Atheiſt I met in* Dublin.

I need not tell ye, Madam, That *Atheiſm* and *Irreligion* abounds every where, (*for your laſt Letter ſuggeſted as much*) and the cauſe is apparent; for when Men have given themſelves up ſo long to the Conduct of their *own Luſts*, that they have Reaſon to fear the Juſtice of God due to *'em for their Sins*, they would fain hope to ſecure themſelves, by *denying his Being*: I can't ſay this *Lewd Fellow* I met in *Dublin*, abſolutely deny'd the *Being of a God*; (and I much queſtion whether there be a profeſt Atheiſt in the World;) yet I may ſay *his Diſcourſes* (as well as his manner of living) *had ſo much of Atheiſm in 'em*, as they made me tremble: I won't inſert his *Atheiſtical Diſcourſes*, for they are better forgot than publiſh'd; but I'll ſend you *ſome of the Arguments* I us'd to refute his Atheiſtical Notions: Whether they ſatisfy'd him or not, I can't ſay, for he made little reply: I am ſure my deſign was good; but whether I argued as I ought, I leave you, Madam, to judge; *what I advanc'd, was to this Effect*, viz.

'There are two ways for us to attain to *the Know-*
'*ledge of God*, (or a Firſt Principle) by whom the
'World was made; the one is Natural, the other
'Supernatural: That which I call Supernatural, i
'what *God has revealed in his Word, wherein he has*
'*given us the cleareſt Idea of himſelf*, as he by whom
'all things were made: But becauſe they who deny

'the Being of a God, do generally make *a scoff at his Word*, I will only insist upon that which is Natural. Nature informs us that there was a Sovereign Being, the Author and Preserver of all things: *This Truth I can see with my Eyes*; when I either behold the Earth, view the Heavens, or reflect upon my self: When I see such things as are not made but by a Superior Cause, I am obliged to acknowledge and adore a Being which cannot be made, and which made all things else. *When I consider my self*, I am sure that I could not be without a beginning; therefore it follows, That a Person like me, could not give me to be; and by consequence, this puts me upon seeking out a *First Being*; who having had no Beginning, must be the Original of all other things. When my Reason conducts me to this *First Principle*, I conclude evidently that this Being cannot be limited, because Limits suppose a Necessity of Production and Dependance: And if unlimited, it must be a Sovereign and Incomprehensible Being: And this prevents all curious Enquirers from comprehending what *God* is; *For who can define that which is Unlimited, or comprehend that which is Incomprehensible?* One must be blind indeed, to be ignorant of a First Principle; but one must be infinite, like him, to be able to speak exactly of him: For the most that can be said by us, though it may perhaps content the Curious, yet it can never satisfie the Rational Soul.

This, Madam, was the *Substance* of what I spake on that Occasion; which, as I said before, I leave to your Censure. And to be yet more free with you, I have *those awful Thoughts of the Divine Being*, that I would never think of him, but with the most profound Veneration; and therefore always choose to think of him rather in the *Abstract*, than the *Concrete*; for if I think him Good, my finite thoughts is ready to terminate that Good in a *conceived Idea*; and if I conceive him Great, my *bounded Conceit* is apt to cast him into a *comprehensible Figure*; I would therefore

fore conceive him a diffused Goodness without *Quality*, and represent him an incomprehensible Greatness without *Quantity*.——*And therefore I choose* (as Mr. *Ellis* advises) *to shun all gross Representations of God, or likening him, so much as in my Thought, to any Creature; I am not to Worship him after my own Conceit or Fancy, but according to the Rules he hath given in his Word.*——And to speak my Thoughts of Religion in a few Words, I look upon that to be the *best Religion, which is pure and peaceable, and takes no pleasure in the Expence of Blood; whose Principles are consonant to the Word of God; and which takes most from the Creature, and gives most to the Creator*. This is that Religion which I assure my self is the Right, which I will endeavour to *practise while I Live, and rely on when I Die.*

And this brings me to (what I promised) an Account of my *Practice* in *Dublin*; which I will give you in *the Form of a Diary.*

I freely acknowledge, Madam, That the *Sacred Oracles of the Old and New Testaments*, do sufficiently instruct us in the Performance of all those Duties which God requires of us. But tho *the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments are the very Word of God, which holy Men of God spake and wrote as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, and contain all things necessary to salvation, and are the standing Sealed Rule of Faith and Life*; yet I believe that every one has *some particular Mode of his own*, by which he steers the Course of his Devotions; especially as to what he performs in his Closet.

But to proceed to my Diary: And here I shall first acquaint you how I spend *Saturday*.

Saturday *is usually a Day of Hurry and Business*, with the generality of Men; and as the same winds up the Week, so do People their Affairs: But for my own part, I confess, I never affect multiplicity of Business on that Day; but on the contrary, have frequently shun'd it, tho' I have observ'd it has often fallen to my share upon these Days to have a great deal; for last *Saturday* I was so taken up with *Adjusting*

justing some Controversies that did arise concerning the Affairs of my Author, that I had hardly leisure to take my Dinner; however they were terminated so much the more to my satisfaction, by how much all Parties were brought to acquiesce in my determination. By this you see, Madam, I am no *Sabbatarian*; but for those that are, I am so far from having any hard Thoughts of them, that I both pity and respect them; for I can never believe 'tis *an Error of Wilfulness, but of Ignorance* only in them: and whereas I do understand divers of them, at least, make *a Conscience of keeping both Days*, because they would be sure to be right; I think I have just reason to honour them for it, and cannot choose but think much better of them, than those who totally deny the *Morality of the Sabbath-day*.

I confess, Madam, I do not remember to have read any thing material concerning the Controversie about the *said Days*, and that I am as much at a loss to know certainly when our *Christian Sabbath begins*, when there is such a variation in the *Site of Places and Countries*; and that now we experimentally find, where 'tis *Day in one place, 'tis Night in another*. And, Madam, as I know of no Person living, with whom I can so well satisfie my Scruples, and inform my Understanding than your self, who are so well skill'd both in *Polemical and Practical Divinity*, so I humbly request your Sentiments in this Case, promising to make your Practice my own.

But, Madam, having told you how I spend *Saturday*, I am next to inform you how I spend the *Sabbath*: For in the *Practice of Religion*, I look upon the Sanctifying of the *Lord's Day*, to be a principal part. Judge *Hales* recommends to his Children a *very strict Observation of the* Lord's Day; and tells 'em, That he had always found that his Worldly Affairs thriv'd either more or less, (the following Week) as he had kept the Sabbath. And therefore on *Sunday* I usually took leave of my Bed sooner than on other Days; and strive to dismiss as much as I can, all Worldly Affairs out of my Thoughts; tho I have found 'em, I acknowledge,

(like

(like the Flies that ſpoil the Apothecaries Ointment) thus moſt unſeaſonably thruſting themſelves in.

The Publick Worſhip of God, being the principal Duty of this Day, I made it my Practice to bow my Knees before my Maker in private, before I went thither, and there beg his Bleſſing on the Publick Ordinances; and previous thereto, have us'd to read ſome Portion of the Holy Scriptures; being told therein, that *every thing is Sanctified by the Word of God, and Prayer*; which is ſo much the Advantage of a Chriſtian, that I always thought, never Prayer rightly made, was made unheard, or heard ungranted: And I believe that Prayer is rightly made, which is made to *God in the Name of Chriſt*, in Faith, and offer'd up with Humility.

When I come to the Houſe of God, (*I mean the place of his Worſhip, whether it be a* Church, *or a* Meeting-Houſe) I always keep my ſelf uncover'd whilſt I continue there: For as Holineſs becomes his Houſe, ſo does a Behaviour mix'd with Reverence and Godly Fear, in all that wait upon him. And therefore during the Time of Prayer, *I either Kneel or Stand up*, (believing the humbleſt Poſture to be beſt, when I am invocating the Majeſty of Heaven) and fixing my Eyes upwards, I endeavour to apply every part of God's Worſhip to my own Conſcience, *and the preſent State of my own Soul*.

I love thoſe Sermons beſt, that *check my Conſcience* for Sin, and cheer it with applying *God's Mercy*; beginning with the Law, and ending with the Goſpel; ſearching the Wound firſt, and pouring in the Oyl of Conſolation afterwards: And thoſe I reckon the worſt Preachers, *that ſooth Men up in their Sins*; perſwading Men they are good Chriſtians, when they don't know what 'tis to be Born again.

Yet I don't love to be *Pragmatical*, in cenſuring of Miniſters; I endeavour, like the *Induſtrious Bee*, to ſuck Honey from the *Flowers of Devotion*; and not like the Spider, to convert what was intended for Nouriſhment, into Poyſon. If any thing drops from the Pulpit, which I think not ſo pertinent, I cover it with the *Mantle of Love*, and ſtrive

ſtrive to remember that which is better: For as the *Divine Herbert* obſerves; If the Parſon be dull, God Preaches to the Hearers, *a Lecture of Patience.*

In the Singing of Pſalms, I labour more to have my Soul inflam'd with Love and Zeal, than to have my Spirits cheer'd either by the *Harmony of Voices, or ſound of the Organ*; and cou'd heartily wiſh that *Sternhold* and *Hopkins's Pſalms* (tho' well enough 150 Years ago) were now remov'd, and Mr. *Tate's* Tranſlation put in their place. ---As to the Receiving the Holy Sacrament, it has ever been my Opinion, that whoever participates of that Solemn Ordinance (*leſt he Eats and Drinks Damnation*) ſhou'd retire himſelf from the World for *a Day at leaſt*, and by a ſtrict recollection of his Actions, and ſerious examination of his own Life (*attended with Faſting and Prayer*) endeavour ſo to prepare himſelf, that he may come as a Worthy Receiver to the *Table of the Lord*, that ſo by the Strength he receives by that *Spiritual Viaticum*, he may be inabled to *run with Patience the Race that is ſet before him*: and therein (*through the Aſſiſtance of Divine Grace*) ſo to run as to obtain the Prize.

After the Publick Duties of the Day are over, I return to my Chamber, and enter into my Cloſet, ſpending ſome time therein, in Meditating on what I have heard, and in reiterated Addreſſes to the Throne of Grace, to follow it with his Bleſſing: Well knowing, that tho Paul *may Plant, and* Apollo *Water, yet it is God that teaches me to profit*. And if in the Evening (as ſometimes there does) a Friend comes to viſit me; I ſpend my time with him in diſcourſing on Divine things; whereby *our Hearts are warmed*, and our Affections ſtirred up to praiſe God for his Goodneſs; and hereby find the Benefit of the *Communion of Saints*, which is too much neglected, tho' an Article of the Creed. Sure I am all the Members of the *Myſtical Body* of Chriſt, have Fellowſhip with the Father and Son, by one Holy Spirit; with *Angels* in their Love, Care and *Miniſtries*, with the *Saints* in Heaven in their Love and Prayers, and with *one another* in the ſame *Faith, Hope, Word and Sacraments*; and there-

therefore ſhou'd often confer about Heavenly things, *holding the Unity of the Spirit in the Bond of Peace.*

The Operations of the Mind being in their own Nature much more fatigueing than the Labours of the Body; it's my uſual Cuſtom on Sunday Night, to go ſomewhat ſooner to Bed than ordinary: However, I durſt not adventure to go and compoſe my ſelf to ſuch *a reſt as ſo much reſembles Death in ſelf* (and from which many have awaked in Eternity) without recommending my ſelf to the Care and Protection of the Almighty; and to this I have endeavour'd always to have the greater regard, ſince beſides the *Divine Authority*, which plainly injoyns it; it's a Duty ſo clearly manifeſted even by the light of Nature, that 'tis a wonder almoſt that any ſhould neglect it. I hope you do not, Madam, take this as either *Dictating or Reproving*, when 'tis never meant ſo by me, who have juſtly entertained quite other Conceptions of you; and am ſo far from ſuppoſing my ſelf a Pattern in any reſpect for your Imitation, that I ſhould think my ſelf in danger of running into the notion of a *Perfectioniſt*, if I could but come near you.

This Madam, is the *Method* in which I wou'd ſpend the Sabbath; and is what I have endeavour'd to practiſe; tho' I muſt own, to my ſhame, with *ſo much weakneſs*, and ſo many Infirmities, that it ſeems rather *an Account of what I ought to do, than of what I have done*: For tho' 'tis my Duty to watch narrowly over my *Heart, Affections, and Thoughts, and all my Outward Actions*, and in a more particular manner ſhou'd look upon *the Sanctifying of the Lord's Day* to be *a Principal part of Religion*, yet I muſt own I have not been ſo careful as I ought, to *Sanctifie the Lord in my Heart* on that Day, or perform ſome Duties that were incumbent upon me. I have not made *Jehovah* my Fear and my Dread, as I ought; but have indulg'd my ſelf in Sloth, ſpoken my own Words, and thought my own Thoughts, contrary to God's Holy Will and Commandment.

I muſt alſo accuſe my ſelf of being too *negligent in Preparing* my ſelf to attend upon God in his Solemn

lemn and Publick Appointments, *rushing often into his Presence* without that due Preparation which he requires.

Neither have I *behav'd my self in his House* with that Fear and Reverence as I ought, nor heard God's Word with that Attention, which so *Awful a Message* call'd for, nor improv'd it to my Spiritual Nourishment, as I ought to have done.

I am also sensible, that I have been *more ready to find faults with the Minister, than to obey the Message* he has brought; and have not spoken of other Men and their Affairs, with that *Care, Charity, and Affection*, as I should have done, but rather have discover'd their Defects.

I likewise acknowledge, *That in singing of Psalms*, I have not sung with that Grace in my Heart which God's Word requires; and have had *my Ears more tickled with the Harmony of the Musick*, than my Soul inflam'd with Zeal to sing the Praises of God.

I do also confess, I have not had such Sorrow and Repentance for my Sins past, as I ought; nor have used such Diligence in the daily Examining of my Conscience, and Amendment of my Life, as I should have done.

I have also *reason to be humbled*, that I han't offer'd up my Prayers unto God, with *alacrity and fervour* of Spirit as I shou'd have done, but have been often Distracted, Slothful, and Cold in my Devotions.

I also acknowledge I have been Proud and Vainglorious in my Words and Actions.

I have not thought so humbly of my self, as I shou'd have done; nor kept my Senses in the House of God, with that care as became a Christian, especially *my Eyes and my Ears*.

For all which, and many more Errors of my Life, which through *Neglect and Inadvertency*, may have escap'd my Cognizance, I humbly beg Pardon and Forgiveness of the Father of Mercies.

Thus (Madam) with the *Pelican*, have I dissected my Heart, to shew you where the Defects of Humanity reside.

I

I have here (as I told you before) made the whole World (but principally your ſelf) my Confeſſor: *I will only add as to this Point*, That if my Tongue and Heart agree not in this Confeſſion, my Confeſſion will be of no value; he that confeſſes with his Tongue, and wants Confeſſion in his Heart, is either a *vain Man*, *or an Hypocrite*; and he that confeſſes with his Heart, and wants it in his Tongue, is either *Proud or Timorous*.

Madam, having given you ſome Account how I endeavour'd to ſpend the Sabbath in *Dublin*, I ſhall next inform ye how I ſpent my time on the Week-Days.

I have told you (in the Account I gave you of ſpending *Sunday*) that 'twas my Practice to go to Bed ſooner on thoſe Nights than at other times. I ſhall further add, That I'm no ſooner laid down on *Sunday Night*, but I compoſe my ſelf to reſt, being ſo far from being terrified with Apparitions, Spectrums, and the like, as I have heard ſome have been; who for that very Reaſon, *dare'ſt never lie alone; that I humbly Adore the Majeſty of Heaven for it, I fear nothing but God and Sin.*

When I awake, I am tranſported to find my ſelf ſo ſprightly every way; which made me often wonder, what an excellent thing *Sleep* was; conſidering it as an ineſtimable Jewel; for an hour of which, if a Tyrant laid down his Crown, he ſhould not be able to purchaſe it: That it was that *Golden Chain* which tyed Health and our Bodies together; and that while ſleeping, none complained of *Pains*, *Wants*, *Cares*, or *Captivities*. And that though the Story of *Endymion's Nap* for Threeſcore and Fifteen Years, and then awaking as lively as if he had ſlept but ſix hours, be in it ſelf but a meer Fable, yet the Moral is good, and plainly indicates the Neceſſity and Uſefulneſs of Reſt to our Natures, as inſtituted by the *God of Nature* Himſelf.

But to proceed in my Journal. In the Morning, as ſoon as the *Cinque-Ports* are open, I ſend up ſome *Private Ejaculations* to Heaven, giving God thanks that my Eyes are open to ſee the Light of another Day.

Day. After this I get up, and make my most solemn Addresses to the Divine Majesty; remembring *Randolph's* Words.

First Worship God; He that forgets to Pray,
Bids not himself Good Morrow, nor Good Day.

In these sorts of Duties it has been my constant Practice to be rather *short and fervent, than long and indifferent.* And as we ought to make use of every Just and Proper Motive to excite us to Duty, *I will humbly say,* I have been the more constant in my practice of this Morning-Duty, as principally out of a sense of my bounden Duty towards God, so also from a consideration of the Example of a Person of Honour (I mean the late Lord *Delamere*) who has left it upon Record to his Children, *That whenever he happened, which was very seldom, to omit his Duty in this Kind, he upon never so urgent an occasion, he always found some croſs Interruptions and Disappointments in the business of that day.*

Being now, Madam, to sally out into the City, under a necessity of making my self more particularly known, in respect to the affairs I went about, I will presume to suppose you might be inquisitive to understand *what sort of Figure was proper* for me to make. As to my *Cloaths*, I confess I was never over-curious, affecting always to appear more plain and cleanly, than gay and finical. The first Suit of *Apparel* that ever mortal man wore, came neither from the Mercer's Shop, nor the Merchant's Warehouse; and yet *Adam's Bill* would have been sooner taken, than a Knight's Bond now. The Silk-Worms had something else to do in those days, than to set up Looms, to become Free of the Weavers. Our old Grandsire's Breeches were not worth near the Value of *St. Stephen's Hose*, that cost but a poor Noble; *Adam's Holy-day Suit* being made of no better stuff than plain Fig-leaves sowed together, and *Eve's* best Gown of the same piece. However, it was both necessary and convenient

nient I ſhould rather appear above than below my Quality; and as ſuch I adventured to viſit my *Auction-Room.*

In the *various Emergencies* of each day, I ſend up Ejaculatory Prayers to the God of all my Mercies, for his *Direction, Bleſſing, and Conduct,* as the matter does require, and as God has Commanded, who has bid me *in all my Ways acknowledge him, and has graciouſly promis'd to direct my Paths.*

In the *Summer-time,* I roſe early in the Morning, and walk'd abroad into the Fields, finding thoſe *occaſional Meditations* (that ſuch a walk preſented me with Subjects for) proper to raiſe my Devotion to a greater Fervour; *the Beauty of the Creation,* leading me by inſenſible ſteps to the Adoration of the Great Creator, the Source and Fountain of all Excellencies. My walking along the *Strand* (a Mile from *Dublin*) gave me *a pleaſant proſpect of the Sea,* whoſe rowling Waves put me in mind of the Power of Omnipotence, who commands both the Winds and the Sea, ſaying, *hitherto ſhalt thou come, but no further.*

Leaving the *Strand,* I walk'd up a Hill into the Fields, by the ſide of *Ballibaugh-Lane* (which I thought one of the beſt Proſpects about *Dublin*) having *Heaven, Earth, and Sea, in view* at the ſame Moment, it repreſented to my thoughts the exceeding ſwiftneſs of ſpiritual Bodies, which (though far from Infinite, yet) have a motion quicker than the Eye, and ſwifter than our Thoughts. *Thus by the things I have ſeen, I have been led into the Contemplation of unſeen things.*

After about *an hours Meditation* in this Nature, my uſual way was to return to my Chamber, unleſs a previous Appointment to meet any one about Buſineſs, hinder'd me. For though I had given the *Conduct of my Auctions* to Mr. *Wilde* (who faithfully diſcharg'd the Truſt I repos'd in him) yet was I not ſo freed from Buſineſs my ſelf, as not to have Applications made to me, both by the Binders, and other Perſons.

After some time *being in my Chamber*, and having taken some Refreshment, I went to *Dick's* in *Skimer-Row*; where, after calling for a Dish of Coffee, my Questions were, Where's *Darby?* (he's *Dick's* Servant, but as honest a Lad as lives in *Dublin*) *Is there a Packet come from* England? And that which prompted me to that Enquiry, was, That I then had hopes of hearing from my Wife; distance and absence having so endear'd her to me, that I was never well but when I was writing to her, or hearing from her. But if a Packet came, and there was no Letter for me, it struck me into such a Melancholly (for fear *Valeria* was ill) that I could hardly reconcile my self to a good Humor all that day.

Madam, perhaps this will make you ask how long I have been absent from her? Why Madam, not above a Month, but am fallen already to *telling the Minutes*, and can scarce live at this cruel distance.

Methinks Madam, I cou'd pass through an Army of Beauties untoucht for one Glimpse of the *Dear Valeria* (for so I design to call her) 'Tis she *I* Love (*for why should n't I*) above Beauty, Wealth, and those Gaudy Trifles that dazzle the Eyes of others: 'Neither can S—— nor the worst of her Ene-'mies, lessen my Opinion of her. Might I talk of 'her Piety (for she's too modest to hear it menti-'on'd) I'd affirm she's so great a Scripturist that *her 'Memory is a sort of Concordance*, and the only 'one I have occasion for: *And for the rest of her 'Life, 'tis nothing else but Devotion* —— And, which yet inhances her Value, she puts me not off with a common Friendship. 'Tis true, an indifferent Love wou'd ha'e been good enough for the Man that wou'd Court her with the blaze of Gold; to the Fop that has nothing but Honour or Beauty (*that very Jest when found in a Man*) to plead for him; I loved her for better Reasons, and therefore ask for a nearer Intimacy, a more lasting Happiness;

Sence is enough, where Sences only Woo;
But Reasoning Lovers must have Reason too:
No wonder if the Body quickly cloy,
But Minds are infinite, and like themselves enjoy.

A Wo-

'A Woman of Sence (and ſuch I find *Valeria*) is 'a noble Prize, had ſhe nothing but the Treaſure 'of her Mind. *All the World is pillag'd in a Soul*; 'I'm ſure 'tis ſo, and that ſhe acts new Charms in 'every thing. Then Madam, if you ever Marry, '(and wou'd be happy in Wedlock) Marry for pure 'Love, for *Valeria* and I ſhall then be upon the ſquare 'with ye, *for we can love more in one day, than others 'do in all their Lives.* She that marries a Husband on this Foundation, will be ſtill finding new Charms either in his Words or Looks; for my own ſhare, I do aſſert, whilſt *dignified ſparks* ſeek Diverſion from their Miſſes, and devote their Lives to the idle purſuit of a *Hound or a Hawk*, I thank God my Fancy is not ſo rambling, but I can confine it to *one Dear Charmer*, to whom (if ſhe loves like me) I'll prove the *moſt kind and tender thing in the World.* In a word, I bend all the Faculties and Powers of my Body and Mind, to pleaſe and ſerve her; all I have, or can command, ſhall lye at her Feet; neither do I *love at ſo cold a rate*, as to deſire any of the Goods of Fortune, but for her ſake; and this loving Humor (as *Iris* found in the like caſe) will not only laſt for a day, or a year, but to the end of her Life; then what ſhall I do for a ſight of *Valeria*? *but it can't be had*, ſo that I am now conſtrain'd to have recourſe to *Philoſophy*, though it can ſupply me with *no other Remedies but Patience*; and the thoughts of this made me ſtill duller than I was before; but as dull as it made me, before I left the *Coffee-houſe* for (tho' Love has led me out of the way) I don't forget I am ſtill at *Dicks*. I look'd upon the Bill I publiſh'd for that Morning; then read what publick Papers came from *England* in the laſt Packet; and from thence, my Stomack (the moſt infallible ſort of Clock) having chim'd all in, I went to Dinner; which was uſually at a Cooks ſhop, a *Widows* in Crane-lane, *whom I always found very ready to pleaſe me, and reaſonable in her Demands*; a thing which few of the *Dublin* Cooks are guilty of; for though both *Fleſh and Fiſh* are ſold cheap in their Markets, yet a Man may dine cheaper at a Cooks

in *London*. I perceive in these Ordinaries, if a Man makes a Noise, laughs in fashion, and *has a grim Face to promise Quarreling*, he shall be much observ'd; but though this was none of my Talent, yet when I was set down to Dinner, I look'd as big, and eat as confidently as any of 'em all. When we had fill'd our Bellies, we all began to talk; and made as great a noise as *Dover Court*, for every Man was willing to say something, tho' 'twas nothing to the purpose, rather than be thought to have nothing to say. I had but very bad sawce to my Dinner this day; but that Madam, mistake me not, did not arise from the fault of the Cook where I was, but the Company; there being in a manner nothing that was serious among 'em; ones Talk was so lewd, as if he had liv'd in a Brothel-house; another was *Prophaneness* all over, nothing could be heard from him, but Railleries (if I may call them so) against serious Godliness; one while in Jest, then again in Earnest; and sometimes, to shew his Wit (*as I may well suppose*) with an intermixture of both. Others there were, who seemingly little believed *either Heaven or Hell*, to reward or punish; or a Supreme and Righteous God and Judge of all; yet made no bones of calling the *Dreadful and Omnipotent Being for a Witness* to every frivolous, and I may say, many a false thing; for he that makes no Conscience of *Swearing*, will, in my Opinion, make less of Lying; and it may well (if yet it be not) be made a Proverb, *A Common Swearer a Common Lyar*. Of all the Vices that are but too too rife among the Children of Men, this of *prophane Swearing* is certainly the most unaccountable one of any; something may be said for *Lying*, as that it's profitable; for *Drinking*, that it is for the good Company; of *Whoring*, that it is natural for Kind to propagate its Kind, &c. But for *Swearing*, what can any Man say? even nothing at all. Upon a *mild Expostulation* with one of the Sparks about the usefulness of it, all he could say for't was, that it adorn'd his Discourse. Good God! to what a pass is the World come, and where will these things terminate? But this Conversation (which consist-

conſiſted chiefly in Noiſe and Nonſence) was quickly at an end. For Dinner being ended, away went every one, according as his Buſineſs or his Humour led him: *Some to the College, ſome to the Play-houſe, others to Court, a few to their Shops, and* Dunton *to his Auction: When I came there, my firſt Word uſually was,* Where's Wild? *What Sale laſt Night? Call* Price. *Sir, here's your Account ready caſt up; Thirty Pounds receiv'd, and here's the diſcharge on't. Call* Nelſon, *call* Robinſon, *call* James, *call* Bacon. *Are the Bills Printed? And were they diſpers'd at the Coffee houſes, College, and Tholſel?* Thus, Madam, you ſee I was a Man of Buſineſs; and that my Province was, to have a general Inſpection over all my Servants; and to ſtir them up to their Duty with the utmoſt Application.

When I had ſpent about an hours time at *my Auction*, and had ſeen every one in their proper Poſt, I either went to viſit a Friend, with whom ſometimes I walk'd into the Fields; or elſe went home to my lodging, and ſpent my time in my Chamber, either in Reading *Montaigni Eſſays* (for 'tis a Book I value at a great rate) or elſe in Writing to my Friends in *England*. And after the ſhadows of the Evening have put a period to the Day, *I us'd to make a trip to my Auction*, and crowd my ſelf among the Gentlemen that went thither to buy *Pennyworths*; and ſo cou'd, *unobſerv'd*, obſerve how things went. And here, to do 'em Juſtice, I obſerv'd that ſeveral Gentlemen bid like themſelves, and as thoſe that underſtood the Worth and Value of the Books they bid for. And others as much betray'd their Ignorance, and took no other Meaſures for their bidding, but from the bulk of the Book, if 'twas large (whatever the worth on't was) they bid accordingly. And yet, to do theſe Right, if they had but paid for what they had ſo bought, I have no reaſon to complain of 'em. *Others* there were, that in their bidding took their Meaſures from what they heard another bid before 'em; *and two of theſe happening to meet together, wou'd ſtrive ſo to out-bid each other*, that they wou'd ſometimes raiſe but an indifferent

Book to a good Price: And these (*provided still they paid for 'em*) were very honest Chapmen, and help'd out those that went too often at an *under Rate*. But whatsoever any bid, 'twas their own *Act and Deed*; for I must do my self that Justice, to assert that I had none of those unworthy ways that have been used in some other Auctions. I had not one Setter (to advance the Price, and draw on unwary Bidders) in any of my five Sales. *For howsoever I may have been aspersed in that particular, by* Patrick Campbel, *I have that Satisfaction in my self of my Sincerity and Innocence herein, as is beyond the Testimony of a thousand Witnesses.*

Having diverted my self a while, with seeing of the *various Humors of the Bidders* in my Auction, I went away as *unperceiv'd as I came thither*, and thence retir'd into my Chamber; where, having spent some time in *Meditation*, I make it my endeavour to recollect the Actions of the Day, and *make a scrutiny into my Heart*, to see what peccant Humors have exerted themselves there; (*being jealous of my self, that I have not been so much upon my Watch as I ought to have been*) and having thus examined how things stand, I strive by an humble Confession of what I find my self guilty of, and a hearty sorrow for it, to reconcile my self to my offended Maker, and so *strike a Tally in the Exchequer of Heaven* (as an ingenious Author expresses it) *for my* quietus est, *before I close my Eyes, that I may leave no Burthen on my Conscience*. And after my *Addresses* to Heaven, by way of *Confession*, &c. my Bed is the next place, where *I know no more of my self till seven next Morning*, (*so strange is the Nature of sound Sleep*) than if I had never been; at which hour I usually digest the *future business of the day*: Yet, Madam, as sound as I sleep, I *dream often*. You know, Madam, Thought must be active, but I take little heed in the Morning, what the Visions of the Night have been (unless that Night when I dream of *D——e*, appearing to me) and much less care to remember them; but my Experience teaches me, that the overnight Thoughts come fresh upon me the next day;

and

and how to digeſt and ſettle them, was the Morning buſineſs; the main whereof, next after my Mornings Devotion, was to anſwer thoſe Letters I had receiv'd from *England*. My Cuſtom always is, to begin with that of my Wife's, and then to proceed to *D — ns*, and then to my other Relations and Fri[illegible], as near as I can, in *due order of Place and Affection*. I ſeal them in the ſame manner, only I retain that of my Wife's to be the firſt peruſed, and laſt cloſed.

Thus, Madam, I have given you a brief, but *true Account of my general Method of Living*: And by ſuch Steps as theſe (through the help of Divine Grace) *I ſtrive to climb to Heaven*; and ſometimes find my Soul upon the Wing thither, before I am aware. There is, methinks, no Object in the World that's more delightful, than when in a Star-light-night, I ſurvey the *ſpangled Canopy of Heaven*; for if my Mind happen to be o'ercaſt with Melancholy, when I look up and view the *glittering Firmament*, and hope in a ſhort time to ſoar above thoſe ſtarry Regions, *methinks I breath already the Air of a New World*; and all thoſe black Vapors that o'erwhelm'd my Soul, are fled in an inſtant: I then ſcorn this Tranſitory World, and all its fading Pleaſures, *conſidering the Vanity of the one, and the Emptineſs of the other*.

Thus ſtill my Soul moves upwards, as all the heavenly Bodies do: But yet, as thoſe Bodies are often ſnatcht away to the *Weſt*, by the rapid motion of the *Primum Mobile*; ſo by thoſe Epidemical Infirmities incident to human Nature, I am often turn'd a clean contrary courſe; *though my Soul ſtill perſiſts in her proper Motion*. And I have oft occaſion to be angry with my ſelf, when I conſider, That whereas my bountiful Creator intended my Body (tho' a lump of Clay) ſhou'd *be a Temple of his Holy Spirit, my corrupt Affections ſhou'd turn it ſo often to a Bedlam, and my Exceſſes to an Hoſpital*. But as my Sin troubles me, ſo my trouble for Sin comforts me: And I believe there is leſs danger in committing the Sin I delight in, than in delighting in the Sin I have com-

committed. In a word, Madam, I have experienc'd that the way to God is by my self; and the way to my self is by my own Corruptions: If I baulk this way, I err; *If I travel by the Creatures, I wander*: For the Motion of the Heavens will give my Soul no Rest, nor will the Vertue of Herbs increase mine; the height of all Philosophy, both Natural and Moral, being *to know my self*; and the end of this Knowledge, is to know God, the knowledge of whom, is the Perfection of Love; God being our chiefest good, and the Enjoyment of him our highest Happiness.

And now, Madam, having given you *a Specimen of my way of Living in* Dublin, both on the Sabbath, and on the Week days. I come in the next place to give you *a Journal of my Conversation*, with respect to the Occurrences I met with here; by which you may see what little occasion I gave for the *Dublin Scuffle*; or to the false *Dorinda* to tempt me to her lewd Embraces.

It was in *April* when I came to *Dublin*, and near Eleven a Clock at Night when I landed; so that it was with some difficulty that I got a Lodging for that Night; for which I own my self beholding to Mrs. *Lisle* (the Widow) at the *Dukes-head Tavern in Castle-street*, the first Place I drank at in *Ireland*. I have always *the Unhappiness of being sick at Sea*, which, though it be very irksome to bear, yet I find this good in't, that *it endears the sence of God's Goodness to me when I come to Land*, and makes me the more thankful for my Preservation. Which having perform'd as well as the Fatigue I had been under would permit, I betook my self to my Chamber, and *slept that Night without Rocking*; though in the Morning both my Bed and Chamber seem'd to me to have the same motion that my *fluctuating Cabin* had, the day before. Being got up the next Morning, I again renew'd my Thanks to God, for my Preservation at Sea, and safe arrival at *Dublin*. And now being *dress as it were in Print*, (for my business now was to see and be seen) I marched very *methodically* out of my Lodgings with two (*I can't say a*

pair,

pair of) Gloves in one hand, and a Cane in t'other; and 'tis not long ſince I had done ſowing my *wild Oats*; and now I am earneſtly hunting after *Gamp-ſeed*. You would ſmile, Madam, if you had the *Picture of your quondam friend at the black Raven*, like an over-grown *Oaf* newly come to Town, ſtaring and gazing at all the Signs, and every thing elſe in the Streets; pacing out their length, and enquiring ever and anon, *What call ye this Street? Who dwells in yon great Houſe? Whoſe fine Coach is that?* For thus I rambled through every Street, Alley, and corner of this ſpacious Town, as you'll find at large in my *Summer Travels*, where 200 Perſons will ſee their Pictures, that at preſent little expect it; but I leave 'em here, to tell ye the firſt viſit I made in *Dublin*, was to *Nat. Gun*, a Bookſeller in *Eſſex-ſtreet*, to whom I was directed by my Friend, Mr. *Richard Wild*, (whom I had left behind me in *London*) 'This 'Son of a Gun gave me a hearty Welcome; and, to 'do him Juſtice, *he's as honeſt a Man as the World* 'affords; and is ſo eſteemed by all that know him. 'He is a firm adherer to the eſtabliſhed Government, 'and a declared Enemy to *Popery and Slavery*: So 'far from diſſembling, that he knows not how to 'go about it; and will ſpeak his Mind, how much 'ſoever it may be to his Prejudice. He underſtands '*Stenography as well as Bookbinding*; and he himſelf 'is a ſort of a Short-hand Character; for he is a '*little Fellow*, but one that contains a great deal. 'And as he is a moſt incomparable Writer of Short-'hand, ſo he ſpeaks it as well as writes it; and to 'compleat his Character, He is a *conſtant ſhop-keeper*, 'without earneſt Buſineſs calls him to the *Drum-'condrah*. This *Gun* was a conſtant and generous 'bidder at my *Auctions*, where he bought a great 'quantity of Books, which he as honeſtly paid 'for.

At Mr. *Gun's ſhop*, I met with Mr. *Bently*, another Bookſeller, but his principal Buſineſs is Binding; 'whom I afterwards employed conſiderably: 'He is 'a very honeſt Man, but has met with Misfortunes 'in the World, by thinking ſome others as honeſt

as

'as himſelf, who did not prove ſo. I ask'd Mr. *Bently*, whether there was not ſome Eminence in the City, from whence I might ſurvey it? He told me there was; and that from the top of the *Tholſel*, the whole City might be ſeen; ſo we went to the *Tholſel*, where we aſcended about *half a ſcore Stairs* from the Street, which brought us into a *ſpacious Room*, ſupported by great Pillars, and flagg'd (as they term it here) with free Stone, with open Baniſters on each ſide towards the Street; its figure is rather *an oblong than a ſquare*: This is the Place they call the *Change*, where the Merchants meet every day, as on the *Royal Exchange* in *London*. In a corner, at the *South-Eaſt* part, is a *Court of Judicature, where they keep their publick Seſſions for the City*. Having view'd the lower part, we went up a large pair of Stairs into a publick Room, which had a *large Balcony* looking into *Skinner Row*; and from this Balcony I ſpoke with my Friend Mr. *Geo. Larkin*, who was then at Mr. *Ray's Printing-houſe* over-againſt it. He no ſooner ſaw me, but came over to congratulate my ſafe arrival, expreſſing himſelf very joyful to ſee me; and I was as glad as he, we having a long time had a kindneſs for each other, and convers'd by Letter, even when I was in *America*. Having ſaid ſo much of him, you'll not wonder, Madam, if I ſend ye an *Epitomy of his Character*, (intending to do it more largely in my *Summer Ramble*) 'He 'is of a midling Stature, ſomewhat groſs, of a Sanguine Complexion, and a hail Conſtitution both 'of Body and Mind; and (which I admire where 'ever I find it) he is of an *even Temper*, not elated 'when Fortune Smiles, nor caſt down with her 'Frowns; and though his Stars have not been very 'propitious to him, with reſpect to his outward 'Circumſtances, (he having had great Loſſes) yet 'he has born all with *ſuch a preſence of Mind*, as 'ſhew'd his Loſſes to be the effect of his Misfortunes, 'and not his Faults. His Converſation is extreamly 'diverting, and what he ſays is always to the purpoſe: *He is a particular Votary of the Muſes*; and 'I have ſeen ſome of his *Poems* that can't be equall'd:

'But

'But there is one thing more peculiar to him, which 'is, That whatever he does, *is upon the Account* 'Civil.

I went up with my Friends (Madam) *to the top of the Tholſel*, and there had a View of the whole City; but a Storm that then aroſe, took from us much of the *Pleaſure of the Proſpect*: But of that, and the ſpacious Chambers over the *Change*, where the * *Lord Mayor* and *Aldermen* meet, and other *Curioſities* which I ſaw there, as alſo of the Government of the City, (*by the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Aſſemblies*) I ſhall give a more particular Account in my *Summer Ramble*. But this I will ſay here, (Madam) That of all the Cities in the Kings Dominions, *Dublin* (next to *London*) does juſtly claim the Precedence.

* *For ſo the chief Magiſtrate of the City is ſtil'd there, as well as in* London.

'Twas at the *Tholſel* I met Mr. *Dell*, a Perſon 'whoſe Underſtanding and generous Temper ſet him 'above the *common Rate of Men, and ſhew him to be* 'every way a Gentleman; I could not but love him for 'theſe *Qualifications*, but much more as he was an 'old Acquaintance of my *Honoured Mother-in-law*; 'and Madam, you can't blame me for this, as ſhe 'treats me with that Tenderneſs, that I think her *my* 'own Mother Reviv'd, and I find ſhall love her as 'much. Mr. *Dell* ſhew'd me a moſt particular Re'ſpect at our *firſt Meeting*, and continued his Favours 'to the laſt Minute I ſtaid in *Ireland*, being one of 'thoſe that *were ſo obliging as to ſee me a Ship'board.*

From the *Tholſel*, Mr. *Dell*, Mr. *Bently*, and I, were going to the Tavern, but Mr. *Larkin*, by the way, wou'd have me go into *Dick's Coffee-houſe, where I had been adviſ'd by* Mr. Wild, *to keep my Audiions*: I readily agreed to his Motion, and went up, ſaw it, and liked it, as proper for my Purpoſe; *Dick* ſhewing me all the Civility I could deſire: And I muſt ſay this of *Dick*, (notwithſtanding our after Quarrel) 'That he is a Witty and Ingenious Man, *makes* 'the beſt Coffee in Dublin; and is very Civil and Ob-

'liging

'liging to all his Customers; of an open and generous Nature; has a peculiar Knack at Bantering, 'and will *make Rhymes to any thing*: He's of a chearful facetious Temper, and generally speaking fair 'in his Dealing: And had not *Patrick* assaulted him 'with the Temptation of a *double Price*, he and I 'shou'd never have quarrel'd; and yet for all that, 'I must do him the Justice to say, he carry'd it civilly to me to the very last; and was so kind as to 'come (with my Friend Mr. *Dell*) to give me a '*Farewell* when I left *Ireland*; thus much for *Dick*: As for his Wife, I shall say this, 'She's an Industrious Woman, handsom enough, one that knows 'her Duty to her Husband, and how to *respect her* '*Customers*; and in a word, is what a Wife ought 'to be; and I must own, though her Husband and 'I scuffled, she treated me always with much 'Respect.

From *Dicks* we went to the Tavern, where having drank a Bottle or two (and related the Fatigues of my *Dublin* Voyage) we parted, and went each to our several Lodgings. In my way home I was attackt by an impudent Woman, who desired me to *bestow a Glass of Wine upon her*; I made her no other Answer, than that *the House of Correction stood not far off*; at which she scower'd away with *all the Heels she could make*, seeming as much scar'd, as if she had been in the most eminent danger of losing her Chastity; when perhaps she could scarce remember the time when she had it. I hope, Madam, you do not esteem any thing I have said here, to be designed *for the magnifying of my own Vertues*; it's practicable enough for a man to make his Reputation clear and not sin; and assure your self, I am not unsensible that *self-Praise is a most odious thing* in any, and I shall ever account it much more so in my self: However it be, Madam, all my Mistakes are entirely submitted to you, who are the best Judge of 'em.

The next day I removed to more convenient Quarters, and deliver'd some Letters which I had brought from *London*. This day Mr. *Dell* gave me a meeting

meeting at *Dicks*; from whence we went to the Caſtle, the *Place of Reſidence* for the Chief Governors; by Mr. *Dell*'s Intereſt I had here a view of the Lord *Galway*'s *Bed-Chamber, and other noble Apartments*, but I wave 'em here, deſigning to ſpeak of 'em in my *Summer Ramble*; however, I'll here attempt *his Lordſhips Character*, and hope my honeſt Intention herein will ſomething attone for my great Defects; and the rather ſtill, as his Lordſhips Merits are above a *Dryden's or a Cowley's Pen*. I own 'tis a bold Undertaking, to offer at the *Character of one of the greateſt Men* which our Age has produc'd, eſpecially for one who has not the Honour of being *perſonally known to him*; however, though I can't perform this Great Task as it ought to be, yet I'll endeavour at *ſomething ſo like him*, that any one at firſt glance may ſay 'twas meant for the Earl of *Galway*, one of the preſent Lords Juſtices for the Kingdom of *Ireland*. Then to proceed (tho' with a trembling Hand) to his *Lordſhips Character*.

The firſt thing then which is remarkable in him, is, 'He is a Perſon of *ſtrict Morals, and extraordinary Piety*. His Lordſhip is advanc'd to the Honours he now enjoys, by his great Humility and 'Perſonal Merits. *The Noble Blood that has fill'd his 'Veins, has not ſwell'd his Heart*: He is as humble as 'he is great; he ſeems ſet by Heaven on ſuch a 'conſpicuous Place, (as is that of being Lord Juſtice of *Ireland*) on purpoſe to guide the People 'into the Paths of Love and Obedience to their 'God and King. In a word, he uſes ſuch an obliging meen to all, as if he thought *the only thing valuable in Greatneſs, is the power it gives to oblige*. I wou'd go on with his Lordſhip's Character, but (as I ſaid before) I find my ſelf unable for this Task; ſo that (Madam) I ſhall next proceed (for his Lordſhip's Character leads me to it) to give ſome ſhort Account of the *preſent State of the Kingdom*, according to my beſt Information, though you may wonder that *Dunton* ſhould trouble his Head with *Politicks*; but ſince ſuch is the *Cuſtom of Travellers*, Why may not I thruſt my ſelf into the Herd?

The

The Preſent Governors are, *Their Excellencies the Lord Marqueſs of* Wincheſter, *the Earl of* Galway, *and the Lord* Villers, *now Earl of* Jerſey; (his Lordſhip has never been here with this Character, though he be named in the Commiſſion;) and the preſent Government is ſo well adminiſter'd by thoſe two *Noble Lords*, that I have not heard one man repine at them ſince I came to *Dublin*. They have Officers belonging to the Houſhold, ſuch as *Steward and Comptrouler*; who on State-days carry White Rods as the Enſigns of their Office: When they go to Church, the Streets, from the *Caſtle-gate*, to the Church-door, as alſo the great Iſle of the Church, to the foot of the Stairs by which they aſcend to the Place where they ſit, are *lined with Soldiers*; they are preceeded by the Purſivants of the Council-Chamber, two Maces, (and on State-days) by the King, and Purſivant at Arms, their Chaplains, and Gentlemen of the Houſhold, with Pages and Footmen bare-headed: When they alight from their Coach, (in which commonly the *Lord Chancellor, and one of the Prime Nobility* ſit with 'em) the *Sword of State* is deliver'd to ſome Lord to carry before 'em; and in the like manner they return back to the *Caſtle*, where the ſeveral Courſes at dinner are uſher'd in by *Kettle-drums and Trumpets*. I forgot to tell you (Madam) that in theſe *Cavalcades* the Coach in which they ride is attended by a *ſmall Squadron of Horſe*; after which follow a long Train of Coaches that belong to the ſeveral Lords and Gentlemen who attend 'em.

Having given ye this ſhort Account of the Chief Governors, I ſhall next proceed to mention ſomething of the *Eſtate of the Church*, which in all its Canons are not the ſame with that of *England*; not that they differ from it in any points of Religion, but only in ſome Circumſtances of Government; which by a *Convocation* which has been ſometimes held here, may be alter'd as the preſent Exigencies require: It conſiſts of two Houſes, *viz.* The Upper in which the Biſhops, and the lower where the Inferior Clergy ſit; but they have not thought

it needful to call one ſince his preſent Majeſty's Acceſſion to the Crown. The moſt Reverend the Arch-biſhops are four, *viz.* Dr. *Michael Boyl*, Lord Arch-biſhop of *Armagh*, and Primate of all *Ireland*. Dr. *Narciſſus Marſh*, Lord Arch-biſhop of *Dublin*, Primate of *Ireland*. Dr. *William Palliſer*, Lord Arch-biſhop of *Caſhell*; and Dr. *John Veſey*, Lord Arch-biſhop of *Tuam*. And the Suffragants are eighteen in Number, of this Number Three are of his Majeſty's Privy-Council, *viz.* The Biſhops of *Meath*, *Kildare*, and *Clogher*, as alſo the two Primates. To give you a ſhort Character of them, take this, what has been told me by ſome Judicious Perſons, of as well Diſſenters as others, *That they are Men of ſuch Learning, Moderation, and Piety, that this Church had never a better Claſs of Biſhops to govern it.*

The Diſſenters in Ireland *are a very conſiderable People*, as well for their Number as Wealth; and all unanimous in an hearty Zeal for our preſent happy Government. (And indeed, ſince my coming hither, I have not heard of any one *Jacobite in the whole Kingdom.*) They have ſeveral *Meeting-houſes*, large and conveniently order'd within; and theſe are ſupply'd with Sober and Pious Teachers; among whom I think the *Reverend Mr.* Boyſe *may juſtly be named as the Chief; one, who by continual and hard Study every Day, fits himſelf with new Acquiſitions towards the happy diſcharging of his Paſtoral Care; which he expreſſes with ſo much Meekneſs, and force of Perſwaſion, as make him at once mightily belov'd and follow'd.* And one thing this Kingdom is extreamly happy in, That both Perſwaſions do ſo well agree, towards promoting the common good, as more cannot well be deſir'd; a great Advancer of which Union, is *Mr.* Weld, *a Perſon of Sobriety, Learning, and ſolid Judgment, and much admir'd and follow'd for his Preaching.*

The *Quakers* are here in great Numbers alſo, as one might eaſily perceive that would have conſider'd the mighty Throngs of them which crowded about their *Great Speaker and Champion, William Pen*, when he came hither to hold forth. I cannot hear of any

Learned

Learned Men among them, though some of them are very Wealthy, and but few of them poor; they can make use of the *Carnal Sword*, as well as those who pretend more to it; as you will believe by this Story of one among them, whose Name I forget; who, in the late War, when the *Rapparees* came towards *Edenderry*, near the Bogg of *Allen*, in the Kings County, he, among other of the *Militia*, went forth to engage them, and put them all to the run, except those who were kill'd in the Action; among them lay one whom the *Quaker thought he had kill'd*, and rifled his Pockets; but some Months after, when a great number of them burnt Colonel *Pursefoy's* House, about three Miles from *Edenderry*, these brisk Sparks took the Alarm, and making as considerable a body as they could, march'd to *Pursefoys-place*, where they found many of the *Irish*, who had made themselves drunk with the Colonels strong Beer, fast asleep in the Ditches; the *Quaker*, who never was backward in such Attempts, finds the same Fellow whom he thought he had formerly kill'd, half tipsie, and in his Arms; he call'd him by his Name, saying, *Verily I thought I had of late slain thee?* but now find my Mistake; wherefore I purpose to make sure work, and hinder thee from Rising any more; and so immediately knockt him down with a *Poll-Ax* which he used always instead of a Sword; and then cut off his Head. Poor *Teig* never offer'd at any Resistance, nor endeavour'd to save himself by flight, but stood to die like a Fool.

Our Red Letter'd Gentlemen were never under such Circumstances here, as now; for all their *Bishops and Regular Clergy* are banish'd by Act of Parliament, which makes it Death to find any of them return'd again. So that now they are wholly depending on the Seculars, and every Parish is allow'd his Priest; but when he dies, there being *none to Ordain a new one*, it must remain without; and this will be the *State of the whole Kingdom* in a little time, when the present set of Priests shall be extinct. They have also another Law, That no Papist

piſt ſhall keep a School, nor any one Native of a Foreign Education be admitted to dwell in the Kingdom; ſo that by theſe Acts I think it will appear plain enough, that the *Romiſh Religion is on its laſt Legs in Ireland*; and the preſent Romaniſts who ſurvive their Prieſts, muſt conform to the Proteſtant Religion, or live and die without the Exerciſe of their own. I do not pretend to make my Judgment upon theſe Methods; but I think the next Age will have few People inclinable to any more Rebellions againſt *England*; and ſome of the Papiſt Lords have put their Children to be Educated in the Proteſtant Faith; and ſeveral Gentlemen have lately abjur'd the Romiſh.

Theſe Ghoſtly Fathers were to tender themſelves on the firſt day of *May* for Tranſportation at *Dublin*, *Cork*, &c. where their Names were enter'd with the Magiſtrate of the Town; ye may gueſs at the Lamentations which were made at parting with ſuch *precious Jewels*; and Maſſes were ſaid, and Money begg'd for them, beſides what the People voluntarily gave without asking. One *old Fryar, called Father Kereen*, who had been a famous Exorciſt, and excellent good at helping Cattle that were overlook'd or bewitch'd, (for ſome of the vulgar are ſo ſuperſtitious to believe this) made ſale of good ſtore of *Holy Water*, which *had help't to caſt out Devils*; *and of ſeveral other conſecrated Trinckams*, by which it was ſaid he acquir'd ſuch a Summ of Money, as might ſuffice for his ſupport all his days; and ſuch were the Tricks play'd by many of them on their going into Exile, as leaving *Holy Tokens*, and taking Catalogues of their Acquaintances Names, to *pray for them all the Days of their Life*. Now theſe Kindneſſes deſerv'd ſome returns, which they never fail'd of; though whether they are as good as their words in remembring them, I leave to their own Breaſts. Before I leave this account of the *State of Religion* in *Ireland*, I ſhall acquaint you with the manner of *exorciſing their Demoniacks* (though for my part I think the Devil is in the preſumptuous Prieſt, rather than the melancholy Perſon) and

you may judge how fit such Persons are for honest Society.

'The Exorcist, before he goes to work, ought 'by way of a preparative, to confess his Sins, and re-'ceive the Eucharist; then he begins the Operation 'with some short Prayers, and tyes the ends of the '*violet coloured Stole* that he wears, about the De-'moniacks Neck; who, if outragious, must be tyed 'Hand and Foot; then crossing him, and the by-'standers, they go to Prayer, and read the 53 *Psalm*, 'and after a Prayer or two more, he thus speaks to the 'Devil: *I command thee thou unclean Spirit, whoever 'thou art, and all thy Companions, that do possess this 'Servant of God, That by the Mystery of the Incarna-'tion, Passion, Resurrection, and Ascension of our Lord 'J. C. by the sending the Holy Ghost, and the coming 'of our Lord to Judgment*, thou tell me thy Name, 'and the day and hour of thy *Exit*, with some sign; 'and that thou obey me the unworthy Minister of 'God in all things; and that thou offend not this 'Creature of God, or any of the By-standers in their 'Persons or Goods. Then he crosses himself, and 'the Demoniack on the Fore-head, Mouth, and 'Breast, and reads some Gospel, as that of the First 'of St. *John*, the 16*th* of *Mark*, or the 10*th* of '*Luke*; then falling to Prayer, he begs to be enabled 'to cast forth this cruel Devil; then lapping the 'Stole about the possessed Parties Neck, and forti-'fying him with the Sign of the Gross, he lays his 'Right Hand on the Patients Head, and cries out, '*Behold the Cross of the Lord!* (which he shews him) 'Fly from it ye adverse Parties: *The Lyon of the 'Tribe of Judah*, the Root of *David* hath overcome: 'Then to Prayer again he goes, and begins a new 'Exorcism, saying, I exorcise thee, most foul Spi-'rit, every Incursion of the Adversary, every Phan-'tasm, and every Legion, in the Name of our Lord 'J. C. ✠ to fly from, and be eradicated ✠ out of 'this Image of God: He commands thee, who bid 'thee be plunged from the highest Heavens, into 'the lower parts of the Earth: He whom the Sea, 'Winds and Tempests obey, commands thee. *Then*

when

'*when this does not ſerve turn, he falls to ſcold the*
'*Devil after this manner*, Hear therefore, and fear,
'thou Satan, Enemy of the Faith, and all Mankind;
'thou Introducer of Death, and Deſtroyer of Life,
'Decliner of Juſtice, Root of all Evils, Fomenter
'of Vices, Seducer of Men, Betrayer of Nations,
'Promoter of Envy, Source of Avarice, Cauſe of
'Diſcord, and Exciter of Sorrow, Why doſt thou
'ſtay? Why doſt thou reſiſt, when thou knoweſt
'the Lord Chriſt can deſtroy all thy Power? Fear
'him who was ſacrificed in *Iſaac*, ſold in *Joſeph*,
'ſlain in the Lamb, crucified in Man, and at laſt tri-
'umphed over Hell. Then he *makes the following Croſs*
in the Forehead of the Poſſeſſed; Be gone you in the
'Name of the Father, ✠ and of the Son, ✠ and
'of the Holy Ghoſt. ✠ Give way to the Holy Spi-
'rit by this ✠ ſign of the Croſs of our Lord J. C.
'Then they go to Prayers; and after them another
'Exorciſm is uſed like the former, wherein he calls
'the Devil many hard Names, and tells him of all
'the Rogueries he has ever committed, and bids
'him be gone for ſhame, ſince all his Tricks are
'diſcovered.

Madam, I wou'd enlarge in giving a *more particular account of the preſent Condition of the Church and State in this Kingdom of* Ireland, (for *as* I was a *little curious* in this matter, *ſo* I have met with ſuch Ingenious Company ſince I came here, as have been able to ſatisfie *my Curioſity* in theſe Matters;) but my Obſervations on the *State of Ireland* being more properly a part of my *Summer Ramble*, than what relates to my *Converſation* in *Dublin*, I ſhall drop it here, and proceed to what is more properly *Converſation*; my Deſign in this Letter (as I ſaid at firſt) *being rather to tell ye how I liv'd in* Ireland, *than to tell ye what I ſaw or obſerv'd there*. And in the Account of my *Converſation*, with reſpect to the *Occurrences* I met with there (for that's the Subject I am ſtill upon) I am next to tell ye, that having ſeen the Caſtle, and other Rarities, I was the next Sunday for going to *Church* (the Place where the *Lords Juſtices* uſually go) and accordingly thither

I went in Company with Mr. *Larkin*. After we had ſeen the *State in which the Government rides to Church* (which indeed is very ſplendid, as I hinted before) we crowded into the Church, where I endeavoured to compoſe my ſelf in the moſt ſerious manner I could, to attend the Service of God performed there. I do not pretend to retain *whole Sermons* by heart, but can have a ſatisfied Conſcience in keeping only in my Memory, a remarkable paſſage or two that ſuits beſt to the then Edification of my Soul; much leſs then, Madam, ſhall I offer to deſcribe this place of Divine Worſhip, or Deſcant upon the Auditory: but as 'tis moſt natural for Mankind, upon the *preſenting of freſh Objects*, to view them at leaſt in a tranſient manner; I found it ſo with my ſelf here, notwithſtanding the Injunctions of God, and my own Conſcience, to keep cloſe to my Devotion; but pardon me Madam, if I am neceſſitated to declare, I did not behold *one tolerable Face* among all thoſe that are diſtinguiſh'd by the Name of the *Fair Sex*: So that here I can truly ſay, *They were no Temptation to me*; and that I had no occaſion *to make a Covenant with my Eyes*: But for my ſelf, I could have been heartily content they had had a certain place of Worſhip from the Men, aſſigned them in the Aſſembly, as the *Eaſtern* Churches have, but for what reaſon I know not. But this Liberty (Madam) that I took to gaze, and make Reflections, was only while they were *ſinging an Anthem*, with Vocal and Inſtrumental Muſick, there being *two pair of Organs* in *Chriſt-Church*; of which one is a very noble one. But when the Miniſter aſcended the Pulpit, I heard him with *great Attention and Delight*: He was a Dignitary of the Church, but his Name has ſlipt my Memory. Retiring home from hence with what convenient ſpeed the Infirmity of my Body would permit me, I din'd in my Lodging with my Landlord *H*--- a Jolley Man in his natural Temper, but not very ſerious in matters of Religion; I made my Repaſt as ſhort as I could, (as is uſual with me upon ſuch days) and withdrew into my Chamber, where I ſpent the remainder of the day

day in ſuch Acts of Devotion and Meditation as were uſual with me; but I had ſome more particular Impreſſions upon my Spirits concerning the *Divine Goodneſs* towards me, in reſpect to the now ſtate of my Health, That I had been enabled to go once again to the *Houſe of God*: And I will own, to the Glory of the Divine Name, that ſome touches in the Sermon I had heard that day concerning *Thankfulneſs for Mercies receiv'd*, were very helpful to me in the courſe of this Evenings Devotion.

The next Week I went to ſee *Patrick Campbel*, to whom (by his Order) I had ſent ſeveral of Mr. *Turner's Hiſtory*. He treated me well enough the firſt time I ſaw him, *giving me my Mornings Draught, and telling me I was welcome to* Dublin: But I ſaid nothing then of the *Books I ſent him*, nor he to me; which I thought ſomewhat ſtrange. *The ſecond time* I went to him, which was the Week following; after the uſual *How-de's* were over, I expected he ſhou'd have took ſome notice to me of the Books; which he not doing, I took notice of 'em to him; and then it was I perceiv'd he had a *Natural Averſion to Honeſty*; for he began to ſhuffle at the very mention of 'em. However, reſolving to be eaſie with him, I took my leave of him for that time. *The third time I ſaw him*, he ſhuffl'd about my Books at that rate, that a Stranger in his Shop (to whom I offer'd to refer my Cauſe) reſented it: *And from that time forward* (only for demanding my own, and telling him how unfairly he dealt by me) he became my Enemy. *This, Madam, being the Perſon with whom I had the preceding Scuffle*; if by this you don't ſufficiently ſee his Character, give me leave to give it (you? which I will do impartially, and without any reſpect to the *Controverſie* I had with him.

'He is of Stature, rather Tall than otherwiſe; 'his Hair reddiſh, his Speech very broad, like his 'Country; *no Scholar, but of good Natural Parts*; 'very covetous, and extreamly proud: He had a 'very mean beginning (for which no man ought to 'blame him, for he cou'd n't help it himſelf, and

'consequently 'twas none of his fault) *but his intollerable Pride makes it necessary that he be often put in mind on't.* I have heard some Persons say, 'that had dealings with him, That they had rather 'speak to the Lord Mayor about Business, than *Patrick Campbel*; and that he wou'd not look for so 'much respect. He cares not to part with Money, 'and where he can shuffle he will: He is of *Vespasian's* Mind, and thinks no Gain is unsavoury. What 'good parts he has, he uses ill, employing 'em for 'the most part to circumvent his Neighbour. (Of 'which his *taking my Room over my Head* is an undeniable Instance.) He understands the Doctrine 'of Equivocation as well as a Jesuit; and their Honesties are much alike, only the Jesuits are the 'fairer Dealers. He pretends extreamly to Religion, and has got many a Penny by the Bargain: 'He'll commonly say Grace over a *Choppin of Ale*, 'and at the same time be contriving how to over-'reach you: *Candor, and Fair Dealing*, are things he 'often mentions (as a cover for the opposite Vices) 'but never cares to make use of 'em, unless some-'times to draw in a greater Booty.

This, Madam, is a part of his *Character*, which shou'd I draw out at length, it wou'd make a *Pack too big for a Pedlar*; but having thus accidentally stumbled upon his Original, 'twill be Wisdom to leave him where he was first found. Which yet I am unwilling to do, till I have acquainted you, Madam, that I have enough by me, *to confirm every tittle of this Character*, without referring to any thing relating to my self; for I have the *History of his Life* sent me from *Dublin* since I came over, even from the time he *sold Thread-laces* in *Glascow*, by the Name of *Patrick Ure*, to the time that *Patrick Campbel* begged Pardon of the Company in *Dublin*, for his pretty Experiment of turning *Hodder* into *Cocker*, &c. And this attested by several Eminent Persons in that City, among whom Mr. *Thurston*, the King's Stationer, is one. But having told him I'll be a generous Enemy, I intend this *History*

of

of his Life ſhall be kept ſecret, unleſs he ſhall (hereafter) provoke me to publiſh it.

From *Patrick Campbel* I rambled to the Ingenious Mr. *Ray*'s, who is both Printer and Bookſeller, and the beſt ſcituated of any Man in *Dublin*; and thence back to honeſt *Ware*'s, witty *Shaw*'s, and grave Mr. *Foſter*'s; who, as they all deſerve *an honourable character* (which for brevity ſake, I here omit) ſo I ſhall give it 'em in my *Summer Ramble*.

Having left Mr. *Ray*, I rambled to *Caſtle-ſtreet*, where *Vulcan* with his wooden Leg ſtartled me with the creeking of it, for I took it for the *Crepitus Oſſium* which I have heard ſome of our Phyſitians ſpeak of; however, I was honeſtly treated by him, and will do him juſtice in my *Summer Ramble*.

Some time after this, ſeeing the *Squire of Alſatia in a Play-Bill*, to be Acted, I had a great Mind to ſee it; for there being ſo many *Alſatians* in *Dublin*, I thought it could not chuſe but be acted to the Life: And ſo having done my Buſineſs (for I always make Recreation wait upon Buſineſs) I went to the *Play-houſe*, which Place you know, Madam, is free for all Comers, and gives Entertainment as well to the Broom-man, as the greateſt Peer: And therefore having got my *Ticket*, I made a ſhift to crowd into the Pit, where I made my Honors to Madam *N — y* (who I was amaz'd to find at the *Play-houſe*) and to two or three other Ladies that I happned to know; my next Adventure there was, to give a *Hem to the China Orange Wench*, and to give her her own rate for her Oranges; for you know, Madam, 'tis below a Gentleman (and as ſuch I paſs'd in the Crowd) to ſtand hagling like a Citizen's Wife. I found, Madam, the *Dublin Play-houſe* to be a place very contrary to its owners; for they on their out-ſides make the beſt ſhow: But this is *very ordinary in its outward appearance*, but looks much better on the inſide, with its *Stage, Pit, Boxes, two Galleries, Lenſices, and Muſick Loft*; though I muſt confeſs, that even theſe, like other *falſe Beauties*, receive a Luſtre from their Lamps

and Candles: It ſtands in a durty Street, called *Smock-Alley*; which I think is no unfit Name for a Place where ſuch great Opportunities are given for making of *lewd Bargains*: Hither I came dreſt (tho' I ſay't) tollerably well; tho' not ſo much to be ſeen, as to ſee the Follies of the Age; for however the *Theatre* be applauded by a Modern Gentleman, for the Repreſentation of thoſe things which ſo mightily promote *Vertue, Religion, and Monarchical Government*; for my part, I thought Vice, which fundamentally deſtroys all thoſe things, is here, as well as in other *Theatres, ſo charmingly diſcover'd*, as to make Men rather love than abhor it; like the Judge, who, on the Bench, diſcovering the Arts of ſome *Cow-ſtealers*, to diſguiſe their Beaſts by *altering the Figure of their Horns*, taught a poor fellow the Trick, who putting it in Practice, was brought to the Gallows; However, to give the *Devil his due*, there are ſome Actors here, particularly Mr. *Aſbury*, Mr. *Husbands*, Mr. *Wilks*, Mr. *Heſcot*, Mr. *Norris*, Mr. *Buckly*, Mr. *Longmore*, Mrs. *Smith*, Mrs. *Schooling*, no way inferior to thoſe in *London*; nor are the *Spectators*, by what I ſaw, one degree leſs *in Vanity and Foppery*, than thoſe in another Place.

For the Play, Madam, I need ſay nothing, 'tis ſo well known; 'twas pretty to ſee the *Squire chouſed* out of ſo fair an Eſtate with ſo little *ready Rino*: Yet the Diverſion was not ſo great, but that the Crowd made me more uneaſie; a thing I ever abominated, and for the moſt part made it my Buſineſs to ſhun all my days; in a word, no Church I was in while at *Dublin*, cou'd I diſcern to be half ſo crowded as this Place. I cannot tell indeed how it would have been, had they play'd on *Sunday*, as they do in Popiſh Countries, and particularly at *Rome*; where a Stranger once obſerved, all the People ſuddenly ran out of the Play-houſe into the Church, as faſt as they could, which made him at firſt think it was a moſt Religious Place; but when he came to hear the Fryar Preach, his Words, Actions, and other Geſtures were ſo Comical, that his Wonder

Wonder ceaſed; for he thought all the Actors and Players in *Chriſtendom* were a Fool to him.

After ſpending three or four hours in the *Play-houſe*, to ſee a few Men and Women make Fools of themſelves, I returned home to my Chamber, and cou'd ſcarce be reconcil'd to my ſelf, to think how fooliſhly I had waſted that time which might have been ſpent to better purpoſe.

Madam, I ſhou'd next acquaint you with a *prodigious Storm* which happened in *Dublin* about the latter end of *July*; it might indeed be more properly call'd a *Hurricane* than a Storm: It ſtrangely ſurpriz'd me, though its fury continued not above ſix hours; there was hardly a Houſe in the City, where it had not left ſome viſible Marks of its Rage (eſpecially in *Chriſt-Church-Lane*:) So that it was moe ſafe being in the Fields, than in the City at that time; the oldeſt Men alive cou'd never remember any thing ſo terrible as this Storm. But to give an account of the Miſchief it did, wou'd be too great a Digreſſion, I ſhall therefore reſerve it for my *Summer Ramble*; as I ſhall alſo a *Comical Entertainment made at* Kells *in the County of* Meath, *by one Captain* Bryan O Brogan, *Son to* Philip O Brogan, *Prince of* Cavan.

Soon after this *Great Storm*, the *Duke of Ormond* landed at *Dublin*, and from thence went to his Houſe at *Kilkenny*, where (in my *Summer Ramble*) I ſaw his Grace, and had a ſight of the Caſtle, and other Rarities, by the Intereſt of Dr. *Wood*, whoſe great Civilities I acknowledge in the following Pages. About this time the *Dublin Players*, with all their Appurtinances, ſtroled down to *Kilkenny*; after which 'twas reported in *Dublin*, that one *Wilks*, one of the beſt Actors, had *play'd his laſt part*, being kill'd in a Duel; this Report was ſo far believ'd, that an Ingenious Perſon writ an *Elegy* * upon him, which was Printed, and publickly Sold. This News of his Death was talk'd with ſuch Aſſurance, that though Mr. *Wilks* ſoon after came to *Dublin*, and

* *Which Elegy I'll inſert in my Summer Ramble.*

and shew'd himself alive, they wou'd hardly believe him. The ground of this Report (as I was told) arose from this, *That a Country-man seeing a Tragedy acted in* Kilkenny, *wherein Mr.* Wilks *acted the part of one that was to be kill'd, thought it was real, and so reported it.*

I might next mention the sudden Deaths of the *Dublin Sheriffs*; the Tragical Story of a Person that was kill'd by a fall from his Horse; and the *dismal Accident* of a Child's firing a Garret (*with himself in it*) with Gunpowder; but shou'd I relate *half the Occurrences* I met in *Dublin*, I shou'd *swell this Letter beyond measure*, so I reserve 'em all for my *Summer Ramble*; and shall next proceed (that I may render the account of my *Conversation* the more compleat) to give a particular Account of the *Visits I made in Dublin*; for, Madam, as 'tis an Observation, *That a Man may be known by his Company*, so I think 'tis not incongruous to believe that *an Idea of his Conversation* may be taken from the Persons to whom, and the Occasions on which he makes his *Visits*.

And here (Madam) I must first acquaint ye, that soon after my coming to *Dublin*, Mr. *Norman* the Bookseller sent one Mr. *Rogerson*, to invite me to his House; when I came thither, I found his Business was to propose the buying of the Venture I had brought over; in which, though we agreed not, he treated me very kindly, shewing me all his House, and therein *his Picture*, done so much to the Life, that even *Zeuxes* or *Apelles* cou'd scarce exceed it.

From his House he had me to his Garden, which though not very large, is to be much admir'd for the *curiousness of the Knots, and variety of choice Flowers that are in it*; he being an excellent Florist, and well acquainted with all the *variegated Tapistry* of Nature, in the several Seasons of the year. Mr. *Norman* has this peculiar to himself, that whatever he has in his *Garden*, is the most excellent of its kind: He has a Room adjoyning to this Earthly Paradise, to shelter his *more tender Plants and Flowers* from the Insults of Winter-storms. From hence he carried

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me to a large Ware-houſe, where he had a *large Auction*, preparing, as he ſaid, for Sale; though I heard nothing more of it while I ſtaid in *Dublin*.

Madam, ſhou'd I give ye this *Gentleman's Character*, I muſt ſay, 'He's *a little ſquat Man*, that 'loves to live well, and has a Spouſe who under-'ſtands preparing good things as well as the *beſt La-'dy in Ireland*; he has a *hole too much in his Noſe*, 'which I have heard was occaſion'd by a *Braſs Pin* in 'his Nurſes Waſtcoat; which when he was *nuzling 'for the Diddy*, hapned to run in it; and for want of 'a ſkilful hand to dreſs it, the *hole remains to this 'day*, and yet without *diſfiguring his Face*.

Before I proceed to the next Viſit, give me leave, Madam, being fall'n (*a ſecond time*) among my Brethren, to ſpend a few Lines about 'em, among the many I trouble you with concerning other People; they are not a *Corporation of themſelves*, but mixt with *Cutlers, and Painter-ſtainers*; and their preſent Maſter is Mr. *Norman*, whoſe *Character* I here ſend ye; with this Addition, that he never oppoſed my *Auction*.

Nor muſt I (Madam) forget the extraordinary Civility of the King's Printer, Mr. *Andrew Crook*, 'Who is a worthy and generous Gentleman, whoſe 'Word and Meaning never ſhake hands and part, but 'always go together: He is one that is as far from 'doing other Men an Injury, as he is from deſiring 'to be injur'd; and though his Circumſtances are 'not ſo great, yet his Soul is as large, as if he were 'a Prince, and ſcorns as much to do an unworthy 'Action. He is a great Lover of Printing, and has 'a great Reſpect for all that are related to that No-'ble Myſtery.

Having paid my Reſpects to the King's *Printer*, I went next to Mr. *Thornton*, the King's *Stationer*, of whom I ſhall ſay in ſhort, 'He's a very obliging 'Perſon, has ſence enough for a Privy-Counſellor, 'and good Nature enough for a *Primitive Chriſtian*. 'He treated me when I came to *Dublin*, with a 'Bottle of Excellent Claret; and if I live to publiſh

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'my *Summer Ramble*, *Patrick Campbel* shall know '(though he was afraid to meet him at the *Keys in* '*High-street*) there is not a better Neighbour, nor 'an honester Man in *Dublin*.

As I pass'd from the *King's Stationer*, I met with an honest Gentleman, with whom I was formerly acquainted in *London*; 'twas my worthy Friend Dr. *Smith*, of *College-green* near *Dublin*; his Character is above my Pen, yet I may venture to say, *He is a Man of extraordinary Sense; and the only Physitian I durst commit the Care of my Health to, in the whole Country: He invited me to his House, and when I came, gave me a hearty Welcome; and for his Treat, though 'twas very Genteel, yet nothing seemed so agreeable to me, as the Doctors Company.*

I went next to *Brides-street*, to pay my Respects to Mr. *Wallis* (a Member of Parliament) and *his Lady*, with whom I had the Honour to be acquainted (at *Tunbridge*) some years ago; I shall ever acknowledge the generous Reception I met with here, neither can I forget to characterize his extraordinary Kinswoman, '*whose Wit and Beauty set her above* '*the rest of the fair Sex, as having nothing in her but* '*what bears witness to the Perfection of her Mind and* '*Body.*

Saint like she looks, a Syren if she sing;
Her Eyes are Stars, her Mind is every thing.

I wou'd say something too of that ingenious Gentleman who is *Tutor* to Mr. *Wallis's Children*; for I found (in some Discourses I had with him) 'That 'his *Learning and Knowledge had out-strip'd his years*; 'but he's too modest to bear the Character he justly 'merits; and to speak of him by halfs, is what I 'can't approve of; so I'll wave his Character with 'only saying, *The Conversation I found here, was* '*the most agreeable of any I met in* Dublin.

Durst I here attempt Mr. *Wallis's Character*, I might say of him (as was said of the Lord *Russel*) That he's one of the *best of Sons, the best of Fathers, the best of Husbands, the best of Masters, the best*

of

of Friends, and the beſt of Chriſtians; and his Lady is no ways inferior to him for Vertue, Wit, and Generoſity. And her Kinſwoman, Madam *Mere* (not ſhe that I ſpake of before, but one I had the Honour to know at *Tunbridge*) is ſo like her in theſe Qualities, that were their Faces alike too, you cou'd not diſtinguiſh one from t'other.

In ſome Conferences I had with Mr. *Wallis* about my *Welſh Travels*, I told him I found the following Epitaph on a Tomb-ſtone in *Conway-Church*, which for the Remarkableneſs of it, I inſerted in my Journal; 'twas this, 'Here lies Nicholas Hooks of Con-'way, *Gent. the One and Fortieth Child of his Father*, 'William Hooks, *Eſq; by his Wife* Alice; *and Fa-'ther of Twenty Seven Children himſelf*: Which was a matchleſs Inſtance of a fruitful Family. To which Mr. *Wallis* reply'd, He heard there had been a Troop in *Ireland*, *wherein one Mother had Two and Twenty of her own Children liſted*. Having taken my leave of Mr. *Wallis*, his Lady, and the reſt of his Family, my next Viſit was to Sir *Henry Ingoldsby*, a Member of the *Privy Council* in *Ireland*, and a Gentleman of near Ninety Years: When I came to his Houſe, I ſent up my Name, and Sir *Henry* order'd his Gentleman to bring me into a *private apartment* where he was: When I enter'd the Room, Sir *Henry* receiv'd me in a courteous manner; I told him I preſum'd to wait upon him, to enquire whether my Reverend Father, Mr. *John Dunton*, was not once his Chaplain? and that if he was, it muſt be Forty years ago. Sir *Henry* did not at firſt remember it; but ſending to his Lady, ſhe ſent word that ſhe did call to mind ſuch a Perſon; but 'twas added, my Father did not live in the Houſe, but us'd to come often to it. I then ask'd Sir *Henry*, Whether one Mrs. *Mary Hall* did not live with him when my Father was in *Ireland*? for that in my Father's Will, was this Expreſſion, 'Item, *I bequeath unto Mrs.* Mary Hall, 'ſervant to Sir Henry Ingoldsby *when I was in* Ire-'land, *Five Pounds, if ever demanded, or ſhe be not* 'dead, *for her friendly Offices to me, during a great* 'ſickneſs *I had in that Kingdom*. I told Sir *Henry*, I

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was not put upon this Enquiry by the Executrix, but that Providence having brought me to *Ireland*, (*tho' Twenty Years after my Fathers Death*) I cou'd not be satisfy'd without enquiring whether this *Mary Hall were alive or dead*: To which Sir *Henry* did me the Honour to reply, *It was a Great piece of Justice in me*; if I had no Advantage in it my self: To which I return'd, I had not, any farther than to see to the Execution of my Father's Will. But as to this *Mary Hall*, Sir *Henry* told me, he suppos'd she dy'd at *Limerick*, she marrying thither from his House, to a Rich, but ill-natur'd Man, which soon ended her Days.

Pardon me (Madam) for the digression of this Story: I had some Hesitation in my own Breast about making this Enquiry; I was not satisfy'd that Conscience oblig'd me to it; but not being satisfy'd without doing it, I did it; and it yet appearing to me a *most Case*, because I was none of the Executor, I leave it to your Determination, Whether I cou'd be under any Obligation in that case or no? This Discourse being ended, I gave Sir *Henry* an Account of the Reason of my coming for *Ireland*; with which he was so well pleased, that he promised to give me and my Auction, all the Encouragement he cou'd; for which I return'd him my humble Thanks, and so took my leave of Sir *Henry* for that time.

Madam, I dare not presume to give Sir *Henry's Character*; to describe so great a Man would be a Theam big enough for my Ingenious Friend, Mr. *Charles Wormington*, (a Person of *great Modesty and Worth*, and perhaps, the most *Ingenious Poet in all Ireland*;) but tho' I shan't presume to *Characterise this ancient Knight*, yet I shall say (what every one does) 'That he has the Repute of a Person of 'Great Honour and Probity; and of that great 'Judgment and Experience in Affairs of State, as 'renders him worthy of the *Dignity of a Privy Counsellor*, which he has been for many years; and tho' he is now arriv'd to Fourscore, (**Ten more than the Age of Man*) yet he enjoys his Health and Strength

**Psal.* 90. 10.

'Strength to Admiration; which ſhews him to have 'been a Perſon of *great Temperance*, and perhaps '(on this Account) he has no *Equal in Ireland*, 'or it may be, in the whole World.

But to proceed in my *Rambles*: Having taken my leave of Sir *Henry Ingoldsby*, in my way home, I met with Lieutenant *Downing*, my former *Fellow Traveller* to *New England*. You can hardly imagine, Madam, how agreeable a thing it is to meet with an *old Friend in a Foreign Country*: It was ſome thouſands of Miles off, that we were laſt together; and we were equally ſurpriz'd to meet each other here: There was in his Company at that time, Captain *Anneſley*, Son to the late Earl of *Angleſey*, to whom I had the Honour to be related by my *Firſt Wife*. We ſtay'd not long in the Street, but went to drink at the Widow *Liſles* in *Caſtle-ſtreet*; whither I choſe to go, out of a Principle of Gratitude, hers being the firſt Houſe that receiv'd me in *Dublin*: After a *Health to the King*, (*and ſome others of our Friends in England*) we talk'd over our *New-England* 'Rambles: After this I told the Lieutenant of my Brother *Anneſley*'s Death; at which he was highly concern'd. This Diſcourſe being ended, Captain *Anneſley* told me, That the *Earl his Father*, had writ an *Excellent Hiſtory of Ireland*; but it was in ſuch hands as he believ'd wou'd ſtrip it of ſome of its choiceſt Remarks; and (Madam) this is likely enough; for there are ſome Men in the World, which are afraid of following Truth too cloſe, leſt it ſhou'd daſh out their own Teeth. I then told Captain *Anneſley*, I had Printed his *Father's Memoirs*; (the Copy of which I purchas'd of Sir *Peter Pett*) and he cou'd not but think 'em *genuine*, becauſe of that great Amity which was between the Earl his Father, and Sir *Peter Pett*.

'This American *Ramble is now ready for the Preſs*.

To give ye (Madam) the Captains Character, 'He is a moſt accompliſh'd Gentleman; not (as a 'Wit Obſerves) that thin ſort of Animal that 'flutters from Tavern to Play-houſe, and back again 'all his Life; made up with *Wig and Cravat*, with-

'out

'out one dram of Thought in his Compoſition; but 'a Perſon made up of *Solid Worth*, as Grave as 'he is Witty; Brave and Generous, and ſhews by 'his *humble and courteous Carriage*, that he is, and was 'born, a Gentleman: And for the *Lieutenant*, (my 'old Fellow-Traveller) I muſt ſay he has much 'Addreſs, and as great a Preſence of Mind, as was 'ever ſeen; he is moſt agreeable Company, and 'perhaps the beſt Friend *I had in America.*

After three hours ſpent in this Converſation, I went to Viſit Captain *Townley and his Lady*, as alſo one Madam *Congreve*; who were all *three* my Fellow-Travellers in the Coach from *London* to *Cheſter*: 'The Captain is a Perſon of 'Great Honour and Worth; and ſo is his Lady; but of theſe I ſhall ſay more in my *Summer Ramble*; but more particularly of Madam *Congreve.*

In my way home I call'd upon Mr. *Rob[illegible]ſon*, and his Wife (ſtil'd, *The moſt Ingenious*) 'Who, tho' 'ſhe has Enemies, perhaps as little deſerves 'em, as 'any Woman in *Dublin*; and tho' I ſhou'd get hatred by ſaying this, yet my way is, *to do as I'd be done by, and to ſpeak as I find*; but having Characterized the *moſt Ingenious*, 'tis fit next, that I ſpeak of her *Lord and Maſter*; 'He's a very ho'neſt ſober Man, and one of that great Modeſty, 'that I heard he went Forty Miles to demand a 'Debt, which yet he was ſo *civil and courteous* as 'not to ask for when he came there. But it grew late, ſo leaving this loving Couple at their *Fine Embroidery*,

I went next to pay a Viſit to Mr. *Lum* in *Caſtle-ſtreet*, (a Member of Parliament) and one of the *chief Bankers in Dublin*, whom I made uſe of, to remit my Moneys to *London*: 'He is a Perſon of 'great Integrity, has a good Eſtate, and is punctu'ally juſt and honeſt in his Dealings. And to com'pleat his Character, He's a Gentleman of Extraor'dinary Senſe, which he has the Happineſs of being 'able to expreſs in words, as manly and appoſite as 'the Senſe included under them. He treated me 'with much Candor and Reſpect, *as long as I ſtay'd*

'*in Ireland*. His chief Manager of his Buſineſs 'Mr. *Puroſoy*, was alſo very obliging, and ready to 'ſerve me upon all Occaſions.

'Captain *Davis*, who was alſo a Member of the '*Houſe of Commons*, gave me *a moſt obliging welcome* 'to *Dublin*, at the *Garter-Tavern* in *Caſtle-ſtreet*: 'If I ſhou'd attempt this Gentleman's Character, it 'wou'd be to his Prejudice; for all that I can ſay, 'will come far ſhort of what ought to be ſaid. For '*Senſe, Wit, and good Humor*, there is but few can 'equal, and none that exceed him; and all theſe '*Qualities are accompanied with great Humility*. Madam, I had firſt the honour of being acquainted with this Gentleman at *Tunbridge Wells* (the ſame year Mr. *Wallis*, *his Lady*, *and Madam Moore*, drank theſe Mineral Waters) and this occaſion'd the repeating of what *Converſation* we had formerly had at *Tunbridge*; from this we fell to Diſcourſe of the *Cuſtoms and Manners of the Iriſh*; the Captain told me, they were naturally a very generous People, and ſo kind to *Strangers*, that they wou'd go Twenty Miles to ſet a Man in the right way; and if he hapned to be benighted, they wou'd give him the beſt Entertainment they had, and even *lye out of their own Beds* to accommodate him. *To this piece of Generoſity* I might add (what was told me by a another Perſon) that they will likewiſe offer him *the convenience of a Bedfellow*, in caſe they have a Daughter capable of ſerving him: But (Madam) I will not be anſwerable for the Truth of this, which I only relate as what has been told me; and ſhou'd it be true, my Opinion is, they carry *their Generoſity a little too far*. In my further Converſation with Captain *Davis*, I ask'd him what *Eminent Writers they had in Ireland*, and eſpecially whether any of the Fair Sex? To which he reply'd, they had a very celebrated *Female Poet* (one Mrs. *Taylor*) who had writ her own Life to a Wonder, when but *Ten Years of Age*. Madam, I thought theſe Remarkable Paſſages worth noting down in my *Journal*; but nothing did ſo much affect me as a *Piece of Antiquity* that the Captain told me he had ſeen with his

own Eyes. He had seen a Woman very perfect in all her Senses (*excepting Hearing*) who said she was *under Laundress to Queen Elizabeth's* chief Laundress, and he told me he believed her to be 130 years old, which for a Woman (naturally subject to more Infirmities than Men) I think to be very extraordinary; and I believe your *Ladyship* will be of my Opinion. I had the Honour of enjoying the Captains *useful and most pleasant Company* for about two *Hours*, when Night coming on we parted.

The day following (in the Afternoon) I went to see my Ingenious Friend, Mr. *Thwaits*, his Person is the very Picture of Mr. *Dangerfield*, to whom (madam) he is so very like, both in Person and Address (*Oh what would I give for such a near Resemblance of* Iris and *D—ne!*) that I may well affirm, If you have seen one, you have seen the other: And having said this, I need not tell you what an Extraordinary Man he is: 'Mr. *Thwaits* is a Gentleman of a very obliging Temper, and I believe is as 'generous to Strangers as any Man in *Dublin*; he 'may, without Complement, be called *an accomplish'd Person*; he can do almost every thing, and 'tis hard to say what he does with the greatest 'Grace. And as to Wit, I was really afraid to hold 'any Argument with him, for I found he *cou'd say* 'what he *wou'd*, and *prove* what he *said*; and in this 'too, he resembles the Ingenious *Dangerfield*. In 'this alone Mr. *Thwaits* has the Advantage, That his 'whole Life has been so unblemish'd, even Envy 'her self can't fix a Blot upon him. His Lady is an 'Extraordinary Person, worthy of such a Husband; 'and they both gave me a very generous Welcome, 'worthy of themselves. *In our Conversation*, I affirm'd, *That a Good Wife generally, if not always, makes a good Husband*; which is undoubtedly matter of Fact: For tho' we suppose the Husband to be the worst of Men, and one that abuses his Wife in a *villanous manner*; yet his Spouse, if she be a good Wife, by her meek and patient suffering under such Abuses, cannot but some time or other (*as long as he's a Man*) be overcome by the Patience of his

Wife,

Wife, and at last be brought to compassionate her Wrongs; and in time this Compassion may turn him to the ways of Vertue: But then she must be *as well a good Wife, as a good Woman*; for there are many Pious Women that are far from being good Wives. She must be one that's of a good Humor, and always appear so to her Husband; and if in time this does not make a *Husband* better, he ought to be herded with the Brutes, and not reckon'd amongst humane Creatures. And yet after all (Madam) I am afraid that some such Brutes there are in the World; but this will make nothing at all against my Assertion, because there is *no general Rule, but admits of some Exceptions.*

My next Visit was to the Lady *Sands*, (Mr. *Thwaits* Sister) I had the honour to meet her first at Mr. *Shaws* (a Bookseller on *Corkhill*) where she invited me to her House (here I had the good luck to meet my ingenious Friend Mr. *Thwaits* a second time.) '*My* '*Lady Sands is a Person of great Piety, and extraor-* '*dinary Sence; and I found in those few Minutes, I* '*had the Honour to enjoy her Company, that her Hus-* '*band is as happy in a tender, discreet and obliging* '*Wife, as any Gentleman in the Kingdom of Ireland.* In this Visit I had the Favour of some Discourse with her eldest Daughter, whose *Beauty, Vertue, and good Humor is equal to that of the best Ladies in Dublin.* The *Lady Sands* Husband is Mr. *Clarkson*, Son to *Mr. David Clarkson*, the late Nonconformist, so deservedly famous for his *learned Works*. This Gentleman I was formerly acquainted with, and if I don't mistake, he was in *New-England* in that very year that I *rambled* thither; but though we had been *old Acquaintance*, I mist him in this *Visit*, and never had the Happiness to see him, whilst I was in *Ireland*. At taking my leave of my *Lady Sands*, she was pleased to send Recommendations by me to her *Mother-in-Law*, now in *England*.

From my *Lady Sands* House I went directly to my *Auction*, and in my way thither I met the *Ingenious* Mr. *Wright*, an Ensign in the Army, but a Person of great Perfections, both of Body and Mind. Madam,

this Gentleman reconciles the *Lyon* and the *Lamb* exactly; for being a Commission Officer, in the Field he seems *made only for War, and any where else for nothing but Love.* "He is naturally brisk and gay, 'yet one of a very compassionate Temper; and I 'see by him that *Pitty never looks so bright as when* 'it *shines in Steel*. But why do I praise particular 'Vertues, when he excells in all? He does nothing 'but what looks very handsom, and there is a *Charm* 'in the meanest, and something most bewitchingly 'pleasant in the most indefensible of his Actions. He was much surpriz'd to see me in *Ireland*; for he was Brother to one that had been my Apprentice, which was the Original of our Acquaintance: We met again by appointment that Night at the Tavern, with one Mr. *Young*, *a Gentleman of the College*, and another Gentleman to me unknown. The Ensign told me, he had that day the Honour of Dining with her Grace, the *Dutchess of Ormond*, which led us to discourse of the matchless Vertues of that Noble Lady, and other Subjects which I now forget. Mr. *Young* also oblig'd me so far, as to settle a *particular Friendship* with me; and I wish I deserv'd the Honour he did me in that matter; for he's a Gentleman of *great Humility*, and I believe (*if I may judge by those few Minutes I spent in his Conversation*) never read of a Vertue, which he did not forthwith put into Practice. One part of our Conversation related to the *Ensign*, who though the Possessor of so many Excellencies, yet continues a single Man, which gave us occasion to wonder, that none of the *Dublin Ladies had ingross'd so rich a Treasure to themselves.* We had appointed another Meeting before I went away, to drink my *Boon Voyage*; but *Wind and Tide* (which stays for no Man) hurry'd me away; so I was disappointed of my intended Happiness, and forc'd to be so rude as to leave *Dublin*, without taking leave of some other Friends.

Having left the Ensign (and my new Friend Mr. *Young*) I went next to pay my Respects to the Reverend Mr. *John Boyse*, whose *ingenious Au-*

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ſwer to Biſhop *King*, and ſeveral others of his curious Compoſures, have ſo juſtly recommended his *Learning and Piety* to the World. Madam, I have already ſent you this *Gentleman's Character*, and ſhall ſpeak further of him in my *Summer Ramble*. He gave great Encouragement to my Auction, as well for my own ſake (as he was pleas'd to tell me) as for my Reverend Father-in-law, Dr. *Anneſley's*. He is now Preaching on the *Four laſt Things*: His Subject was *Heaven*, when (Mr. *Larkin*, and) I heard him; and he Preach'd in ſuch an extraordinary manner on that Subject, as if (with St. *Paul*) he had been in the *Third Heaven* himſelf, and was return'd to relate what he had ſeen.

I next Viſited Mr. *Sinclare*, another Nonconformiſt Miniſter, in *Dublin*. 'He is a moſt *affectionate* 'Preacher, and a Perſon of a ſweet Diſpoſition, and 'extreamly obliging: He gave me a hearty welcome to his Houſe, having been before acquainted with me at *Briſtol*. Some Diſcourſes we had about *Perſecution*, occaſion'd him to tell me, that a Nonconformiſt Meeting was ſuppreſt at *Gallway* by the Magiſtrates there, whilſt a *Popiſh Meeting* was ſuffer'd to be kept unmoleſted. He ſpake very honourably of my *Father-in-law*, Dr. *Anneſley*: And promis'd me, if I came again, I ſhou'd have all the Encouragement that he cou'd give me. I heard him preach on the 30*th* of *September*, on *Mark* 9. 24. *about Faith*, on which he made an Excellent Sermon.

Nor was my Happineſs leſs in being acquainted with Mr. *Emlyn*, who is Mr. *Boyſe's Aſſiſtant*. I met this Gentleman ſeveral times at my Auction; ſo that I find he was one of my Benefactors. 'He's 'a very *ſolid*, *rational*, *judicious Divine*, and lives 'the Doctrine he Preaches. I heard his Sermon to the *Society for Reformation*, at *New-Row*, on 1 *Sam.* 2. 30. This Sermon is ſince Printed, and I wiſh (Madam) I cou'd ſend it to ye; for ſome that have read it, ſay a *better Sermon was never publiſh'd*.

As to the Reverend Mr. *Nathaniel Weld*, though I had no Perſonal Acquaintance with him, yet I went

ſeveral times with Mr. *Larkin* to hear him; once more particularly, when he preach'd on the 130th *Pſalm*, about *Forgiveneſs*; his whole Sermon was very excellent, but I took more particular Notice of the following Paſſages; *We live upon Forgiveneſs every day: What Joy would Forgiveneſs make in the black Regions! The Devils never had the offer of a Saviour; but we are ſtill in the Land of Hope.*

Madam, I have already given you a ſhort Character of this *Pious, Learned, and Excellent Preacher*, and ſhall ſay no more of him here, but in my *Summer Ramble* I ſhall give his and his *Brethrens Characters* at large; for, Madam, to confeſs the truth (*tho' I go now and then to hear a Divine of the Church* of England, as I told ye before) yet that I more frequently hear the *Diſſenting Miniſters*: I don't know how your Ladyſhip will reliſh this? for I don't remember in any Diſcourſes we had in *Dublin* (*where I had firſt the Honour of being known to you*) that you ever mention'd your going to any Meeting; but whatever *your Practice or thoughts* are in this reſpect, I muſt acquaint you, that I practiſe nothing that I think unlawful; and am very willing (when your Ladyſhip has anſwer'd thoſe *Twelve Hundred uncommon diverting Subjects that I intend to ſend ye in ſo many diſtinct Letters*) to defend my *Practice in this matter*; for (Madam) there are but Thirty Nine *Articles of the Church of England*, and the *Presbyterians* (who are a Religious and Conſcientious People) approve of Thirty Six of 'em, and the reſt are (juſtly) call'd *indifferent*; ſo that (Madam) if *hereafter* you'll give me leave to write to ye on this Subject, I ſhall endeavour to prove (*in ſeveral Letters*) that my going now and then to a Meeting is no *unneceſſary Separation, or any departing from the True Church.* (For ſuch I eſteem the Church of *England.*)

Madam, having viſited the *Nonconformiſts*, my next Ramble was to Mr. *Harman*, a young Gentleman, and Son to *Colonel Harman*, (*a Member of the Houſe of Commons.*) In this Viſit, my Friend Mr. *Larkin* was with me; where, after mutual Salutations,

(and

(and ſitting down by a good Fire) we fell into a pleaſant Chat, firſt of *Antipathies in Nature*; and here Mr. *Herman* told us a Story of a Gentleman that bought a Muff; This Perſon had a *natural Antipathy againſt Cats*, and therefore deſir'd the Furtier, who ſold him the Muff, that it ſhou'd not be lin'd with any *Cat-skin*; which the Furrier (who liv'd in *Eſſex-ſtreet*) aſſur'd him it was not; upon this the Gentleman bought it, and deſign'd to wear it home, but by that time he came to *Crane-lane* (which was not above a Bow-ſhot from the Furriers) the Gentleman fell into a *Swoon*, and was taken up for dead; but upon the taking away the Muff, he came to himſelf again; but fell into a great Rage againſt the Furrier, threatning to kill him; which he having notice of, got out of the way.

Mr. *Harman's* Diſcourſe being ended, I next told the Story of my *Averſion to Cheeſe* when I was young; and how my Father's cauſing me to eat it unknown, had like to have kill'd me; which *Averſion* notwithſtanding, I afterwards overcame, and now love Cheeſe as well as any Man. We then diſcours'd of the *Antipathy that Cats have to Men*; and of their taking away Mens Breath when aſleep, with other things to that purpoſe: This led us to talk of *Sympathy*, and the Wonders thereof; and more particularly of *Sir Kenelm Digby's Sympathetical Powder*, and the great Cures wrought by it. From hence we fell to talk of a third Wonder in Nature, *viz. Men walking in their Sleep*; of which Mr. *Larkin* gave a memorable Relation of a Houſe ſuppoſed to be haunted; which was only occaſioned by one of the Gentlemans Daughters, *who walked in her Sleep every Night*; which was at laſt diſcover'd by a Stranger's having Courage enough to lie in the Room ſaid to be haunted: This naturally led us in the fourth place, to talk of *Apparitions*; and here Mr. *Harman* aſk'd me what I thought of a *Spectrum's aſſuming a Humane Shape*? I aſſur'd him they might; and to confirm this, told him the Story of one *Joſeph Chambers*, who appear'd to

* *Mary Gossam* (with whom I was well acquainted) in that very *Night-Cap* which she put upon his Head when she had laid him out.

* *This* Mary Gossam *is still living.*

This Story of *Chambers* appearing after his Death, led Mr. *Larkin* to tell another of an *Apparition* he had seen in *Staffordshire* in his Youth, which he thought had been a *living Woman*, till he saw it vanish; adding, That he look'd upon the *seeing of Spirits, and their appearing to Persons after Death, to be the next degree to Atheism.*

After about two hours spent in such *agreeable Conversation*, we took our leave of Mr. *Harman*, 'Who is a Gentleman of a fine Presence, and of 'a most sweet and affable Temper. He is now in 'the *Bloom and Beauty of his Youth*; and his great 'Ingenuity and close Application to his Study, do 'justly render him the *growing hopes of his Father's* 'Family, and may in time to come, render him an 'Ornament to the College.

I am afraid, *Madam*, I shall tire you with this tedious Relation of my *Visits*; but I hope your *Goodness* will pardon me; for 'tis necessary to be thus particular, that I may silence the lying Tongue of *Patrick Campbel*, who has had the Impudence to say, That I kept Company in *Dublin*, with none but a *Kennel of Scoundrels*: Whereas you see (by the Visits I made) That I was not acquainted with one *Scoundrel* in *Dublin*, except himself, and the *Brass* in *Copper-Alley*.

This naturally brings me to acquaint your *Ladyship*, That among those I Employ'd to bind up *Books for my Auction*, 'I had to do with one that I call 'Brass, *a Man poor and Proud, unacquainted with* 'Honour or good Manners; to supply the want of 'which, he is well furnished with Conceit and Im-'pudence. Being thus qualified, he was look'd upon by St. *Patrick* as a fit Tool for him; and accordly chosen for his *Auctioneer*, though he knew not how to read the Title of a *Latin Book*. But the Gentlemen of *Dublin*, who had been genteely treated with

with *Wit and Senſe at my Auction* by Mr. *Wilde*, could not bear with the groſs Ignorance of a *Braſs Hammer*; ſo that *Patrick* was forc'd to diſcard him in a Weeks time, and *put a better Man* * in his Place. This *Braſs* knowing the neceſſity I was under of having my Books bound in order to ſale, reſolves to make me pay a rate for Binding, not only beyond what was given in *London*, but even beyond what was given by the *Bookſellers of Dublin*: I found, Madam, I was in his hands, and remember'd the Proverb, *That he that's in a Boat with the Devil, muſt land where he can.* There was a Neceſſity of having my Books bound, and I was forc'd to comply with his unreaſonable Rates. How this conſiſted with *Juſtice and Equity*, I leave you to judge; but thoſe were things *Braſs* never troubled his Head about; for when he brought me in his Bill, he over-charg'd even his own *unreaſonable Agreement*, which I refus'd to pay; but offer'd to refer it to one *Mr. Servant* (a Binder in *Golden-lane*) with whom I had made the ſame agreement as I did with him; but *Servant* being a very honeſt man, *Braſs* refus'd to have the thing decided by him, becauſe then he was ſure 'twould go againſt him: And therefore this Fellow (who for his Impudence I call the *Braſs in Copper-Alley*) ſerves me with a Token from the Lord Mayor, to appear before him, which I accordingly did; (as I formerly hinted in *p.* 104. of the *Dublin Scuffle*) and having told his Lordſhip what I had offer'd, he was pleas'd to ſay, *It was a very fair Propoſal I made him*, and ſo diſmiſs'd us both, which was all he got by his *Two-penny Token*.

* *Mr. Sham* of *Cork-hill.*

Having done with this *Scoundrel* (to uſe St. *Patrick's* Phraſe) I will next give you an Abſtract of Mr. *Servant's* Character, who, though of the ſame Function, is the direct Antipodes to the *Braſs* of *Copper-Alley*; this being as eminent for *Honeſty, fair Dealing, Truth, and Juſtice*, as the other is for *Pride, Conceit, and Ignorance*. But Mr. *Servant's* Reputation does not need a Foil to ſet it off: For he

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'is well known in *Dublin* to be all that I here say. 'But I shall add to the good Character he has 'already, that I never met with a more scrupulous, 'or conscientious Man in my whole Life; he's punctual to his word in the smallest matters, and one 'that manages all his Affairs with Discretion: Courteous and affable in his Conversation, and ready 'to do every one what good he can. In short, his 'Life is the *Exemplar of a Christian Practice*. But leaving *Thomas*, *&c.* hard at work, (for he's a very industrious Man)

My next Visit shall be to Mr. *Jey*, an Eminent Lawyer in *Dublin*. He was a Benefactor to my Auction, and my very sincere Friend: And to say the Truth, whatever the Lawyers are in other Countries, yet in *Ireland they are the best Gentlemen and the best Christians*.

From hence, to close the Evening, I went to take a Dish at *Patt's*, 'who is a fair-condition'd Man, 'and very obliging to all his Customers: *Loving to 'do business without making a noise on't*. 'Twas here 'I sometimes met with Mr. *Pitts*, an honest and ingenious Attorney, a Man of good Worth, and unblemish'd in his Reputation. Madam, he talks 'finely (dresses his Thoughts in curious Language) 'and has good Nature in his very Looks; he is a 'true lover of the present Government, and a brave 'Assertor of English Liberties, in opposition to Popery and Slavery. I wou'd say more of the ingenious *Pitts*, but that I shall meet him again in my *Summer Ramble*.

Madam, just as I left *Patts*, I met with my worthy and ingenious Friend, Dr. *Wood*, Physician in *Kilkenny*, with whom, and Dr. *Smith*, I spent some agreeable Hours, of which expect a fuller Account in the conclusion of this Letter; and also in my *Summer Ramble*, where you'll also meet the Discourse I had with a Gentleman about the Earl of *Meath's Hunting Pigg*, which will be very diverting.

And now Madam, as your *several Directions* to me inform'd you of the changing of my Lodgings, so I think it proper here to give you my *Reasons* for so doing. My

My firſt Lodging was at a *Counſellors in Wine-Tavern-ſtreet*, who being in ſome danger of *overtaking the Law* (for he had out-ran his own Practice) left his Houſe, and as 'tis ſuppos'd, the Kingdom too. Yet I muſt ſay, 'As to his Converſation, he's a Gentleman; (tho' under a Cloud) and ſings (I'll find out a kinder, a better than ſhe, beyond any Man in *Chriſtendom*;) and as for his Lady, ſhe deſerves the following Character; 'She's *diſcreet and witty, the beſt of Wives*; and I 'hear, has the Name for being a Beauty; 'tis true, I never thought her ſo, but I am no Judge I find; for ſhe's *bright and fair*; and thoſe that admire a R--d Colour, cry, *there's no Snuff but in her Eyes*; but as famous as ſhe is for *Beauty*, I muſt own, while I liv'd with her, I ſaw nothing but what was *Modeſt and Honourable*; and I ſhall ever have ſome Kindneſs for Counſellor *H*--- as he was the occaſion of my being acquainted with my worthy Friend, Mr. *William Wainwright*; 'who, tho' he lives a 'Batcheler, is a Perſon of *ſtrict Modeſty*, and has the 'ſymptoms of a good *Chriſtian*; for he's ſincere in 'what he ſays, and is as *Religious in all his Actions*; 'and to crown his Character, he's a Perſon of great 'Humility, and of a *moſt ſweet natural Temper*; 'and (Madam) I muſt ſay, there's no *Vertue I'd wiſh in a Friend*, but I find it in *William Wainwright*. He was the firſt Acquaintance I had in *Dublin*; and we were ſo little weary of one another, that he was one of thoſe that ſaw me a *Shipboard* (when I left *Ireland*) tho' to the hazard of his Life, for I ſail'd in a ſort of a Storm.

'*Tis a Line in a New Song.*

And as I thank *H*--- for bringing me acquainted with this worthy Gentleman, ſo I'm oblig'd to him for the favour he did me in firſt making me known to the vertuous and ingenious *Mrs. Edwards*, whoſe Character (Madam) I ſhall here give you.

'She's a Country Gentlewoman, of admirable Perfections of *Body and Mind*; modeſt to the higheſt 'degree, and of a moſt agreeable Converſation; 'with which, for my own part, I was very much 'delight-

'delighted; and I am ready to flatter my self, mine 'was not altogether ungrateful to her; and how 'can you blame me (Madam) to think thus, since 'a Lady of *your Quality* has not disdain'd to grant 'me the honour of a Correspondence with you.

Apelles, the famous Painter of *Greece*, when he was to draw *any curious Picture*, wou'd have several *celebrated Beauties* before him, that he might draw an *Eye* from this, a *Mouth* from that, and a *Mein* from t'other, *&c.* Had Mrs. *Edwards* liv'd in the time of *Apelles*, he need not have *hunted about for Beauties*, for he had found 'em all in this vertuous Person; so I'll descend (for my general Character don't set her in a full Light) to a more *particular Description* of her.

"And I'll begin first with her *Face*, which is neither 'oval nor long; her Hair is black, or near it (and 'then I need not tell ye 'tis charming.) As to her '*Eyebrows*, they are a great Ornament to her Face, 'and look as exact as if the Hand of *Art and Nature* had been at Work. Excellently well proportion'd is her Nose, not sharp nor big; but gives a 'noble Air to her Face. Her *Mouth* little and pretty; her *Lips* of a charming Red;

And do like to the Twins of Cupid's *Mother,*
Still kiss, because in love with one another.

'Her *Teeth* are even and well set, and look as 'white as *Snow*. Her *Eyes* (her tempting Eyes) 'full of fire and briskness, and temper'd with an attractive languishing. As to her *Neck and Breasts*, 'they are the best sized that ever you saw, and of 'a *dazling whiteness*, as well as her Arms and Hands. 'As to her Body, 'tis small, and of a curious shape, 'and is supported with *handsom Legs*, as I do believe (for I never saw 'em.) As to her *Stature*, 'she is of a little pitch; and is so neat, so free, so 'disingag'd, that there's few like her; (save *Rachel* 'Seaton, whose Picture she is) and Mr. —— who 'unsuccessfully attempted her Chastity, swears at 'her Vertue, and often wishes she had fewer Charms.

'She

'She hath a noble *Air in her Walk*, and has the Dreſs, Looks, and Behaviour of a Gentlewoman; and wants nothing but a Fortune to make her ſo: In a word, ſhe has ſomething ſo *diſtinguiſhing in her whole Perſon*, that when ſhe was ſingle (for you'll hear by and by ſhe's marry'd) ſhe more diſtreſs'd her Husband's Liberty, than others did with all their *Art, and more curious Dreſſes*; ſo much for her Perſon.

'As to her Mind, which is the Charm of Charms (you know Madam, I ever thought ſo) ſhe's Pious, but not a jot reſerv'd; and has more Devotion in her Heart than Eyes. As to her Wit and Singing, it ſo ſtrangely ſurpriz'd me that day ſhe went with the Counſellor to *Malbide* (which *Adventure* you'll have in my *Summer Ramble*) that I am hardly yet come to my ſelf; for I cou'd not conceive how a Female cou'd have (in that mean Cabin * where ſhe dwells) all the *Politeneſs and Accompliſhments of a Court*. As to her Heart I can ſay nothing, and 'tis not fit I ſhou'd; but (Madam) this I'll ſay (by being a *Platonick Lover*; for I am the ſame in *Dublin* as I was in *London*) ſhe allows me all the Liberty I ask, or Vertue will give, which can't be much; for I have a Wife of my own, that's (far) *more charming in my Eye*, and one I love above all the World; beſides, I am by *Nature as cold as Ice*, and I believe (if I may truſt my *Eyes and Ears*) that ſhe's Chaſt, ſo much as in Thought. And as ſhe's very Innocent, ſo of conſequence very *Charitable*, and *ſpeaks ill of nothing*. Madam, ſhe has other *extraordinary Qualities* I cou'd tell you of, (for this is but a haſty draught of this Excellent Perſon) but here's enough to ſhew what Mrs. *Edwards* really is, and what all her Sex ſhou'd be.

* *At Bally Many.*

And now Madam, who'd think that a Perſon of ſuch Vertue, ſhou'd have any Enemies? But as *Dryden* ſays, *The Butt of Envy ſtill is Excellence*; and ſhe is not without ſlander, tho' (I had almoſt ſaid) ſhe as little deſerves it as Vertue it ſelf; but

but the *very Reflections* she meets with (as well as her real Vertues) do but add further to her good Character; for 'tis none but *Scoundrels* (I mean such as wou'd corrupt her Vertue and can't) that give her an ill word; she's *proof against the blaze of Gold*: Then no wonder if a *Town-Bull* (such a one as *A--S--*) shou'd abuse that Vertue he can't debauch: Such as these reflect on a Woman, not because she's lewd, but because they find her too Spiritual (too *Platonick*) for their Embraces; 'tis this, like *Esop*'s Fox, makes 'em cry, *the Grapes are sower*. But the bad word of a lewd Person is the best *Encomium* a Vertuous Woman can have; for 'tis by the Judgment of Sober People that a Reputation stands or falls; and by all such Mrs. *Edwards* was highly valued. I am told, that no less a Person than the Countess of *Meath*, honoured her with a tender Friendship: The Lady *Davis*, and Madam *Gilbert* do the same; and she's as kindly receiv'd in Mr. *Usher*'s Family: Mr. *Meeges* and his Wife (Persons of great Piety) scarce covet any other Company. Mrs. *Brown* at the *Currow* has a particular Friendship for her; Mrs. *Parsons*, Mrs. *Ware*, Mrs. *Ryley*, have the like; and wherever she boards, they are scarce easie a minute without her. Then Madam, I shan't ask your Pardon (or *Valeria*'s either) for my giving this tender Character of Mrs. *Edwards*; for as you are both Vertuous Persons, you'd surely be angry with me, shou'd I forbear praising what so much deserves it. Besides, I am mistaken in both of ye, if your great Innocence don't set you above suspicion; ('tis only guilty People are Jealous;) or if it don't (to tell you the plain truth) my Innocence is too great to need my concealing my Thoughts of her; and the rather still, as her Husband has said (in the presence of Mr. *Larkin*) that had he ever been Jealous of her (as he never was in his whole Life) yet that he shou'd now believe her Vertuous, *for my having a good Opinion of her*; which I don't speak out of Ostentation, but to shew her Innocence, and my own too. Thus (Madam) you see, by my *Character of Mrs. Edwards*, that

my

my Vertue is ſafe enough; for tho' ſhe's a Woman (a thing in Petticoats) yet my Love is all *Platonick*, to all, except *Valeria*. (*So Angels Love, and all the reſt is droſs.*) Really Madam, I am ſuch an Enemy to running aſtray, that I heartily wiſh *Adultery were Death*; and that it were *hanging in the Head*, *ſo much as to look another Man's Wife*: But there's no Sex in Souls; and I think it a Duty to admire Vertue where e're I find it; then ſurely none but *Scoundrels* (I mean ſuch as are Lewd themſelves) and ſo *can't help ſuſpecting* others, will cenſure a Friendſhip, *where the Body has nothing to do*; but if any are ſo vile as to nibble at this Character, *they may go about their buſineſs*; for, Madam, I have not an Acquaintance in the whole World (except your ſelf, and the dear *Valeria*) but may find *enough in his own Breaſt* to damp his cenſuring me, or that vertuous Perſon *whoſe Character* I here ſend ye.

You ſee (Madam) by theſe words, that I am a great Enemy to Complements; nay, I often wiſh (as *Valeria ſays*) that there were no ſuch thing in the World; and when *I am dead and gone*, I wou'd willingly come again to contradict any one that reports me otherwiſe than I am, tho' he *did it to Honour me*.

Madam, having given ye *the true Character of Mrs. Edwards*, perhaps you'll be deſirous to know who 'tis that is bleſt with ſo *great Treaſure*; which obliges me to give ye the following Character of Mr. *Edwards*: 'He is a Perſon of an indifferent 'Stature, neither tall, nor ſhort; and tho' no Pretender to any extraordinary Perfections, is far 'from being contemptible: *He has a Martial Countenance, and a Mind like it*, and will turn his back 'to no man in a juſt Cauſe, nor receive an Affront 'from any. He has not indeed the Politeneſs of a 'Courtier, but *an honeſt plainneſs*, that better be'comes him: His only fault is, he has been former'ly unkind to his Wife; but he has made her part 'of amends, both in a juſt acknowledgment, and 'by an extraordinary fondneſs ſince; upon which 'ſhe has been ſo generous to forgive him; and he

takes

takes it so very kindly, that they are now as *happy a Couple* as any that live in *Ireland*.

Having left the *Counsellors House*, (where I came acquainted with Mr. *Wainwright*, and Mrs. *Edwards*, whose Characters I have here sent ye.) I retreated for a little Air and Solitude, to *Arbor-hill* (a mile from *Dublin*) to the House of one Mr. *Thomas Orson*, who with his Wife (an antient couple) seem to be like *Adam and Eve in Paradise*; he employing himself in his Garden (where I have a Nosegay every Morning, my Landlady finding I admire Flowers) and she within doors in making of *Balm-water*, of which she distills very large quantities. I think my self obliged to let 'em live as long as this Paper holds, in Gratitude for those *Parental Tendernesses* they shew'd me when I languish'd with the *Bloody-Flux*; (which seiz'd me in this House.)

Neither were they less kind in curing a bite given me by a * *Great Mastiff* who had one night torn me to pieces, had not the *drawing my Sword* baulk'd his Attempt.

* *One of the Beasts I fought at* Ephesus.

Madam, *the Reason of my coming to this Country-Seat*, was my great Indisposition of Body, and being tyred with the *Hurries of Dublin*; I have in my *Dublin Scuffle* given ye my thoughts of a *Private Life*, for I am as great an Admirer of it, as your *Ladyship is of Gardens*; and I suppose you won't blame me for it; for the three first Men in the World were a *Gardiner*, a *Plowman*, and a *Grasier*; even the *Great Cowley*, that had known what *Cities*, *Universities*, and *Courts* cou'd afford, broke through all the intanglements of it; and which was harder, a *vast Praise*; and retired to a solitary Cottage near *Barn-Elms*, where his Garden was his Pleasure, and he his own *Gardiner*; whence he giveth us this following *Doctrine of Retirement*; and may (as *William Penn* says) serve for an Account how well he was pleased in his change. The first Work (saith he) that a man must do to make himself capable of *the good of Solitude*, is the very *Eradication of all Lusts*; for

for how is it poſſible for a man to enjoy himſelf, while his Affections are tyed to things without himſelf. The *Firſt Miniſter of State* hath not ſo much buſineſs in Publick, as a *wiſe Man hath in Private*; if the one have little leiſure to be alone, the other hath leſs leiſure to be in Company; the one hath but *part of the Affairs of one Nation*, the other all the *Works of God and Nature* under his Conſideration. There is no ſaying ſhocks me ſo much, as that which I hear very often, *That a man doth not know how to paſs his Time*: 'Twou'd have been but ill ſpoken by *Methuſalem* in the Nine Hundred Sixty Ninth Year of his Life; the meaning of all this is no more than that vulgar ſaying, *Bene qui latuit, bene vixit*; *He hath lived well, who hath lain well hidden*; which if it be a truth, the World is ſufficiently deceiv'd; for my part I think it is; and that the pleaſanteſt condition of Life is in *Incognito*: What a brave Priviledge it is to be free from all Noiſe and Nonſence; from all envying, or being envyed; from receiving and paying all kind of Ceremonies: our Senſes here are feaſted with the *clear and genuine Taſte* of their Objects, which are all ſophiſticated in Courts and Cities. *Charles* V. *Emperour of Germany*, after conquering four Kingdoms, *&c.* reſign'd up all his Pomp to other Hands, and betook himſelf to his *Retirement*, leaving this Teſtimony behind him, concerning the Life he ſpent in that little time of his retreat from the World, *That the ſincere ſtudy of the Chriſtian Religion had in it ſuch Joys and Sweetneſs, as Courts were Strangers to.*

Thus Madam have I ſent you the true Reaſon for my leaving Counſellor *H*---, and betaking my ſelf to a *Private Life*; wherein, not only *Antiquity* pleads for me, but the Example of *Cowley*, and the beſt and greateſt Men of the Age.

And Madam, as I am charm'd with a *private Life*, and with every day a green Proſpect, ſo there is a dainty one adjoyning (Mr. *Orſon's* Houſe), my preſent Quarters; where I often wander up and down to think *of you, and the Dear Valeria.* I told you

before, 'twas my *fortune to Travel*; and even in *Dublin* it ſelf, I am not without my Rambles: One I make to repreſent *Drapers Garden*: The other *Stepney Fields*: Another St. *James's Park*: And when I paſs through *Skinner Row* (*where the Scuffle was*) methinks I am in *Cheapſide*, and ſhall ſoon be at the *Raven* in *Jewin-ſtreet*, the only *Houſe on Earth* * *I love*. Pray Madam let me know if it ſtands in the old place; 'tis a mighty Pleaſure for us Travellers, to hear how Matters goe in *England*. But as much as I love the *Raven*, I thought my ſelf very happy at Mr. *Orſon's* (I mean as happy as I cou'd be without *Valeria*.) *But how uncertain are worldly Comforts*? For I had not (Madam) ſojourned many days at Mr. *Orſon's* Houſe, but I fell ſick (as I ſaid before) of the *Bloody Flux*, the uſual diſtemper of the Country, and many times fatal; ſo that I might have *juſt Apprehenſions* of a ſpeedy diſſolution of my Earthly Frame, I being at beſt of no ſtrong Conſtitution: To ſay I had no *fear of Death* at all upon me under theſe Circumſtances, would ſavour more of an hardned inſenſibility of Heart, and Pagan ignorance, than the Piety and Conſideration of a Chriſtian; but herein an *enumeration of the particulars of my paſt Life* was preſented to me, and things appear'd with very different Aſpects, but yet not ſo frightful, but that through the Divine Goodneſs, I had hopes left of the Remiſſion of all my Sins, upon the *ſole Account of my Saviour's Merits*; but I dare not be ſo preſumptuous, as to ſay, my Faith amounted to an aſſurance of my Eternal Salvation: Yet I may ſay, I began more ſeriouſly than ever, to conſider what I *was*; *whence I came*; *and whether I was going*? For (Madam) as I ſaid before, a *near proſpect of Death* makes the World, and all things in it, appear with a quite different face from what it did. The belief I ſhou'd now dye, made me to think why I liv'd; where I ſhou'd be buried, and what wou'd become of me after Death? I now began to review the

* *As is hinted in the Dublin Scuffle.*

the *whole Courſe of my Life*; and whether, if Time wou'd * *unweave my Life again to the firſt thread*, I wou'd live juſt as I had done?

* *See my farewell to Dublin.*

Ah! Madam, the faſhion of the World paſſes away; and a ſick-bed preſently convinces us of the Vanity of Riches, Honours, Pleaſures; *How mean and contemptible do theſe things appear in the Eyes of a dying Man*? They can't help us to a good Conſcience; give a Minutes eaſe, or ſave from the Grave: Sure I am, whilſt my Diſtemper laſted, wou'd any one ha' given me the *whole World*, I cou'd ha' thought of nothing but the *Terrors of Death*, *the certainty of Judgment*, *the Glories of Heaven*, *the Torments of Hell*, *the Comforts of a good Conſcience*; and what I muſt do to be ſaved, with the neceſſity of a good Life; and tho through Mercy I am now recover'd, I hope to the end of my Life, I ſhall think of the World juſt as I did *when I thought I was leaving it*; and to this end I deſire Death may be much in my Thoughts, and the remaining part of my Life *a continual Preparation for it*. We read of one, that every time he heard the *Clock*, cryed, well, now I have one hour leſs to live. I wiſh I cou'd imitate this good Man; however, I will look upon every day as if it were my laſt; that ſo when *Death comes in earneſt*, I may be ready and willing to dye; and after Death I doubt not but my Body will riſe again; I will therefore no longer ſpend my Hours in pampering of that which will be food for Worms. But I will not, Madam, enter upon all the *Conceptions and Idea's* I had in this Sickneſs, of the future World; ſome of 'em being perhaps more the fancy of my own Brain, than any true Repreſentation of the thing it ſelf: But it having pleaſed Almighty God to make my Illneſs of a ſhort Duration, *I ſhall from the more Melancholly Scene of Death*, *paſs to the more pleaſing Actions of Life*; and take the liberty to acquaint ye, that I now began to viſit my Friends, and to take ſome innocent Diverſion abroad: But (Madam) *no Pleaſure is laſting with me* (I find;) for I had not been long *recovered*, and able to walk

broad, but I was hurry'd from my *Dublin Paradiſe*; (I mean Mr. *Orſon's* Houſe) for Mr. *Wild* (who manag'd my *Auction*) being juſt now arriv'd from *London*, I was forc'd to remove to Mr. *Landers's* in *Capel-ſtreet*, that I might be nearer my Buſineſs; 'Mr. *Landers's Character reſembles that of old* Jacob, 'being *a plain, but ſincere hearted Man*; and his 'Wife as good a Landlady, and *one of the beſt of* 'Nurſes *for an infirm Perſon*, which was then my Condition; nor muſt I forget honeſt *Kate*, their Servant, whoſe Readineſs and Care to pleaſe me, ſupply'd her want of Underſtanding (Point-work.)

But that my Condition in my *Abſence* from *Valeria*, might truly reſemble that of a *Pilgrim*, who is continually in motion, I was forc'd to remove yet nearer my Auction, upon the Information I receiv'd of my *Porter's being turn'd Thief*; ſo that from *Landers's* Houſe I remov'd to Mr. *Cawley's*, at the *Tennis-Court* in *Wine-Tavern-ſtreet*. 'Mr. *Cawley* is 'a very humble and agreeable Perſon, civil and 'obliging to all his Lodgers; and I muſt ſay (to 'do him right) to me in a very particular manner; 'and ſo was his Wife alſo, who is a very ingenious, 'diſcreet, and prudent Perſon; and both of 'em ex-'preſs'd an *uncommon concern* at my parting with 'them, which was not until I came for *England*: Nor muſt I forget my *Kinſwoman Juggee* (as I us'd to call her) who was their truſty Servant.

Thus Madam, I have briefly given you an Account of the *Reaſons and Cauſes I had for my ſeveral Removes from one Lodging to another*; and how happy I was in meeting with *kind Landlords*. And were I in *England* again (and I caſt longing looks that way every day) I'd ſay more in their Praiſe; but oh this *cruel diſtance!* well, had I the ſame advantage of ſpeed to ſend unto you at this time in this place, as they have from *Scandaroon*, when, upon the coming in of any Ship into Harbor, they uſe to ſend their Letters by Pigeons to *Aleppo*, and other Places; I ſay (Madam) had I ſuch an *airy Poſtilion*, I'd ſend ye theſe *Occurrences* more at large.

Madam,

Madam, If you ſhou'd ask me, which I lik'd beſt of my four Lodgings, my Anſwer is, I look'd upon 'em all *as Places I muſt quickly leave*, which made 'em all indifferent to me; but cou'd I have enjoy'd *Valeria* there, I ſhou'd have given the Preference to Mr. *Orſon's*, his curious Gardens being very delightful, and his Houſe a (*private*) Country-Seat.

Thus Madam, I have given you a brief Account of my way of *Living* in *Dublin*; with which (had I had *Valeria's* Company) I ſhou'd have thought my ſelf very happy; for through the Divine Goodneſs (bating my firſt fit of Sickneſs) I enjoy'd a competent meaſure of Health; thoſe other *Indiſpoſitions* I ſometimes met with, ſerv'd only as *Memento's*, to put me in mind of *preparing for another World*; and even under them, I was *chearful and well contented*; having (tho' not exempt from humane Infirmities) no guilt of any wilful Sin lying on my Conſcience; ſo that all troubleſome Thoughts were baniſh'd from my Breaſt, and I paſs'd away my Life with great *Delight*.

And now being pretty well, I had a mind to ramble into the Country for a little *Converſation among the Iriſh* (of which more anon) and to view the *Cabins, Manners, and Cuſtoms, &c.* of the *dear Joyes*; but the Company I met in *Dublin* was ſo agreeable, I cou'd not preſently leave it; and which made it yet the more delightful (after my Recovery) I ſometimes convers'd with Counſellor *Katrus*, Counſellor *Stevens*, Mr. *Bourn*, Mr. *Boſworth*, Mr. *Crawcroft*, Men eminent for *Piety, Wiſdom, Learning, and all other Vertues*; by whoſe Converſation I improv'd my own Underſtanding; and found that the knowledge of my own Ignorance, was a *great ſtep* towards being a good Proficient in the School of Wiſdom.

When I cou'd not have ſuch Company, I gave my ſelf to Reading ſome uſeful Book or other (the *Bible* having always the preference) and afterwards to writing my *American Travels*, and *Summer Ramble*, both which I begun and finiſh'd in *Ireland*.

I enjoy'd alſo (eſpecially when I lay at Mr. *Orſon's*) the Pleaſure of walking in a *delightful Garden*, well furniſh'd with the moſt curious Herbs and Flowers; whoſe *various Colours* delighted my Eye, and their Fragrancy my Smell: Beſides which, I had the Satisfaction of a lovely *Proſpect*; Southwards, towards the City of *Dublin*, I had the ſilent Murmurs of the River *Lyffee* in my way; Weſtward I had a full view of *Kilmanum* Hoſpital, which at that diſtance (being ſeated on the ſummit of a Hill) was a very agreeable Proſpect. To the Northwards (or rather the Northweſt) I had the pleaſant ſight of a Village call'd *Kabragh*, which was pretty near; and at a greater diſtance, the fine Town of *Finglaſs*, ſeated on a Hill, where I had a *noble Proſpect* of the Sea, and of all the Ships in the Harbor of *Dublin*.

Sometimes I wou'd walk down from my Lodging to the River-ſide, which was not a Mile from it, where the *pleaſant Rills* of running Water were extream delightful.

At other times I wou'd walk through thoſe green Meadows from the end of *Stony-batter* to the *Kabragh*, which is a Village about a Mile from my Lodging, full of ſtately Trees, which gives a pleaſing ſhade, and delightful Proſpect. From whence, as I came back, I had the *Sea and Harbour* directly in my View.

And ſometimes, Madam, I walk to *Chappel-Izod*, to viſit the Lord *Clonuff*, who is Preſident of the Illuſtrious Houſe of *Cabinteelee*, and confers Honours as freely as a *Prince*, tho' with more Ceremony than thoſe of the *Round-Table*: During the time of my laſt being there, he created no leſs than *Four Noble-Men*, of which the Duke of *Froom* was one; the Marqueſs of *Swan-Caſtle* carrying the Sword, and aſſiſting at the Ceremony; but more of this in my *Summer Ramble*, where you'll have the Hiſtory of my Lord *Clonuff* at large, with a merry *Account* of the Original of the *Houſe of Cabinteelee*, and the Honours the Preſident has conferr'd; with an *exact Liſt* of the Nobility created by the ſaid Preſident.

Some-

Sometimes I wou'd for my *Diverſion*, ride out a few Miles, either to *Saurry*, *Swords*, or *Malahide*, a Place as Eminent as *Billingſgate* for Peoples going to eat Oyſters there: And that which made theſe *little Journeys* more delightful, was, that I had now, though at a diſtance, the *Sea* within my view, which I like well enough on ſhore, but not on board, for I am always ſick on the Ocean.

Sometimes I walk along the *Strand*, up to *Clantarff*, which when the Tide is in, is very pleaſant; and the next day perhaps I take a Ramble to *Donnibrook*, *Dumcondrah*, *Rephanum*, *Palmerſtown*, and whither elſe my Fancy leads me.

And ſometimes I went to the *Dublin* Bowling-Green (perhaps the fineſt in *Europe*) either to divert my ſelf by Playing, or look on thoſe that did; where I have ſeen the Gentlemen *ſcrewing their Bodies into more Antick Poſtures than* Proteus *ever knew*; as if they thought the *Bowl wou'd run that way they ſcrew'd their Bodies*; and many times wou'd curſe it when it did not. And while I thus look'd on, I cou'd not but reflect *how like the Jack is to the World*, which moſt men *covet* with the greateſt Earneſtneſs, but very few obtain. And when ſometimes I ſaw a Bowl (*play'd by a skilful hand*) lye very near her, it has in one ſmall Moment, by the unlucky knock of a *ſucceeding Bowl*, lain at the greateſt diſtance from it; and others have in the ſame inſtance, been laid by the Jack, that never thought of it: juſt ſo 'tis with the things of the World; ſome that with *Toil and Induſtry* have gotten an Eſtate, by one or other unforeſeen Diſaſter, have in a Moment loſt it all; when ſome perhaps that never expected it, by the ſame Accident that quite undid the other, were made Rich. So fickle are *Riches*, which as the Wiſe Man tells us, *Make* * *themſelves Wings, and fly away.*

* *Prov.* 23. 5

At other times, I have gone further off, and viſited ſome of the *Iriſh Cities*; and the firſt I rambled to, was *Kilkenny*, where I was introduc'd to the Acquaintance of my worthy and ingenious Friend,

Dr. *Wood*, by the following Letter, written by an Eminent Perſon in *Dublin*, and which I'll inſert here, not out of *vain Glory*, (for the Praiſes he gives me, ſhews that his *Love had blinded his Judgment*) but that your Ladyſhip might the better ſee (by that *Inquiſitive Temper* which he found in me) what variety you are like to have in my *Summer Ramble*.

The Letter I deliverd to Dr. *Wood* (from my Friend in *Dublin*) was this following, *viz.*

Dear Doctor,

THE Bearer hereof, Mr. Dunton, *is my Friend, (and as ſuch you will look upon him, as a very good and honeſt Gentleman) he goes to your Town to* look about him, *and ſee the place for ſome days; I pray oblige me ſo far as to let him have your Aſſiſtance to ſee the* Caſtle, *and ſuch other things as his* Curioſity *leads him to, for he is an* inquiſitive Perſon, *and a Man not unfit for Travel: All the Favours you do him, ſhall be thankfully acknowledg'd as done to*

Dublin, *Septemb.* 12.
1698. Your

Humble Servant, *&c.*

This Letter had that Effect, that Dr. *Wood* and his Lady gave me a hearty Welcome, and afterwards brought me into the Company of ſeveral Gentlemen of *Worth and Quality*. I came to *Kilkenny* on *Friday* Night; and the next Morning the Doctor carried me to view the *Caſtle*, (the noble Seat of the Duke of *Ormond*) of which I ſhall give a moſt particular Account in my *Summer Ramble*. And indeed the *Alcove Chamber* and *Dutcheſſes Cloſet*, &c. will deſerve a large Deſcription; but leaving theſe Noble Apartments, I ſhall next

next proceed to tell your Ladyſhip, That adjoyning to theſe Lodgings is a great Window, that gave us a view of a *Private Garden of Pleaſure*, I think finer than the *Privy-Garden* in *White-hall*, or any Walk I had ever ſeen: Being hugely pleaſed with this *pleaſant Proſpect*, the Doctor had me up one pair of Stairs, where on the left hand was the Room where the Duke of *Ormond* Dines; *'twas high Roof'd, very large, and hung all round with Gilded Leather*; the Table-Cloth was laying as we enter'd the Room; and I do think the curious foldings of the Damask Napkins, and pretty Nick Nacks that adorn'd the Table (had I time) were worth a particular Deſcription; and the *Plate for the Dinner* was not leſs remarkable; there were Three Silver Tankards embelliſh'd with curious Figures, and ſo very large, that I believe, wou'd his *Grace* have given me one of 'em, I cou'd ſcarce have dragg'd it to my Lodging; there were two Silver *Salvers*, as large and noble, and a *Voider* made of Silver, big enough to contain all, as I perceiv'd it did. Leaving this *Noble Dineing-room*, (*for what's Dinner or Plate either, to a Man that has no right to't*) we aſcended two pair of Stairs, which brought us into a *Noble Gallery*, which, for length, variety of gilded Chairs, and the *curious Pictures* that adorn it, has no equal in the Three Kingdoms, and perhaps not in *Europe*; ſo that this *Caſtle* may properly be called the *Eliſium of Ireland*: And were not the *Duke* and *Dutcheſs* better principled than to forget Heaven for the ſake of a periſhing Glory, they'd little think of Manſions heteafter, who have ſuch a *Paradiſe* at preſent to live in. But to return to the Deſcription of this *Noble Gallery*: The firſt thing I ſaw remarkable in it (and indeed the *Top-Glory* of all the reſt) was the Picture of the *Dutcheſs of Ormond*; the Face was finiſh'd, but the other parts wanted more of the *Painter's Art*; but I muſt ſay that of her *Grace's Picture*, that were all the Beauties in the World loſt, it might be found again in this *Painted Face*; tho' that too, is as much out-done by the Origi-

nal,

nal, as a real Flame exceeds that of a painted one. There is also a design of drawing the *Dukes Picture*, and when both are finish'd, Dr. *Wood* told me they are design'd to adorn the *Thelsel* (a sort of *Exchange*;) to which will be added the Pictures of all those that have been *Mayors of Kilkenny*. The next Picture I saw remarkable, was the Lord *Strafford*, frowning (like a meer *Nero*) on the Messenger that brought him ill News from the Parliament. By him hung the *Dutchess of Modena's* Picture (late Queen of *England*;) and next to her stands the late King *James*, drawn like a Man affrighted; so that I told the Doctor, I judg'd the Painter design'd to draw him just as he look'd when he *fled from the Boyn*. Near King *James's* Picture hangs the Picture of *an old Usurer*, telling Money, and a *Jew* by him, which (considering the *Moral* of it) is pretty enough to behold.

Here is also the Picture of that chaste Prince, *Charles* I. who (if you'll take his word on the Scaffold) *ne'er straid from his Queen, in Thought, Word, or Deed*; and next to him (if I don't mistake) hangs *H---* that lustful Queen: Here is also the Picture of *Charles the Second*, that *Royal Libertine*; but the *Queen Dowager* I did not see. There were great variety of other Pictures, but I reserve the rest for my *Summer Ramble*. But (Madam) I can't forbear telling ye at present, That at the West end of the Gallery, stood the *several Ages of Man*, perhaps the finest draught that the World has seen. On the left side of the Room hangs the Picture of *Vandike*, as drawn by himself; (and a curious thing it is) and a little below him is a *Scotch* Lord, drawn in that Garb he hunts, or goes to visit the *Clanns*. And I must not forget to tell ye, that on the South side of the Gallery, hangs two *Royal Buds*, *Charles the Second*, drawn when he was four years old; (*Ah Charles! What Innocence didst thou out-live?*) and *James the Second*, in hanging-sleeves; and it had been well for *England*, and himself too, if he had put off his Body with his little Coat, and so *exchang'd one Heaven for another*. I shou'd next proceed

ceed to deſcribe the Pictures of the Duke of *Ormond*'s Family, for in this Gallery, and in *Dunmore Houſe*, (which I'll deſcribe in my *Summer Ramble*) hang all the Progenitors of this Noble Duke; but to mention theſe in that manner I ought, wou'd require an Age. So (Madam) I muſt lead you out of the Gallery (*tho' with a ſad Heart, to leave ſuch a pleaſant Place*) and next deſcribe the Bowling-Green adjoyning to this Princely Seat; *'tis an exact Square, and fine enough for a Duke to bowl on*; nay, Church and State were here at *Rub, rub, rub, and a good caſt*; for when the Dr. and I come to the Green, the Duke was then flinging the firſt Bowl; next troul'd the Biſhop of —— Collonel *R*—— with about *four inferior Clergy*; at paying our *Bows to the Duke*, he gave us the honour of his Hat in a very obliging manner; and here I'd attempt his *Grace's Character*, had not the Ingenious *Cibber's* * done it before me; but I may venture to add to what he has ſaid in the Duke's Praiſe, *That the moſt he has ſaid of him, is the leaſt of what he merits; for the Duke is a Man of a truly brave and noble Spirit, and lives in the World like one that is much above it*,

* *In his Poem publiſh'd at the Duke's landing in* Ireland.

After making our *Devoirs to the Duke*, the Dr. and I left the *Bowling-Green*, and went next to ſee the *Garden* adjoyning to the *Caſtle*, which (tho' gone to decay) is now repairing by a *young Gardener from England*, and will in few years be as pleaſant as the *Spring-Garden* near *Fox-hall*. Having ſeen what Rarities the *Caſtle*, *Garden*, and *Town* afforded, the Dr. and I parted o'er a *Glaſs of Claret*; and in the Afternoon, I rambled to *Dunmore* (another Seat of the Duke of *Ormond*'s) and is the fineſt Houſe in *Ireland*: On ſome of the Floors of this Houſe, I told Twenty Four Rooms; the Stair-caſe that leads to 'em, is hung with curious Landskips, and is ſo very large, that Twenty Men might walk abreaſt; had the Houſe but another Branch, it wou'd be a perfect H. but without this *additional Beauty*, perhaps

haps it may boaſt of more Rooms than are to be found in ſome whole *Towns*: Leaving this *Noble Seat*, (after *Peggy Corkran* had ſhew'd me all the Rarities in it) I return'd that Night to *Kilkenny*; and from thence, the following Monday, took a *New Ramble* to view the *Boyn*, and the antient *Town of Droheda*; and whither I went afterwards, you ſhall know in my *Summer Ramble*. But Madam, I ask your Pardon, for I was going to leave *Kilkenny* before I had told ye of the chief Rarities ſaid to be in it; which are, that in this Town there is

Fire without Smoke,
Water without Mud,
Air without Fogg.

I ſearch'd into this Report, and found it a *real Truth*; and that the *Fourth Element*, *of Earth*, was alſo as pure.

I wou'd here deſcribe the Town of *Kilkenny*, and give a particular Character of Mr. *Mukins*, the preſent Mayor, of Mr. *Philips*, the Mayor Elect, the *Recorder*, *Aldermen*, *and Common Council-men*, and ſeveral other remarkable things and Perſons in this Place: I wou'd alſo mention the *odd Adventure* of a Lieutenant that travelled with me to *Kilkenny*; neither wou'd I omit to give you the heads of a *remarkable Sermon* I heard in St. *Kenny* Church, where an Eminent Prelate told us, *That look into all Diviſions of Religion, as thoſe of* Rome *and* Geneva, *&c. and you'll find (as they are againſt Monarchy) that they have left the good Manners to the poor Church of England.* Madam, I humbly conceive this Paſſage will deſerve Remarks (by a better Pen than mine) as will ſeveral other *notable ſtrokes* this good Biſhop entertain'd his Auditory with; but tho' they are noted down in my *Journal*, yet I reſerve the reſt for my *Summer Ramble*, leſt they make my Letter too voluminous.

So (Madam) at preſent I take *my leave of Kilkenny*, with only telling ye that Morning I left it, Dr. *Wood* writ an Anſwer to the Letter I brought him

him from my *Dublin* Friend, which I'll inſert here, as it further ſhews *how Courteous the Dr. is to Strangers*, and to me in particular.

The Doctor's Anſwer to the Letter I brought him from *Dublin*.

Dear Sir,

I Receiv'd yours by Mr. Dunton, *whoſe ſtay here is ſo ſhort, that I have not been able to ſhew him* what Civility I wou'd, *eſpecially being every day hurry'd with Country Buſineſs? I hope to ſtep to* Dublin *in a little time, and to have the opportunity of drinking a* Glaſs of Wine with you and him; *mean while a Letter now and then wou'd be acceptable to me, when* your leiſure will permit. *I wiſh you all Happineſs, and am,*

SIR,

Your Affectionate
Servant,

NATH. WOOD.

And ſo good Doctor (with Thanks for all your Favours) I bid you and your Ingenious Lady, Farewell.

Thus (Madam) you ſee, by taking notice of *Caſtles, Gardens, Antiquities, Pictures, Publick Fabricks, the Rarities in Nature*, and the Civility I meet in my *generous Friends*, that (*where e're I go*) I ſtill learn ſomewhat worthy of my Knowledge; neither do I in ſuch *Rambles* omit any thing that may *inſtruct or delight me*; and am much pleaſed with beholding the *Beauty and Scituation of Places*. Neither did I (in this Country Ramble) meet with any Allay to my Pleaſures by the *dulneſs*

or

or decay of my Senses, for I found them all in their perfect Vigor; besides, I found *Travelling* got me a Stomach, which made me eat even courser fare with a better Appetite, tho' I saw little of that here, for the *Kilkenny* Claret is the best in *Ireland*; and the Doctor's Treats were still rich and noble.

Madam, having said so much of Dr. *Wood*'s Civilities to me, perhaps you'll expect I shou'd send you the Doctor's *Character*; which I'll do, and his *Ladies* too, that you may see how happy I was in their *Conversation*; 'Dr. *Wood*, like * *Col.* 4. 14. 'Luke *the Evangelist*, * *is the beloved* 'Physician *in these Parts*; and he 'really Merits that great Respect which the People 'give him; he's a *compleat Gentleman*; very kind 'to Strangers, and obliging to the last degree; and 'I do think (if I may believe my Eyes) He's the 'happiest Man (except my self) that ever entred 'into a married State. Madam, I own a kind Wife 'often makes an obliging Husband of one that wou'd 'otherwise be very indifferent; but this is not the 'Doctor's case; for he's a Man of that *sweet Temper*, 'that the worst of Wives wou'd be kind to him; 'but he has met with one of the best; *Then how* 'happy is this Couple, *that seem to rival one another* 'in Kindness? This, Madam, will raise your Curiosity to know a little more of his Lady, but I dare not attempt her Character; † *Prov.* 31. 27. but this I'll say, '† *She looketh well* 'to the ways of her Household, *and* 'speaks not a foolish word; and her Thoughts are so 'new, so particular, that they rais'd my wonder to 'a great height. In the several Visits I made the 'Doctor (of which more in my *Summer Ramble*) I 'cou'd scarce speak for *admiring at every thing she* 'said or did. I'm sure, Madam, if you did but 'know her, you'd love *Ireland* (tho' 'tis a course 'Place) purely for her sake. But, Madam, the Coach stays for me; so having left the Doctor and his good Lady, suppose me now on the Road for *Dublin*; and in my return thither, I was blest with extraordinary Company; they were these following, viz.

a *French*

a *French* Brigadeer, who gave largely to all the Poor on the Road, and I think *had the Soul of an Emperor*; for he treated *all the way from Kilkenny to Dublin*; and had he ſpoke a Language we had underſtood. I doubt not but our Minds had far'd as well as our Bodies.

I.

Sure there's ſome wondrous Joy *in doing good*;
Immortal Joy! *that ſuffers no allay from fears,*
Nor dreads the Tyranny of Years:
By none but its Poſſeſſors to be underſtood;
Elſe where's the Gain in being great?
Kings would indeed be Victims of the State;
What can the Poets humble Praiſe
What can the Poets humble Bays
(We Poets oft our Bays allow
Tranſplanted to the Hero's Brow,)
Add to the Victor's Happineſs?
What do the Scepter, Crown, and Ball,
Rattles for infant Royalty to play withall,
But ſerve to adorn the Baby-dreſs
Of one poor Coronation day,
To make the Pageant gay:
A three hours Scene of empty Pride,
And then the Toys are thrown aſide.

II.

But the delight of doing good,
Is fixt like fate among the Stars,
And deify'd in Verſe;
'Tis the beſt Gem in Royalty;
The great diſtinguiſher of Blood;
Parent of Valour, and of Fame,
Which makes a God-head of a Name,
And is Cotemporary to Eternity.
This made the antient Romans to afford
To Valour, and to Vertue, the ſame word;
To ſhew, the Paths of both muſt be together trod,
Before the Hero can commence a God.

Madam,

Madam, having dedicated this Poem to the Memory of this great and generous Man (whose Bounty we liv'd upon) I proceed to acquaint ye, we had also in Company, a *French Major*, a Gentleman of good Sense, but a little passionate.

Our third Companion was *Johny Ferguson*, a very pleasant Fellow, and one that did great Feats at the *Boyn*. These three (with my self) were all the Men that were in the Coach; but we were not without a She-Companion, I mean the vertuous Mrs. *Hawksworth*, who may pass for a Wit; and if ever I go to *Constantinople*, it shall be on purpose to visit her Ingenious Son; and I must say, if he takes after his Mother, he'll scarce meet his Fellow, tho' he shou'd girdle the World.

The Time in such Company flew too fast, and I began to wish the way to *Dublin* had been much longer. In our way home, we had debates concerning the *Spider's Webb*, *The curious work in a Turtles Nest*, *The Government of Bees*, *The love of a Spaniel-Dog to his Master*, and upon other Subjects; but I wave them here, designing all our *Disputes in the Coach* shall be part of my *Summer Ramble*.

I was no sooner come home, and had given *some necessary Orders about my Auction*, but I rambled to *Drogheda*, and paid a Visit to the *famous Boyn*, so memorable for the Victory King *William* there obtained over the *Irish*, tho' they were Five to One; and that nothing might 'scape my View, that was worth seeing in *Drogheda*, Mr. *Wilde* sent (by me) the following Letter.

To

To Mr. *James Jackſon*, Son to Alderman *Jackſon* in *Drogheda*.

Mr. Jackſon,

MR. Dunton *being willing to ſee your* Famous Town, *and the River* Boyn, *where King* William *paſſed over, I deſire you will help him to an Horſe, and either go with him your ſelf, or prevail with ſome Friend of yours to go, that knows* Matters and Things; *I won'd alſo have him go into a* * Currough, *that he may carry his Boat on his Arm afterwards, I am,*

* This *Currough* is a Boat made of ſuch *light Materials*, that a Man may paſs over the *Boyn* in it, and then wind it up ſo, as to carry it in his Hand.

Your Humble Servant,

Richard Wilde.

That Morning I rid to *Drogheda*, the Air was ſweet and kind, the Fields were *Trim and Neat*, the Sun benign and cheriſhing, and from ev'ry thing I met, I receiv'd a *Civility*; and which added ſtill to my Happineſs, I went in Company with the *Miniſter of the Newry*: 'He's a Divine of great Learning and 'Worth, ſpeaks admirably, and *inſpired a Soul in-* 'to *all our Company*; and in my *Summer Ramble* I'll attempt his Character at large. He treated me that Night with a noble Supper; not for any thing he found in me, but (as he expreſs'd it) for the ſake

of my being the *Son of a Clergy-man*: When I had taken leave of this Generous Parſon, I went to lodge with one Mr. *Watſon*, an Apothecary in *Drogheda*; I was hugely pleas'd with my *new Quarters*, for my Landlady (tho' *a Roman Catholick*) was a very obliging, generous Woman; and for Mr. *Watſon*, I don't think there's an honeſter Man in *Drogheda*; I found him excellent Company, and a very ingenious Man: 'His Wit is ductile and pliable to all Inventions (as well as to that of the Glister-pipe) 'from *a Pin to a Pillar*, nothing was ſo ſmall but 'his Skill cou'd work; nothing ſo great, but his 'Induſtry cou'd Atchieve: After I had convers'd a while with my new Landlord, I went to Alderman *Jackſon's* to deliver Mr. *Wild's* Letter; before I came to *Drogheda*, Mr. *Wild* told me what a courteous Perſon Mr. *Jackſon* was; and when I came to his Father's Houſe, 'He receiv'd me in ſuch 'an obliging Manner, that his Favours did tranſcend 'Report, as much as they exceeded my Deſert. 'Madam, this Gentleman *reſolves to live a Batche-*'*lor*, which I cou'd not but wonder at; for doubt-'leſs Nature meant him a Conqueror over all hearts, 'when ſhe gave him ſuch *Senſe*, and ſuch *Beauty*: '(for he's a very handſome Man:) His Wit ſparkles 'as well as his Eyes; and his Diſcourſe charms as 'well as his Beauty; *and I found by a little talking* '*with him*, that his Mind is none of thoſe narrow ones, who know one thing, and are ignorant of 'a thouſand; but on the contrary, it is ſo very 'large, that altho' it cannot be ſaid *Jackſon knew* '*every thing equally well*, yet it is moſt certain, he 'can give an excellent *Account of all things*; but 'tho' his Soul is enrich'd with every Vertue, yet I 'thought the moſt remarkable thing in him, was 'his *great Humility*, and readineſs to ſerve a Stran-'ger (for I might paſs as ſuch, having never ſeen 'him, but a *minute or two* in *London*.) Madam, *meeting with ſuch a Friend as this*, you may well think I cou'd never enough enjoy him; ſo leaving his *Father's Houſe*, we went together to a Place in *Drogheda*, where we fell into Company with ſeveral

ſeveral Gentlemen, and particularly with Mr. *Singleton*. 'He's a young Sprigg of Divi-
'nity, and might have ſtay'd at * Jericho *till his Beard was*
'*grown*; but when he ſpeaks, 'tis off hand (as they call it here) ſo that Nature ſeems to have made a Preſent to him, of whatever a long Study and Meditation gives out by degrees to others: He preach'd in *Drogheda* Church upon this Text. *And* (a) Jacob *was a plain Man, dwelling in Tents*; and I think 'twas the moſt ingenious Sermon I ever heard. But my Deſign here is only to hint at things; ſo I leave this *young Divine*, that I may come to acknowledge the generous Treatment I met in *Drogheda*, from Mr. *Kelſey* (for I don't forget the Token he ſent by me to his Friend, Sir *Thomas Montgomery*.) This Gentleman has a great deal of Wit, and (which is rare in witty People) is Maſter over himſelf; walks according to the Rules of Vertue, *as the hours paſs by the degrees of the Sun*; and being made of good humor, his Life is a perpetual Harmony; and by conſequence is a great Bleſſing to his Wife and Children, if he has any. After Mr. *Kelſey* had given me a particular Relation of the *Boyn* Fight, and we had drank a Health to his Friend in *England*, Mr. *Jackſon* carry'd me to viſit the *famous Walker* (the ingenious Tranſlater of *Epictetus*.) 'He's *an univerſal Scholar*;
'*and I do believe, were all the Learning in* Ireland
'*loſt, it might be found again in this worthy Perſon*;
'and he's as Pious as he's Learned: He prefers *Conſcience* before Riches, *Vertue* above Honour; he deſireth not to be *Great, but to do good*; and is ſo
'very exact in all he ſays, that his words are Decrees of Wiſdom. When we came to this Gentleman's Houſe, his Scholars were acting *Henry* IV. and a Latin Play out of *Terence*; they were all Ingenious Lads, and perform'd their parts to a wonder; but one *Elwood* (who acted *Falſtaffe*) bore away the Bell from the whole School. But *Thieves! Thieves!* (but no wonder, for I'm ſtill in *Ireland*)

* 2 *Sam.* 10. 15.

(a) *Gen.* 27. 27.

for I had no ſooner left Mr. *Walker's* School, but I loſt my *Cane*, and a *Silver Box*. But (Madam) as Thieviſh as *Drogheda* is, I can't but *think with pleaſure of* Ireland, *as 'twas there I had the honour to be firſt known to your Ladyſhip*. But more particularly I love *Drogheda*; where, for two days, the *Tears I ſhed for the matchleſs D —ne*, wou'd not ſuffer me to walk abroad. Madam, 'twas here your Advice was ſo very ſeaſonable, and went ſo far *towards drying up all my Tears*. But tho' I've reaſon to love *Drogheda*, as 'twas the Town where I griev'd ſo much for *D---ne*; and as 'twas here I was bleſt with your kind *Correction* for my weeping more than became me; yet after all, *Drogheda is a Thieviſh Place*; and had I but ſtay'd a Week in it (as I cou'd ſcarce forbear, *Jackſon*, and *Kelſy* were ſo obliging) I had ſurely been reduc'd to *Primitive Innocence*; ſo I left *Drogheda* in a ſort of fright, after I had ſeen the Mayor (who is ſo clear in his Truſt, that his Vertues ſhine to *Dublin*, and from thence to *London*) the Aldermen, the Primates Houſe, and the Mount that gave me a ſight of the *Boyn*, that fatal place to the Popiſh Army. So Dear *Jackſon* farewell, till I ſee thee again in *London*; where thou ſhalt be (tho' not ſo nobly treated, yet) as welcome to me, as I was to you in *Drogheda*. And (Madam) the Truth is, he that confers on me Favours ſo generouſly as Mr. *Jackſon* did, *ſteals me from my ſelf*, and in one and the ſame Act, makes me *his Vaſſal, and himſelf my King*. When I receive a Favour from any Man, till I have repaid it, my Mind (as *Feltham* ſays) is a *Priſoner*; *and till a Ranſom be paid by a like return, I'm kept in Fetters, and conſtrain'd to love, to ſerve, and to be ready, as the Conqueror deſires it.*

Madam, I ſtay'd but three days in *Drogheda*, and am now return'd to *Dublin*, where I hear from *England* the ſad News of the *death of my Owl* ('tis the *Bird of Athens*) and has been peering for Mice in my *Houſe and Garden* for three years; ſo out of meer love to this *old Servant*, I fell to write an *Eſſay in Praiſe of an Owl*, and have ſpent about twenty

Sheets

Sheets in telling the Vertues of poor *Madge*. A Learned Author writ in Praiſe of *Barrenneſs*; the Great *Eraſmus* writ in Praiſe of *Folly*, and a late Writer has waſted a great deal of Paper in Praiſe of a *Cows-Tail*; and I cou'd not ſee why I might not follow ſuch Examples, and endeavour to Praiſe my *Owl*. I confeſs Madam, this Subject is not *grave enough* for your peruſal; or if it was, I'd write an *Elegy on poor Madge, and ſend that and his Character* for your Reflections; but this is a *hint by the by*, neither will I preſume to be thus *merry* without your leave. But (Madam) I had ſcarce finiſh'd my *Owls Character* (which wou'd take up a Month to tranſcribe fair) but my old *rambling Maggot* began to crawl, and bite afreſh; upon which I immediately grew as fickle and wavering, as if I had drank *Liquor diſtill'd from a Womans Brains*; and nothing wou'd ſatisfie me now, till I was on another Ramble; and the next I took was to *Ballimany*, to ſee the *Curragh*, and the running for the King's *Plate*. Madam, by this ſpeedy *Rambling* again, you ſee the toyl of keeping Accounts, was a Labour too tedious for my Mercurial Brains.

Being now reſolv'd for a new Adventure, on *Tueſday, September* 11. I took a Coach to one *Gents*, a Mile out of Town, where my Horſe waited for me; and here my Stars threw me upon good Company; (one of which they call'd *Climene*;) we ſet out for *Ballimany* with the early Sun, yet we had his Company but a little while; for juſt as we got to the *Fox* and *Geeſe* ('tis a Houſe your Ladyſhip has heard me ſpeak of) he withdrew into an *Apartment behind a Cloud*, ſo that the day now grew very unpleaſant; but our Company was ſo agreeable, that *bad Weather* was little minded.

As ſoon as we had left the *Fox and Geeſe*, *Climene* gave us a pleaſant Account of the ſilly raving of a *certain Female*, whoſe Character expect in my *Summer Ramble*: This *Relation* occaſion'd a Conference about *ſcolding Wives*, and *Ducking-ſtools*, which laſted till we came to *Racool*, where we treated *Climene* with a Bottle of Cyder (*for we all*

thought a Pot in our Pate was a Mile in our way;) having refreshed our selves in this little Town, on we rambled for *Ballimany*, diverting our selves on the Road with what we had seen and heard in *Dublin*; and at last we fell to discourse of *Innocence*, and the *great Chastity of the brave Lucretia*; we had no sooner entered on this Discourse, but a *sure Emblem of Chastity* (an old man of forescore) limps out of his little House (which I'm sure he might carry on his Back) to begg our *Charity*; not (Madam) *but we had Charity*, but having no Pence about us, we dismiss'd this *venerable Beggar* with a promise of being kind as we came back.

The next *Spectacle* we were entertain'd with, was the *Sign of a Church*; I call it so, for 'twas only a *Steeple* standing like a May-pole, without any Prop, but a tall Pillar, and which to us (at a great distance) seemed little bigger than the Spire it supported; we cou'd not but wonder at the humor of these People, that they shou'd fancy only a Steeple without the necessary Appurtenance of *Vestry*, *Pulpit*, *or Chancel*? but the next Person we met, told us, 'twas not the fault of the Parish, but plainly the Devils Malice to the *Preaching of God's Word*; for as fast as the Building went on by day, the Devil carry'd it away by night. I then asked, Why the *Steeple* had better luck than the other parts of the Church? To this he reply'd, that the Parish formerly had been *very wicked*; and that Heaven permitted the Steeple shou'd be left standing, to upbraid the Inhabitants. Madam, if what this Fellow said was true (for we thought it a piece of banter,) this Steeple is high enough to be a warning to the Neighbouring Villages.

Being hugely pleas'd with this Fellows Answer, we jogg'd on to the *Naas*; we had here staid for a Dinner, cou'd we ha' perswaded our selves to have lost the sight of a diverting Passage then in view; 'twas a *brace of dear Joys*, that had tyed two loaded Horses to an old Hedge, whilst they formally unstrip, and without Fear, or Wit, fall to louzing 'emselves; *Climene*, who cou'd be Witty when,

and

and on whom ſhe pleas'd, bid 'em be careful that they did not *over-ſtock the Ground.*

I cou'd not but laugh at this *lauſie feghe*; but theſe being common in *Ireland*, we left the conſideration of this *Adventure*, to diſcourſe of the Proſpects then in ſight; for now, let us turn to the right, or the left hand, we had a *charming View of the Country*; not but a ſight of *Climene* was beyond all we ſaw (for ſhe's a perfect Beauty;) yet (for variety ſake) we wou'd now and then look about us.

Madam, being now come to the *Liffee* (which all paſs that go to the *Curragh*,) that River was ſwell'd ſo high, that poor *Leander* (as one in our Company call'd himſelf) was forc'd to croſs it with his * *Hero* behind him. I don't know what Information *Climene* receiv'd from her Friend *Leander*, but ſhe was pleas'd to tell me, ſhe underſtood I had a mighty *paſſion for my firſt Wife*, and that ſhe was a Perſon deſerv'd it; ſhe then enquir'd, *Whether I lov'd any before her*? I told her I did. She then asked, Who the Perſon was? I told her 'twas one *Rachel* —— who was ſo very Beautiful, that a *Venus* might have been form'd out of her Perſon; and yet her Wit did far exceed her Beauty. Having ſaid ſo much, *Climene* ask'd me a hundred Queſtions about *Rachel*; as, Whether ſhe was Rich? *What were her Parents*? How we came to part? And whether I continued to love her after I Marry'd *Eliza*? I told her I did not; but cou'd not but own I took a mighty Pleaſure in *Rachel*'s Company before I knew *Eliza* (tho' after I knew her, I ſcarce loved any thing elſe;) and becauſe *Rachel* admir'd *Poetry*, I made my Courtſhip to the *Muſes* too, that I might be the more grateful to her; and, Madam (can ye believe it,) I had the good fortune to write ſomething in *Rachel*'s Praiſe, which met with a kind Reception; I firſt preſented 'em to her (and ſhe being tickl'd with my Commendations) ſhew'd 'em to her Scotch Friends, and others; for *Clara* now (for ſo I call'd her,) pretended to out-doe me

* *Climene.*

in Tenderneſs. But (Madam) theſe *Poetick Eſſays* had an effect different from what I intended; for I deſign'd by 'em, only to make *my own Addreſſes* to her the more acceptable; but ſhe, by ſhewing 'em abroad, got the name of a Wit (and having acquir'd a Reputation beyond what ſhe had before,) began to value her ſelf at a *higher Rate*, and to treat me with Diſdain; I won't ſo blind with gazing on her Face, or *charm'd ſo much with her Witty Letters*, but I cou'd ſee with *what Contempt* ſhe treated me; and ſeeing, cou'd not but reſent it to that degree, that I thought it my *Duty to humble* her; and in order to it, I ſent her the following Lines;

I.

Know Clara, *ſince thou'rt grown ſo proud,*
'Twas I that gave thee thy Renown;
Thou'dſt elſe in the forgotten Crowd
Of Common Beauties liv'd unknown,
Had not my Verſe *exhal'd thy Name,*
And impt it with the Plumes of Fame.

II.

That killing Power *is none of Thine:*
I gave it to thy Voice, thy Eyes:
Thy Sweets, thy Graces, *all are mine;*
Thou art my Star, ſhin'ſt in my Skies:
Then dart not from thy borrow'd Sphere,
Lightning *on him that plac'd thee there.*

III.

Treat me then with Diſdain *no more,*
Leſt what I made, I Uncreate;
Let Fools thy Myſtick Forms *adore;*
I know thee in thy Mortal State:
Wiſe Poets that wrapt Truth in Tales,
Knew her themſelves through all her Veils.

How

How *Clara* reſented this Poem, I never ask'd, for her Pride had given me enough of her (*Pride was never yet found in a noble Nature, or Humility in an unworthy Mind,*) and ſo I left her; and I appeal to you, Madam, Whether I had not reaſon to ſlight her? As for *Climene* (my Fellow Traveller) ſhe gave her Judgment in my Favour; and (Madam) I want to know whoſe part you'll take; for this is the Wit I ſo often mention'd to *D——ne*; and 'tis your Judgment (alone) that can determine whether I did well or ill.

As we *walked along*, *Leander* wou'd now and then put in a word againſt *Clara's* Inconſtancy; but *Wells* (another of our Fellow Travellers) cou'd not hear the Story without *railing at the whole Sex*; upon which *Climene* banter'd 'em both. This urg'd 'em again to ask *Climene*, How many *whineing Slaves* ſhe had murder'd her ſelf (for ſhe was very handſom, and very Witty) but (Madam) neither *Climene*, nor any of the Company, wou'd come to *Confeſſion*.

In ſuch Diſcourſes as theſe, we paſs'd away the melancholly day, 'till we came to *Ballimany* (our intended Quarters.) 'Tis a ſmall *Village of poor Cabins*, and an old Caſtle, of which there is abundance in *Ireland*, built, it is ſaid, by the *Danes*, long before the coming of the *Engliſh* into it; they are ſquare ſtrong Buildings of Stone, with a ſmall Door, and ſtone Stairs, and Windows like Spike-holes, purpoſely for ſtrength; for as the *Danes* enlarged their Frontiers, they built theſe Caſtles on them as curbs to the Neighbouring *Iriſh*.

Madam, I have often had occaſion in ſome of my Letters, to mention theſe *Cabbins*, or Huts, but now take the deſcription of them; 'They build them 'by putting two forked ſticks of ſuch length as 'they intend the height of the Building, and at 'ſuch diſtance as they deſign its length; if they 'deſign it large, they place three or four ſuch forks 'into the Ground, and on them they lay other 'long ſticks, which are the ridge Timber; then 'they raiſe the Wall, which they make of Clay

'and

and Straw temper'd with Water, and this they call Mudd; when the Wall is raiſed to a ſufficient height, which perhaps is four foot, then they lay other ſmall ſticks, with one end on the ridge piece, and the other on the Wall; theſe they *wattle with ſmall hazels*, and then cover them with Straw, or courſe Graſs, without any Chimneys; ſo that when the Fire is lighted, the ſmoak will come through the Thatch, ſo that you would think the *Cabbin* were on fire: Another ſort of their Cabbins is made by laying one end of the ſtick upon the bank of a Ditch, and the other upon a little bit of a mudd Wall; and then, when 'tis wattled, they cover it with Heath-ſtraw, or ſcraws of Earth; and *into this miſerable Place will half a dozen poor Creatures creep for ſhelter and Lodging*; but their Beds are upon ſuch a firm Foundation, that nothing but an *Earthquake* can move them: Inſtead of *Feathers* or *Flocks*, they they uſe *Ruſhes* or *Straw*, which ſerves them without changing. *Sheets* they never provide, and to tell the *naked Truth*, unleſs they can purchaſe a poor *Cadow*, which is not often, they *ligg* together like *Adam* and *Eve* before the *Fall*, not a *Rag* to cover them, but themſelves; which may be one reaſon why they ſo multiply; each little Hut being full of Children. They ſeldom have any *Partitions* or ſeveral Rooms; but ſleep in common with their *Swine* and *Poultrey*; and for ſecond or third *Story*, you may look long enough e're you find any. But as the Buildings of *Verſailes* are ſo very Magnificent, as not capable of ſuch a deſcription that may give a juſt Idea of them; ſo theſe, in *the other extream*, are ſo very wretched things, that perhaps the Pen of the nobleſt Architect wou'd be very defective in deſcribing them. Behind one of their Cabbins lyes the Garden, a piece of Ground ſometimes of half an Acre, or an Acre, and in this is the Turf-ſtack, their Corn, perhaps two or three hundred ſheaves of Oats, and as much Peaſe, the reſt of the Ground is full of their dearly beloved Potatoes, and a

few

'few Cabbages, which the *ſolitary Calf of the Famili, that is here pent from its Dam, never ſuffers to 'come to Perfection.* Madam, I ſhou'd more exactly have deſcribed their *Dwellings or Cabbins*, if I durſt have adventured oft'ner into 'em; or cou'd have ſtaid in 'em (for Lice and Smoak) when I was there.

But to proceed in my *Rambles*: Next Morning early, without regarding any Ceremony, we made our Viſit to a *Popiſh Father*, who was juſt up, and wiping his Eyes; the Weather was very fair, and we ſtay'd at the door (*which had a little green Field before it*) until the Room within was ſwept to receive us; *the Dew lay in pretty Spangles on the Graſs, made by refraction of the Sun-Beams*: I had a mind to try the Father's Philoſophy, and enquired *what the Dew was?* He told me, *'Twas a Vapor that fell upon the Ground in the Night Sheaſon*, and that the Sun drawed it up again in the Day; but *Climene* told him it was an old and vulgar Notion, and exploded by the neweſt Philoſophers, who were of Opinion, *it might be either the moiſture which the Horſes of the Sun ſhake from off their Mains, when they were put into his Chariot riſing out of the Sea*; or that it might be *Thetis's Chamber-Maids had emptied* Phebus's *Pot as ſoon as he was up*; or laſtly, and that more probably, it was *the ſweat of the Graſs and Herbs condens'd by the cold of the Evening Air.* Her Notions made us all laugh, and the Prieſt ſwore by St. *Patrick's* Hand, *ſhe was as Witty as ſhe was Pretty*; and put ſome other Complements on her, *the beſt of which were much beneath what ſhe truly deſerves.* The Houſe was now ready, and the Maid came to call us in, where we broke our Faſt, and prevailed with Father *A* —— to accompany us to *Kildare*, where we were going to be Merry; his *Palfrey* was preſently ſadled, and we mounted; we ſoon came to the *Curragh, ſo much noiſed here.* 'It is a very large Plain, *covered in moſt Places with* 'Heath; *it is ſaid to be five and twenty Miles round*; 'this is the New-Market of Ireland, *where the Horſe-*'Races are run, and alſo Hunting Matches made,

'there

'*there being here great ſtore of Hares, and more* '*game for Hawking*, all which are carefully preſerved: They have a Tradition (I fancy 'twas taken from the Story of *Dido*'s purchaſing ſo much Ground as ſhe could ſurround with an Ox-hide, on which ſhe built *Carthage*) That St. *Bridget*, the great Saint of *Kildare*, begg'd as much Land from one of the *Iriſh Kings*, for a common Paſture, as ſhe could environ with her *Frize Mantle*; the Prince laugh'd at her, and bid her take it; ſhe cut her Mantle into ſo many ſmall ſhreds, as when tack'd together by their ends, ſurrounded all this *Curragh* or *Downs*.

Kildare is an ordinary Country-Town, not near ſo good as the *Naas*, though it gives a Name to the County, and is an Epiſcopal See, tho' but of ſmall Revenues; and is now therefore united to the *Deanry of Chriſt-Church*, which is the King's Royal Chappel in *Dublin*, as the *Biſhoprick of Rocheſter* is to the *Deanry of Weſtminſter* in *England*. It has in it the *Cathedral Church*, with two or three Inns, and thoſe very ſorry ones; it has two Fairs yearly, and a *weekly Market*, and ſends two Burgeſſes to the Parliament; yet after all, it is but a *poor Place*, not lying in any Road, and not having any Trade belonging to it; there are ſome ſhops with Hops, Iron, Salt, and Tobacco, and the Merchant not worth Forty Pound. This County gives the Title of Earl to one of the Family of the *Fitzgeralds*, formerly called *Geraldines*, who came over into *Ireland* among the firſt Adventurers in *Henry the* II's. *Reign*; and is now the *Firſt Earl* here, as *Oxford* is with you; here we din'd *on a Diſh of large Trouts*, and with ſome Bottles of Wine, made our ſelves merry; when we took Horſe our Landlord told us we muſt accept of *a Dugh-a-Durras* from him, which is a drink at the door; he had a Bottle of Brandy under his Arm, and a little wooden Cup, with which he preſented each of us a Dram; from hence we went about two Miles backward towards the Kings County, to view the Earl of *Kildare*'s Chair; It is an old Caſtle built on the ſide of an

Hill,

Hill, which *over-looks all the Neighbouring Country* I was told it was built by ſome of the Earls of *Kildare*, as a Watch Tower, for which purpoſe it was very well plac'd.

From hence we had a *lovely Proſpect* towards the North, of a noble Vale, part of which was cover'd with Corn, and part with Cattle, with ſome Woods; among which were ſeen ſome Houſes of good bulk and ſhew, raiſing their Heads; beyond theſe were Hills, on which ſtood ſeveral great Houſes, a *fine River ran through the Valley*; on another ſide the greateſt part of the *Curragh* lay open to our View, which indeed is a *noble Plain*.

After we had *ſatisfied our Eyes with ſtaring about*, we ſteered our Courſe towards the *Bogg of Allen*; which, tho' it be the greateſt in *Ireland*, yet never was ſo famous as in the laſt Rebellion, where the *Rapparees* (who are a looſe undiſciplin'd People) had their Rendezvous when they deſign'd any Miſchief on the Country, to the number of five or ſix hundred, and where they eaſily hid themſelves when purſu'd; for as I am inform'd, *this Bogg is near fifty Miles long*, with many Woods in it, and ſome Iſlands of very good and profitable Land; as the Iſland of *Allen*, which they ſay is worth eight hundred Pounds *per Annum*.

Madam, His Majeſty, for Encouragement to breed large and ſerviceable Horſes in this Kingdom, has been pleas'd to give an hundred Pounds *per Annum* out of his Treaſury here, to buy a Plate, which they run for at the *Curragh* in *September*; the Horſes that run, are to carry twelve Stone each; and therefore there are ſeveral fine Horſes kept hereabouts for the Race, in Stables built on purpoſe. There is another Race yearly ran here, in *March* or *April*, for a Plate of an hundred Guinea's; which are advanced by the Subſcription of ſeveral Gentlemen, and the Courſe is four meaſur'd Miles.

Madam, on *Thurſday* the 13*th* of *September*, was the day of the Race this Year for the King's Plate. There was a vaſt concourſe of People to ſee it, from all parts of the Kingdom. My Lord *Galway* (one

of

of the *Lords Justices*) was present at the Race, and other Persons of great Quality. I met on the *Curragh* (where the Race was run) with my worthy Friend, Mr. *Searl*, whose Character you have in my *Dublin* Farewel, and several others that I knew in *Dublin*; after the Race was over, our Company rid to *Ballimany*; at this Village is a little thatch'd House, like one of our English Country Houses, built by the Earl of *Meath*. After we had seen all the Rooms in this *Noble Man's thatcht House* (which I design to describe in my *Summer Ramble*) we left *Ballimany*, and din'd that day at the *Naas*, and reach'd *Dublin* about nine in the Evening.

But (Madam) if the Predictions of *Astrologers* be true, such Men as I am, are *very Mercurial Folks*, I mean the Planet, not the Mineral: For (Madam) you that know me, will believe I never had any great occasion for it; I had not been long in *Dublin* before the *Itch of Rambling broke out again* upon me, though I once thought the Fatigue of my *Curragh-Ramble* would have abated the sharpness of it, as effectually as *Brimstone and Butter does that in the Skin*; but what's bread in the Bone, will never out of the Flesh; and I among the other *Sons of Adam*, *am in a literal Sense born to great Travels*; and some People are surely so much delighted with the *Variety of change*, that like other *Epicureans*, they will purchase the fancied Pleasure through thousands of Difficulties that attend the acquisition: Not impertinent to this, is what I remember to have read in the celebrated Mr. *Boyle*, of one who was born blind, because of the adhesion of her Eye-lids; and her Parents living far in the Country, from any Physicians or Surgeons, thought her Mallady incurable, until the time she was about *Eighteen years old*; when, being called to *London* about some business likely to require a long Attendance, he brought his blind Daughter, with the rest of his Family, to Town; where the *Union of her Eyelids being separated by a Surgeon's Lancet*, she immediately perceiv'd a *thousand pleasing Objects*; She beheld every Minute, new things with Admiration; and not satisfy'd

tisfy'd with ſeeing, as ſoon as ſhe could conveniently go abroad, *ſhe was every day on the Ramble*, as if ſhe intended to make up for the loſſes ſhe ſuffer'd by her former darkneſs; and when ſhe became acquainted with the *Objects of the Town*, ſhe begg'd leave to roam about the Country, not without Expreſſions of ſome Inclinations to ſatisfie her Eyes with *a view of all the World could afford her*. Of this Girls Humor my Landlord found me; for now (after I had ſetled the Affairs of my Auction) I travelled *Eaſt*, *Weſt*, *North*, *and South*; and (Madam) ſhou'd I tell ye what *Iriſh Cities*, *Towns* and *Villages* I next ſaw, I ſhou'd lead you ſuch a *Wild-goose Chaſe*, I ſhou'd tire ye quite, but not my ſelf, for I am never weary with traveling. But (as much as I love rambling) I have juſt now receiv'd a Letter from *Valeria* (*crowded with deſires to ſee me*) which will *ſhorten my Ramble*, ſome thouſand Miles. I'll ſee but *Europe*, *Aſia*, *Africa*, *America*, or ſo, dat is all, and be in *London* by *Plato's* year; not but *I'm a huge lover of Travels*, and wou'd gladly view 'the *Globe Celeſtial* too (as I told the ingenious 'D — *ne*) before I return; I mean climb ſo 'high *as to hang my Hat upon one horne of the Moon*, 'and *touch the North Pole with my Middle Finger*. But (ſeeing you admire I *ramble thus*) let me go down from the Moon a little, to tell your Ladyſhip, that had you but ſeen *Italy*, (and thoſe other Countries I am bound to) you'd rather envy then pitty my rambling Fate.

Alas! Madam, to change my Bed, troubled not me, for I cou'd ſleep contentedly in *America*, *Ireland*, *Wales*, *&c.* or in any place; for if I had the hardeſt Lodging, I cou'd dream of my *Valeria* with as much ſatisfaction, as if I had been ſleeping on a Bed of Down; and when I awake, I pleaſe my ſelf with thinking that in a little time I ſhall ſee her again: And where-ever I ramble, I'm ſtill content, for there's a *wheel within a wheel*, and nothing comes to paſs by chance.

As to my very *Auctions*, if things went *proſperouſly there*, I look'd upon it as an effect of Divine

Fa-

Favour, and return'd God the Praise; if otherwise, it put me on *Examining my self*, and humbling of my Soul before my Maker; and I look on all cross Accidents as Tryals of my Patience. And indeed, still upon *self-Reflections*, I rather wonder'd that things went so well, than found my self concern'd they went no better.

When *Patrick took my Auction Room over my Head*, it was for him that I was troubled most; that he should deal so barbarously with one that never gave him any cause for't; *I was well satisfy'd in my own Innocence*, and thought I was concern'd to make the World so, by letting of 'em know the Truth of things; and then to leave the issue to that Wise Providence that best knows how to order all things for his Glory and my Good.

You may suppose perhaps (Madam) there are no Beggars in *Dublin*, since I have all this while been so silent, and said nothing of Alms-giving; but assure your self (Madam) to the contray; for to the best of my Knowledge, I never saw them so thick any where else, *in the whole course of my Life*; and how to carry my self in respect to these *Wretches*, has been a matter which often disturb'd me; *to give unto all, is impossible*; for a Man then must be richer than *Crœsus*; and not to give at all, is *Unchristian*; but the main Difficulty lies in the right distribution, and to relieve those who are most necessitous; but who can know this? For I have heard Bishop *Hall* say (he that was Bishop of *Oxford*) that once walking through *Moorfields*, a Beggar follow'd him with great Importunities, and desir'd him *for Christ's sake to give him something, for he was ready to starve*; the Bishop (not thinking him a fit Object for Charity) told him, if he refus'd to give him any thing, he believ'd he'd Curse him; no, said the Beggar, indeed Sir I won't; well then, said the Bishop, I'll try thee for once; upon which the Beggar fell a *Cursing and Swearing at him like a very Devil.* —— Madam, when I meet with such vile *Beggars* as these, I serve 'em as the Bishop did; but I am (Madam) if I don't flatter my self, naturally

turally Compaſſionate, eaſily affected with the Miſeries of other Men in any kind, but much more when I ſee old Age go a Begging; and 'tis ſuch that have been the principal Objects of my Charity; and next to them, the Blind. I never conceive the Beggar-man the more neceſſitous, by being the more importunate and querilous; and of this ſort no Man, I believe, has been attended with a much greater Train: Indeed I have heard your old *Eleemoſinaries*, who have been train'd up to the Trade from their younger years, (as I am ſatisfy'd many have been, both in *England* and *Ireland*) can, by long Experience, and conſtant Obſervation, readily diſtinguiſh, even in a Crowd of Men, a compaſſionate Face; and will ſingle him out, as I may ſay, to be the Object of their Importunities. But after all, Madam, in matters of the diſtributions of Charity, the right hand is not to know what the left does.

And now, Madam, having given you ſome Account of my *Converſation in Ireland* (both in City and Country) and alſo given ye ſome *HINTS* of my ſeveral Rambles in it, and *what I obſerved in 'em*. Perhaps you may think by this time, I have ſeen *enough of Ireland*, to be able to give your Ladyſhip *ſome general Character of it*: I confeſs, Madam, I am very bad at Deſcriptions, but a *general Character of the Dear Joys* being what I formerly promiſed the ingenious *D——ne*, I ſhall now ſend it to you (her other ſelf) and hope your *Goodneſs* will be as willing to pardon all my Miſtakes in it, as hers wou'd ha' been, had ſhe liv'd to have read what I here ſend ye. *Then give me leave to tell ye in Rhime*,

Off in the Seas, and downfall of the Skies,
With Water compaſs'd round, a Nation lyes;
Which on the utmoſt Weſtern Ocean hurl'd,
Fixes the Ne plus ultra *of the World.*
Water the Bowels of this Land does clog,
Which the weak Sun converts into a Bogg.

The Sun, whose great and generous Influence
Does Life and Warmth to ev'ry Place dispence,
O'ercome by th' innate Venom of this Air,
Can't draw it it out, but leaves the Poyson there;
So true is what the Natives vainly boast,
No Poysonous thing lives on the *Irish* Coast;
Because their Air is with worse Poyson fill'd;
So has a Toad been by a Spider kill'd.

Perhaps (Madam) you may think I am too *Poetical*, and may expect a more particular Account of the Country and People where my *Conversation* at present lies; so I shall now proceed to a *Prose-Character of the Dear Joys*: And here I shall give ye a glimpse of the Country; or, as it were, a *general view of my Irish Rambles*. And, as an *Irishman is a living Jest*, 'twill be merry and pleasant; but a little Mirth must be forgiven to a *Traveller*, who has little else to keep him alive.——Then to proceed to the *Prose-Character of Poor Teague*; and here I must first acquaint ye, 'That the Gentleman 'who *trip'd lately to Ireland, calls it the Watering-* '*Pot of the Planets*; and the *French* have named it, '*Le Pott de Coambre du Diable, the Devil's Piss-pot*, '*seldom dry, but often running over, as if the Hea-* 'vens were a wounded Eye, perpetually weeping over 'it.' 'Tis said there is but one *good thing in Ireland*, and that is, the Wind, as 'tis generally Westerly, and sits fair to carry one out of it; which makes good the old saying, *'Tis an ill Wind blows no good.*

Some of their Chief *Cities* are tolerably good, but most of them more Populous than Rich (*Dublin* excepted) for though they are thronged like *Hives*, yet being for the most part *Thieves* and *Drones*, they rather diminish than encrease their *Stock*; and were it not for the honest *English*, and Strangers amongst them, I am perswaded in process of time, they'd be all starv'd; so that of all the Places I have yet seen, give me *Ireland* to wonder at; for my part, I think 'tis a sort of *White Fryars at large*, and *Dublin* the *Mint to it*; here's nothing

nothing but Roguery; in every ſtreet you paſs, you'll either meet with ſome high-way Taylor, or ſome Errant unſatisfy'd Pugg, that drinks nothing but wicked Sack. But at *Dublin* they have a *Recorder*, (who at preſent is Mr. *Handcock*) 'who, 'beſides the Reputation that he has for his *Know-'ledge of the Laws*, has alſo acquir'd that of a *cou-'ragious and juſt Magiſtrate*, impartially putting 'them in Execution againſt lewd and wicked Peo-'ple, without regard to any degree of *Quality or 'Riches*; Inſtances of which are frequently ſeen in 'his *puniſhing Swearers* with Two Shillings for each 'Oath, according to a New Act of Parliament; 'and ſetting Inſolvent Perſons in the Stocks; and 'many of the *ſtroling courteous Ladies of the Town* 'have, by his Orders, been forc'd to expoſe their 'Lilly-white Skins down to the waſte at a Carts 'tail; by which he is become, at once, the *fear and 'hatred of the Lewd*, and Love and Satisfaction of 'Sober Perſons. Both *Church-men and Diſſenters* are joyn'd in this noble work of expoſing Vice, and all little enough; for tho' Whores are whipt every Seſſions, (I ſaw ſeven but yeſterday capering before the Beadle) yet the Proſtitutes here are ſuch very Proſtitutes, that I heard Mr. *T*—— ſay (*an old Fornicator in this*) *City*) that tho' he had ſpent his Eſtate on a Whore in *Dublin*, that his Rival no ſooner appeared, but ſhe clung to the beſt Chap-man. In this caſe (to uſe a Term in my *Auction Catalogue*) *he that bids moſt is the Buyer*; and if any difference ariſe, which the Gallants cannot decide, *Miſs* lyes with both, rather then loſe a Cuſtomer. So that you ſee Madam, ſuch things as *Chaſtity, Wit, and good Nature*, are only heard of here; ſuch Vertues as *Temperance, Modeſty, and ſtrict Juſtice*, (which your Ladyſhip poſſeſſes in ſo high a degree) have the ſame Credit with the *Beaus* of *Ireland*, which the *Travels of Mandevil find with us*. I do not hereby deſign any thing of the true *Gentry*, or *Nobility*, amongſt whom there are Perſons of as great *Valour*, as fair *Eſtates*, as good *Literature* and *Breeding*, and as *Eminent* Vertues, as in any of

the most *Polite* Countries. But really, Madam, if you go into the Country, (as far as *Galway*) they are as bad, if not ten times worse, then I relate 'em; for the Men here *e'en steal into the World* (lying hickle-de pickle-dey, they are half Bastards) and ever after Thieving is as *natural to 'em as eating*; and for this Reason there's scarce a Town without a Pillory in it; *Ballimany* has one or two; *Carlow* has two or three (I think the strongest I saw in *Ireland*) *Kilkenny* I think as many; 'twas here I lost *my Ring, my Gloves, and my very Comb*; and when I charge 'em with it, they cry, the *Devil burn 'em*, if they are Thieves; and swear by *Chreest and Shoine Patrick*, that they never saw it. Madam, I suppose you have heard of *Irish Evidence*? and I must say, a *Carted Bawd* is a Saint to 'em. I lay at *Kilkenny* but four Nights, but here is such a *Den of Pickpockets*, that I think the Thieves in *Dreghedа* are Saints to 'em.

I saw in my Ramble to *Kilkenny*, that Inclosures are very rare amongst them; much of their Land is reserved for Grazing and Pasturage; and there, indeed, the Gras being very sweet, and holding a 'constant *verdure*, it is (as a late Author observes) 'in many places so indented with *Purling Brooks* 'and *Streams*, that their Meadows look like a new 'Green-Carpet border'd or *fringed* with the purest '*Silver*; yet *Hay* is a rarity amongst them, and 'would cost them more pains than they can well 'afford, towards the making of it; therefore they 'seldom or never trouble their *Heads* or *Hands* a-'bout it. And then for their *Arrable* Ground (as 'the same Author observes) it lies most commonly 'as much neglected and unmanured as the sandy '*Deserts* of *Arabia*, or a ranting young *Gallant's* 'old Bed-rid *Spouse*.

Their *Women* generally are very little beholding to *Nature for their Beauty, and less to Art*; one may safely swear, they use no *Painting*, or such like Auxiliary Aids of Fucusses, being so averse to that kind *of Curiosity*; (tho' they have as much need thereof as any I ever yet beheld) that one would think they

they never had their Faces waſh'd in their *whole Lives*.

As to their *miſhapen Legs* (as a witty Gentleman expreſſed it) *I'll lay them aſide*, and next talk of their Courtſhips.

Amorous they are as *Doves*, but not altogether ſo chaſte as *Turtles*, deſiring as much to be *billing*, and very frequently bringing forth *Twins*, as the others hatch young ones by *Pairs*. There needs no great Ceremony or *Courtſhip*, for they generally yield at firſt Summons.

The *Men*, as *Birds* of the ſame *Neſt* and *Feather*, differ only in the *Sex*, not in their good *Humour* and *Conditions*.

Bonny-Clabber and *Mulabaan*, alias *ſowre Milk*, and *Choak-Cheeſe*, with a Diſh of *Potatoes* boiled, is their general Entertainment; to which add an *Oat-cake*, and it compleats their *Bill of Fare*, unleſs they intend to ſhew their exceſſive Prodigality, and tempt your Appetite with an Egg extraordinary.

Thus Madam, have I given you a brief, but general Character of *Ireland*, which I have intermixt with what I found by the *Dear Joys*, and what I ſay of theſe, I ſend to you as the Character of the *better ſort of Teagues*; for as for the *Wild Iriſh*, What are they, but a Generation of Vermin? they have Impudence enough to louſe in the High-way. I have ſeen *ſix Men at it together*, and a Mile farther, *as many Women* at the ſame ſport; and what is yet more ſhameleſs, the Women were half naked. 'Tis true, in the *Infant Age*, when the Innocency of Men did not bluſh to ſhew all that Nature gave 'em (indeed becauſe they did no more then that taught 'em) I ſhou'd not have wonder'd at ſuch ſights; but conſidering the Removes we are now from *Adam*, I cou'd not but bluſh for 'em. If you peep into forty Cabins (*they are as ſpacious as our Engliſh Hogſties*, (a) *but not ſo clean*) you'll ſcarce find a Woman with a Sm--k to her Back, or a Pettycoat can

(a) *As was hinted before, in* p. 390.

touch her Knee; and of *Ten Children* (for they are full of Brats, for the reason I formerly hinted) not one has a shooe to his foot; and when one laughs at their Nakedness (*as who can forbear that is flesh and blood*) they cry, *fye! fye! English Man, you see nothing but what is her own.* And these *Irish* Parents are as proud as they are naked; and rather then dishonour (as they call it) their Sons with a Trade, they suffer 'em to beg for their daily bread; and for themselves, they are so lazy, that those of 'em that are not Thieves (and of that number is scarce one in a thousand) they live by the drudgery of their poor Wives.

But however careless they be of the *Living*, they are mightily concerned for the *Dead*, having a Custom, of *howling* when they carry any one to Burial; and *screaming* over their *Graves*, not like other *Christians*, but like People without *Hope*: and sooner than this shall be omitted, they do hire a whole Herd of these *Crocodils* to accompany the *Corps*; who with their counterfeit *Tears* and *Sighs*, and confused *Clamour* and *Noise*, do seem heartily to bemoan the departed Friend; though all this is with no more concern and reality, than an Actor on the Theatre for the feigned Death of his *Dearest* in a *Tragedy*. Instead of a *Funeral Oration*, they bawl out these or the like querulous Lamentations, *O hone! O hone! Dear Joy, why didst thou dye and leave us? Hadst thou not Pigs and a Potato Garden? Hadst thou not some Sheep and a Cow, Oat-cake, and good Usquebaugh to comfort thy Heart, and* put Mirth upon thy Friends? *Then, wherefore wouldst thou leave this good World, and thy poor Wife and Children? O hone! O hone!* with much more such stuff; to all which, *Dear Joy*, lending but a deaf Ear, sleeps on till *Doomesday*; while home they go to *Drink*, and drown the present *Sorrow*; till the Melancholly fit comes upon them afresh, and then they resort to the *Grave*, and bedew it again with *Tears*; repeating and howling their *O hones* with as much deep Sence and Sorrow as before.

They

They have many other extravagant *Cuſtoms* daily practiſed at their *Weddings* and *Chriſtnings*; but I reſerve theſe for my *Summer Ramble*; ſo I'll conclude their Character with only ſaying, They are a neſt of diſarm'd, *lewd*, *louſie*, *Lazy Rebels*, that have a Will, tho' not the Power, to cut our Throats.

I ſhou'd next ſpeak of their *Prieſts* (fit Shepherds for ſuch Wolves) but you'l meet 'em often in my *Mallvide Ramble*, with my Conferences with 'em; ſo I'll drop 'em here; but will ſend ye a further Account of my *Summer Ramble* by the next Poſt: For, Madam, my Mind is always with you, and my Dear Friends in *England*, tho' at preſent I am in the Country of *Wrath* and *Vengeance*; but my Ink *is too clean for a further Deſcription*. Yet Madam, if you'd ſee the Picture of *Poor Teague* more at large, I'd refer you to a Book call'd, *The Deſcription of Ireland*, that Ingenious Author being the Perſon I ſo often quote in this *Character of the Dear Joys*. Thus (Madam) by what I ha'e ſaid, you ſee what an *excellent Country Ireland is for a young Traveller to be firſt ſeaſon'd in*; for let him but *view it as much as I did*, and I dare undertake he ſhall love all the reſt of the World much better ever after, except *Scotland* and *France*; of which more when I get thither.

If you ask, *Why I ſtay in ſuch a vile Country*? Why, Madam, he that's in a Boat with the Devil, muſt land where, and as ſoon as he can; however, I'll ſtay till you anſwer this; and then, Hoa! for *Scotland*, *France*, *Italy*, and next the *Helleſpont*; (for my Geography is now rectified by my learned Friend;) and 'tis very likely the *length of my Ramble* will exceed the ſize of my Hour-Glaſs: However,

—— *All may have,*
If they dare try a glorious Life or Grave.
Herb. Ch. Porch.

And (if I hear *Valeria*'s well) I care not whether I meet the Sun at his Riſing, or at his

going (a) down. *All Places are alike diſtant from Heaven*; and that a Man's Country where he can meet a Friend. Thus Madam, (when 'tis my Duty) *you ſee I can ramble in earneſt.*

(a) *See more of this in the Dublin Scuffle.* p. 142.

Madam, having now diſpatch'd the *Character of the Dear Joys*, and troubled you with a thouſand other Impertinencies, (that I may ſtill keep within the bounds of my Converſation) I'll proceed in the *laſt place*, to give you an account of the *parting Viſits I made when I left Ireland*, and with thoſe conclude this *long and tedious Letter.*

Madam, in theſe *parting Viſits*, I had the Happineſs of being accompany'd by my two Friends, Mr. *Wilde*, and Mr. *Larkin*; I have already given you a *brief Character of Mr. Larkin*; and it would be unjuſt not to give you Mr. *Wilde's*, who has deſerv'd ſo good a one from me, by his faithful managing my *Auction.* 'Mr. *Wilde* (Madam) *was born a Gentleman*, being deſcended from an Ancient 'Family in *Herefordſhire*, and brought up to learn-'ing till he was fit for the Univerſity; but his In-'clination leading him rather to a Trade, he was 'bound an Apprentice to *George Sawbridge*, Eſq 'the greateſt Bookſeller that has been in *England* 'for many years, as may ſufficiently appear by the 'Eſtate he left behind him; for (beſides that he 'was *Choſen Sheriff of London, and paid his Fine*) he 'left behind him *four Daughters*, who had each of 'em for their Portions, *Ten Thouſand Pound apiece*; 'and you may eaſily imagine, Madam, that ſerving 'a Maſter who drove ſo great a Trade, he cou'd not 'fail of underſtanding Books, without he was 'greatly wanting to himſelf: Which he was ſo far 'from being, that I need not make any ſcruple to 'affirm, That there *are very few Bookſellers in Eng-'land* (if any) that underſtand Books better then '*Richard Wilde*: Nor does his *Diligence and Induſtry* come ſhort of his Knowledge; for he is *indefatigably Induſtrious* in the diſpatch of Buſineſs; 'of which his *managing my Auction*, is a ſufficient

Proof:

'Proof: He far exceeded even my Expectation, 'and gave the Buyers too, ſuch great Content, that 'had I not ſeen, I cou'd hardly have believ'd it. '*Nor does his Talent lie in knowing Books only, but he 'knows Men as well too*; and has the Honour to be 'perſonally known to very many of the *Nobility 'and Gentry* of the firſt Rank, both in *England and 'Ireland*; and there's ſcarce a Bookſeller in *Dublin* 'but has a Kindneſs for him. *If any thing hates 'him, 'tis the Fair Sex, for his living ſo long a Bat-'chelor*; but they might excuſe him, for he's too '*buſie to think of Love, and too honeſt to Marry for 'Money*; and I believe ſcorns to creep (for 'tis be-'neath a Man to whine like a Dog in a Halter) to 'the *greateſt Fortune in Dublin*; not but *Wilde* is of 'a courteous affable Nature, and *very obliging* to 'all he has to do withal; and 'tis viſible by his 'Carriage, he was bred (as well as born) a Gentle-'man. He had a good Eſtate to begin the World 'with, but has met with Loſſes; yet when his '*Stars were the moſt unkind* (as was confeſt in my 'hearing by his raving Enemy) he was ſtill as he-'neſt as ever; and being always juſt in his Dealings, 'he now, like the Sun (juſt come from behind a 'Cloud) *ſhines brighter and fairer then ever*: Some 'Men are only Juſt whilſt the World ſmiles; but 'when it frowns, they act ſuch little *Tricks*, as ren-'ders their Vertue ſuſpected. But *Wilde* ever pre-'ſerv'd his Integrity, *and is the ſame good Man un-'der all Events*; and as he was ever juſt in his 'Dealings, ſo I muſt ſay his Univerſal Knowledge 'in Books render him a fit Companion for the beſt 'Gentleman; and his *great ſobriety*, a fit Compa-'nion for the *niceſt Chriſtian*; and to add to his 'Reputation, Where's *a greater Williamite in the 'three Kingdoms*, then *Richard Wilde*? Madam, he 'has done ſuch Eminent Service to the preſent 'Government, that he can't in time but meet with 'an *ample Reward*; and 'tis but juſt to think he 'ſhou'd be preſer'd, for he's a true lover of his 'Majeſty, and the preſent Government; and a ſtre-'nuous Aſſerter of the *Rights and Liberties of the People*,

'*People*, and the Proteſtant Religion, in oppoſition 'to *Popery* and Slavery; *and this he has been from* '*his Youth*; inſomuch that for ſhewing his Zeal in 'theſe things, even while he was an Apprentice, 'the *Tories and Jacobites* (by way of deriſion) call'd 'him *Proteſtant Dick*. And by his Management of 'my *Auction*, he has given, both to my ſelf and 'others, ſuch a *Specimen of his Judgement*, and great 'Fidelity, that the *Right Reverend the Lord Biſhop* '*of Clogher* has done him the Honour (in his Let-'ter to me) to tell me *he is* 'extreamly *ſatisfy'd* (a) *in* 'Mr. Wilde's *Fidelity*. I do 'aſſure you, Madam, I am ſo 'well ſatisfy'd in his Conduct 'herein, that were I to keep an *Auction as far as* 'Rome *is ſelf*, Mr. *Wilde* ſhould be the ſole Manager. 'But tho' Mr. *Wilde* really merits the Character I 'here give him, yet he being one whom I convers'd 'ſo much with in *Dublin* (*which my Inclination* 'won'd *have led me to, if my Buſineſs had not*) he al-'ſo is one of St. *Patrick's Kennel of Scoundrels*; by 'which you may alſo know what to think of St. *Pa-'trick*, whoſe Characters run counter to the Senti-'ments of all honeſt Gentlemen. And yet even 'in this *Patrick* is true to himſelf, and hereby de-'clares he hates *Honeſty and Ingenuity*, where-ever 'he finds it.

(a) *As may be ſeen in* p. 52. *of the Dublin Scuffle.*

But Madam, I fear you will think me too long in my Character of Mr. *Wilde*; and I fear ſo too, with reſpect to your Ladyſhip; tho' as to himſelf, I have not yet done him that *Juſtice* he deſerves from me; and therefore muſt remain in his Debt, till I publiſh my *Summer Ramble*.

But I'll now proceed to the Account of my *part-ing Viſits*; the firſt of which, was rather an Invita-tion, than a Viſit; to the Houſe of Dr. *Phœnix*, who invited my ſelf and three of my Friends, to wit, Mr. *Wilde*, Mr. *Larkin*, and Mr. *Price*, to Din-ner. He lives in that part of the City which is call'd St. *Thomas Court*; and is a peculiar Liberty belonging to the Earl of *Meath*: We found the Doctor

Doctor Diſcourſing with the Dean of *Killaloe*, who Din'd with us: At our firſt coming, the Doctor ſaluted us all in a very obliging manner; but was pleas'd to pay me a moſt *particular Reſpect*, in regard (as he expreſs'd it) 'that I had ſo much obliged the Nation in general, and himſelf in parti-'cular, by bringing ſo large a Collection of valuable 'Books into the Kingdom.

After this firſt greeting, the Doctor had us into his Laboratory, and there ſhew'd us his Stills, and ſeveral great Curioſities. Before *Dinner* we had ſome *Converſation* with the Dean about the *Power of Imagination*; and the Dean told us he knew a Man at *Barnet*, near *London*, about Forty years ago, that profeſs'd to have a conſtant *Converſe with the Dead*; affirming, that while he was diſcourſing with others, he was at the ſame time converſing with the Dead. This Man wou'd utter many ſtrange Expreſſions of his Diſcourſes with dead People, and pretended by this Converſe, to tell things done at that Moment a vaſt diſtance off, which afterwards, upon Enquiry, prov'd true. But Dinner then coming up, put an end to our Converſation, and found us other Buſineſs to do, then to talk of melancholly People.

After Dinner, the Doctor's Lady told us this Remarkable Story: That ſome years ſince, having been deliver'd of a fine Girl, two Ladies that were then the Doctor's Patients, deſir'd the *Baptiſing of the Child* might be deferr'd till they were able to go abroad, becauſe they had a mind to ſtand Goſſips to it. But the two Ladies not being well enough to go abroad, ſo ſoon as they thought at firſt, a Months time was paſſed ſince the Birth of the Child, all which time it remain'd unchriſten'd. But one day, as the Doctor's Lady was in her Chamber, looking for ſomething which ſhe wanted in a Preſs, on a ſudden ſhe caſt her Eyes back, and ſaw ſitting down in a Chair, *an Uncle of hers, which had been dead ſeveral years*; at which being ſomewhat ſurpriz'd, ſhe ask'd him how he did? And he, on the contrary, ask'd her, *What was the reaſon ſhe did not*

chriſten

christen the Child? She told him it was because her Husband promis'd two Ladies shou'd be Gossips to it, and they were both yet indispos'd, and cou'd not come. The *Spectrum* then call'd her to come to him, which she accordingly did, and he embrac'd her in his Arms, and kiss'd her *naked Bosom*, which she said she felt extream cold: He then ask'd her where her Husband was? And she told him where. After which, he charg'd her to *let the Child be christned* the next day at three a Clock in the Afternoon; and then *went away, she knew not how*. When the Doctor came home, his Lady told him what she had seen, and desir'd the Child might be *Christen'd*, according to the Charge given by the *Spectrum*; but the Doctor was Unbelieving, and still resolv'd to defer it till the *two Ladies* could come to be Gossips. But the time prefix'd by the *Spectrum* being past, and the Child not Christen'd, that Night the *Bed-Cloaths were attempted to be pull'd off*, she crying out to the Doctor for help, who pull'd the Cloaths up with all his Strength, and had much ado to keep 'em on, his Wife in the mean time crying out grievously that *somebody pinch'd her*. And the next Morning, viewing of her Body, they found she was pinch'd black and blue in several places. This did not yet prevail with the Doctor to *have his Child Christen'd* till the *two Ladies* cou'd come to be Gossips. But a day or two after, when the Doctor was again abroad, and his Lady alone in her Chamber, there appeared to her *another Spectrum* in the likeness of her *Aunt* (who had been dead near 20 years before) *with a Coffin in her hand, and a bloody Child in the Coffin*, asking her in a threatning manner, *Why the Child was not Christned*? She reply'd (*as she had done to her Uncle before*) that her Husband delay'd it on the Account of two Gossips which could not yet come. Whereto the *Spectrum* (with a stern Countenance) said, Let there be no more such idle Excuses, but *Christen the Child to Morrow, or it shall be worse for you*, and so disappear'd. The Lady all in Tears tells the Doctor of the Threatning of this *She-Spectrum*, and

prevails

prevails with him to have it Chriſtned the next day; and in three days after, the Child was over-lay'd by the Nurſe, and brought home in *a Coffin all bloody*, exactly like that which was ſhewn her by the laſt *Spectrum*. The Doctor confirm'd that part of the Story which related to him; and as to the *Spectrums*, his Lady aver'd before my ſelf, Mr. *Wild*, (a) Mr. *Larkin*, and Mr. *Price*, that what ſhe related, was nothing but Truth. The Doctor (after the Story was ended) made this Inference from it, *That the Baptizing of Infants was an Ordinance of God, or elſe it had not been ſo much inculcated by two Perſons or Spirits riſen from the Dead*. But my Friend Mr. *Larkin* reply'd to the Doctor, that he was of a quite contrary Opinion, and ſaid it was a great *Argument againſt Infant Baptiſm*, that the Devil was ſo earneſt to have it done. And when they both referr'd the Matter to the *Dean*, he put it off, by ſaying, We had ſome Diſcourſe before Dinner of the *Power of Imagination*, and this ſeems to be ſome of the Effects on't.

(a) *Mr.* Larkin, *who was preſent at theſe* Relations, *is now living in* Hand-Ally *in* Biſhops-gate-ſtreet.

After this Diſcourſe was ended, Dr. *Phœnix* caus'd a *Robbin-red-breaſt* (which he had in a Cage) to be brought into the Dining-room; where it entertain'd us whilſt at Dinner, *with ſinging and talking* many pleaſant things; as *ſweet Lady, Is the Packet come? What News from* England? and ſeveral ſuch Expreſſions which the Doctor's Lady had taught it. The ſmalneſs of this Bird renders its *talking* the more remarkable; and perhaps Madam, this *Robin-red-breaſt* is one of the greateſt Rarities in *Ireland*, if not in the whole World; and I believe Dr. *Phœnix* thinks ſo; for (as ſmall as this Bird is) he told me he'd not ſell it for 20 Guinea's; and I do think, were it ſold to the worth of its *pleaſant Chat*, 'twou'd yield a thouſand.

After I had ſtay'd the utmoſt Limits that my Time would allow me, I took my leave of the Dean, and then returning the Doctor and his Lady

Thanks

Thanks for their Kindneſs (both to my ſelf and my Friends) we took our leave; the Doctor wiſhing me *a boon Voyage to England, and a good Journey to London.* But the Doctor is a *worthy Perſon*, and I can't leave his Houſe till I have given a Character of him; beſides, his Civilities to me were ſo *many and great*, that not to acknowledge 'em (in a juſt Character of him) wou'd be very ungrateful; for he was a great Encourager of my *Auction*, and a very generous Bidder. But to proceed to his Character, 'Dr. *Phœnix* is a little Jolly black 'Man, but ſo very conſcientious, that he's *as* 'ready to ſerve the Poor for nothing, as the Rich 'for Money. His great Skill in Phyſick has 'made him famous; and which renders him the 'more Eminent, his Preſcriptions are generally 'ſucceſsful, and his *Aurum Potabile* never fails. 'His *wiſe Advice* has reſcu'd more languiſhing 'Patients from the Jaws of Death, then *Quacks* 'have ſent to thoſe dark Regions; and on that 'ſcore Death declares himſelf a mortal Enemy to 'Dr. *Phœnix*; whereas Death claims a Relation to 'meer *Pretenders* to Phyſick, as being both of one 'Occupation, viz. *That of Killing Men.* But tho 'his great Succeſs makes Patients throng to him, 'yet is he a modeſt, humble, and very good Man, 'as appears by this; at his firſt coming to a ſick 'Man, he perſwades him *to put his truſt in God, the* 'Fountain of Health. The want of ſuch ſeriouſneſs 'hath caus'd the bad ſucceſs of many Phyſitians; 'for they that won't acknowledge God in their 'Applications, God won't acknowledge them in 'that *Succeſs* which they might otherwiſe expect. I wou'd be larger in the Doctor's *Character*, but after all, muſt come ſhort of it; ſo will add no more about him, but ſhall now attempt his *Ladys Character*, of whom I might ſay many pretty things; but (Madam) I fear I ſhall tire you; however, I ſay *'em all in little*, by only telling your Ladyſhip, that the Perſon I'd here deſcribe, is Doctor *Phœnix*'s Wife. I ſay, Madam, 'tis Praiſe enough to ſay, ſhe is Dr. *Phœnix*'s Wife, and that ſhe merits ſo good

a Hus-

a Husband. Then let the learned World debate as long as they pleaſe about the *Nonſuch Bird*, this Lady proves (by her great Vertues) that in *Dublin* (if no where elſe) is to be ſeen a *She-Phœnix*.

Leaving Dr. *Phœnix*'s Houſe, our next Viſit was to the College of *Dublin*, where ſeveral worthy Gentlemen (*both Fellows and others*) had been great Benefactors to my Auction: When we came to the College, we went firſt to my Friend Mr. *Young*'s Chamber; but he not being at home, we went to ſee the *Library*, which is over the Schollars Lodgings the length of one of the *Quadrangles*; and contains a great many choice Books of great Value, particularly one, the largeſt I ever ſaw for breadth; 'twas an *Herbal*, containing the lively Portraictures of all ſorts of *Trees, Plants, Herbs, and Flowers*: By this *Herbal* lay a ſmall Book, containing about 64 Pages in a Sheet, to make it look like the *Giant and the Dwarf*. There alſo (ſince I have mentioned a Giant) we ſaw lying on a Table, the *Thigh-bone of a Giant*, or at leaſt, of ſome monſtrous over-grown Man, for the Thigh-bone was as long as my Leg and Thigh; which is kept there as a convincing Demonſtration of the *vaſt bigneſs* which ſome humane Bodies have in former times arriv'd to. We were next ſhew'd by Mr. *Griffith*, a Maſter of Art (for he it was that ſhew'd us theſe Curioſities) the Skin of one *Ridley*, a *notorious Toy*, which had been long ago Executed; he had been begg'd for an *Anatomy*, and being flea'd, his Skin was tann'd, and ſtuff'd with Straw; in this paſſive ſtate he was aſſaulted by ſome Mice and Rats, not *ſneakingly* behind his Back, but boldly before his Face, which they ſo much *further Mortified*, even after Death, as to eat it up; which loſs has ſince been ſupply'd by tanning the Face of one *Geoghagan*, a Popiſh Prieſt, executed about ſix years ago, for ſtealing; which ſaid Face is put in the place of *Ridley*'s.

At the *Eaſt* End of this Library, on the right hand, is a Chamber called the *Countеſs of Bath's Library*, filled with many handſome Folios, and

other

other Books, in Dutch Binding, guilt, with the *Earls Arms impreſt* upon them; for he had been ſometime of this Houſe; on the left hand, oppoſite to this Room, is another Chamber, in which I ſaw a great many *Manuſcripts*, *Medals*, and other *Curioſities*.

At the *Weſt End of the Library*, there is a Diviſion made by a kind of wooden-Latice-work, containing about thirty paces, full of *choice and curious Books*, which was the Library of that great Man, Arch-biſhop *Uſher*, Primate of *Armagh*, whoſe Learning, and Exemplary Piety has juſtly made him the Ornament not only of that College (of *which he was the firſt Scholar* that ever was enter'd in it, and the firſt who took degrees) but of the whole *Hibernian* Nation. At the upper end of this part of the Library, hangs at full length, the Picture of Dr. *Chaloner*, who was the firſt Provoſt of the College, and a Perſon Eminent for Learning and Vertue. His Picture is likewiſe at the Entrance into the Library; and his Body lies in a *ſtately Tomb made of Alabaſter*. At the *Weſt* end of the Chappel. Near Dr. *Chaloner's* Picture (if I don't miſtake) hangs a *new Skeleton* of a Man, made up and given by Dr. *Gwither*, a Phyſitian of careful and happy Practice, of great Integrity, Learning, and ſound Judgment, as may be ſeen by thoſe *Treatiſes* of his, that are inſerted in ſome late *Philoſophical Tranſactions*. Thus (Madam) have I given ye a brief Account of the *Library*, which at preſent is but an ordinary Pile of Building, and can't be diſtinguiſh'd on the out-ſide; but I hear they deſign the building of a *New Library*: And I am told, the *Hooſe of Commons in Ireland* have voted 3000 *l.* towards carrying it on.

After having ſeen the *Library*, we went to viſit Mr. *Minſhul*, (whoſe Father I knew in *Cheſter*) 'Mr. *Minſhul* has been Student in the College for 'ſome time, and is a very *ſober*, *ingenious Youth*; 'and I do think is deſcended from one of the moſt 'courteous Men in *Europe*. (I mean Mr. *John Min-'ſhul*, Bookſeller in *Cheſter*.) After a ſhort ſtay

in

in this Gentleman's Chamber, we were led by one *Theophilus*, (a good natur'd ſenſible Fellow) to ſee the *New-houſe*, now building for the *Provoſt*; which when finiſh'd, will be very noble and magnificent.

After this, *Theophilus* ſhew'd us the *Gardens* belonging to the College, which were very pleaſant and entertaining. Here was a *Sun-Dyal*, on which might be ſeen what a Clock it was in moſt parts of the World. This Dyal was plac'd upon the top of a Stone, repreſenting a *Pile of Books*. And not far from this was another *Sun-Dyal ſet in Box*, of a very large compaſs, the Gnomon of it being very near as big as a *Barber's Poll*. Leaving this *pleaſant Garden*, we aſcended ſeveral ſteps, which brought us into a *curious Walk*, where we had a Proſpect to the *Weſt* of the City, and to the *Eaſt* of the Sea and Harbour: On the *South* we cou'd ſee the Mountains of *Wicklow*, and on the *North*, the River *Liffey*, which runs by the ſide of the College. Madam, having now (and at other times) throughly ſurvey'd the Colledge, I ſhall here attempt to give your Ladyſhip a very particular Account of it; 'tis call'd *Trinity College*, and is the ſole Univerſity of *Ireland*; it conſiſts of three Squares, the outward being as large as both the inner; one of which, of modern building, has not Chambers on every ſide, the other has; on the *South* ſide of which ſtands the Library, the whole length of the Square. I ſhall ſay nothing of the Library here (having already ſaid ſomething of it) ſo I proceed to tell ye, Madam, that the *Hall and Butteries* run the ſame range with the Library, and ſeparates the two inner ſquares; it is an old building, as alſo the Regent-houſe which from a Gallery looks into the *Chappel*, which has been of late years enlarged, being before too little for the number of Scholars, which are now, with the Fellows, *&c.* reckoned about 340; they have a *Garden for the Fellows, and another for the Provoſt*, both neatly kept; as alſo a *Bowling-Green, and large Park* for the Students to walk and exerciſe in. The Foundation conſiſts of

a *Provoſt* (who at preſent is the Reverend Dr. *George Brown*, a Gentleman bred in this Houſe ſince a Youth, when he was firſt enter'd, and one in whom they all count themſelves very happy; for he's an *Excellent Governour*, and a Perſon of great Piety, Learning, and Moderation) ſeven *Senior Fellows*, of whom two are Doctors in *Divinity*; eight *Juniors*, to which one is lately added by —— and ſeventy Scholars; their publick Commencements are at *Shrovetide*, and the firſt *Tueſday* after the eighth of *July*. Their Chancellor is his *Grace the Duke of Ormond*; ſince the death of the Right Reverend the late Biſhop of *Meath*, they have had no Vice-Chancellor, only *pro re nata*. The Univerſity was founded by Queen *Elizabeth*, and by her and her Succeſſors largely endowed, and many munificent Gifts and Legacies ſince made by ſeveral other well-diſpoſed Perſons; all whoſe Names, together with their Gifts, are read publickly in the Chappel every *Trinity* Sunday in the Afternoon, as a grateful acknowledgement to the Memory of their Benefactors; and on the 9th of *January*, 1693. (which compleated a *Century* from the Foundation of the College) they celebrated their *firſt ſecular day*, when the Provoſt, (a) Dr. *Aſh*, now Biſhop of *Clogher*, Preach'd, and made a notable Entertainment for the Lords Juſtices, Privy Council, Lord Mayor and Aldermen of *Dublin*. The Sermon Preached by the Provoſt, was on the Subject of the Foundation of the College, and his Text was, *Mat.* xxvi. xiii. *Verily I ſay unto you, Wherefoever this Goſpel ſhall be Preached in the whole World, there ſhall alſo this that this Woman hath done, be told for a Memorial of her*; which in this Sermon the Provoſt apply'd to Queen *Elizabeth*, the Foundreſs of the College: The Sermon was Learned and Ingenious, and afterwards Printed by Mr. *Ray*, and dedicated to the Lords Juſtices, who at that time were, the Lord *Henry Capel*, Sir *Cyril Wiche*, and *William Duncomb*, Eſq; In the Afternoon, there

(a) *See his Character in my farewell to* Dublin.

was

was ſeveral Orations in Latin ſpoke by the Scholars, in Praiſe of Queen *Elizabeth*, and the ſucceeding Princes: And an Ode made by Mr. *Tate* (the Poet Laureat) who was bred up in this College. Part of the Ode was this following;

I.

Great Parent, *hail!* *all hail to thee;*
Who haſt the laſt Diſtreſs ſurviv'd,
To ſee this Joyful day arriv'd;
The Muſes ſecond Jubilee.

II.

Another Century *commencing,*
No decay in thee can trace,
Time, with his own Law diſpenſing,
Adds new Charms to every Grace,
That adorn'd thy youthful Face.

III.

After Wars Alarms repeated,
And a Circling Age *compleated,*
Numerous Off-ſpring thou doſt raiſe,
Such as to Juverna's *Praiſe,*
Shall Liffee *make as proud a Name,*
As that o' Iſis *or of* Cham.

IV.

Awful Matron, *take thy Seat*
To celebrate this Feſtival;
The Learn'd Aſſembly well to treat,
Bleſt Eliza's Days Re call:
The Wonders of her Reign Recount,
In ſtr ins that Phœbus *may ſurmount,*
Songs for P œbus *to repeat.*
She was that did at firſt inſpire,
And tune the muſe Hibernian Lyre.

V.

Succeeding Princes *next recite,*
With never-dying Verse requite
Thoſe Favours they did ſhow'r:
'Tis this alone can do 'em Right;
To ſave 'em from Oblivion's Night,
Is only in the Muſes Power.

VI.

But chiefly recommend to Fame,
MARIA, *and Great* WILLIAM's *Name,*
Whoſe Iſle to Him her Freedom owes:
And ſurely no Hibernian *Muſe*
Can her Reſtorers Praiſe refuſe,
While Boyn *and* Shannon *flowes.*

After this *Ode* had been ſung by the Principal Gentlemen of the Kingdom, there was a very diverting Speech made in Engliſh by the *Terræ Filius*. The Night concluded with Illuminations, not only in the College, but in other Places. Madam, this day being to be obſerv'd *but once in an hundred years*, was the Reaſon why I troubl'd your Ladyſhip with this Account.

Having Rewarded *Theophilus* for his readineſs to ſhew us the *Gardens*, *&c.* we took our leave of the College; and from thence I went (Mr. *Wilde* and Mr. *Larkin* being ſtill with me) to take my leave of the Honourable Colonel *Butler* of St. *Stephen's Green*, to whom I was greatly obliged, both as he was a great Encouragger of my Auction, and as I had *all along his Countenance and Favour* in it, eſpecially when there was ſome Perſons that had a mind to diſturb and banter my Auction; but by this worthy Gentlemans appearing againſt 'em, and reſenting the Affront as done to himſelf, they quickly cry'd *Peccavi*. Madam, it wou'd be too great Preſumption in me to attempt this *Gentleman's* Character, for I ſhou'd but dim the *luſtre of his brigh-*

er Vertues, by all that I cou'd write. But the *noble Favours* I receiv'd from Collonel *Butler*, oblige me to a publick Acknowledgment; tho' all I can ſay of him, will be like *leſſer Maps of the large World*, (*where every Prick ſets down ſome ample Shire, and every Point a City.*) 'His brave and generous Soul 'is ſo well known, that 'tis but waſting of 'time to tell it; then where can I begin, or where 'ſhall I end? Should I ſpeak of his *Learning*, I 'might call him the *Mecenas* of *Ireland*; for the 'Books he buys do by their number ſufficiently de-'clare his Love to Learning; and by their Valoe 'and intrinſick Worth, the vaſtneſs of his Judg-'ment: Neither is he leſs remarkable for his affable 'Carriage, his ſweet and obliging Diſpoſition, his 'large Charity, his ſingular *Humility*, *Juſtice*, *Tem-'perance*, and *Moderation*; and I do believe his no-'ble Attainments in the *Art of Raining* has no pa-'rallel in the Kingdom of *Ireland*. Madam, I 'wou'd proceed in the Collonels Character, but I 'fear his *Great Modeſty* will make him think I ſay 'too much, tho I am very ſure all that know him 'will think I ſay too little.

When we came to the *Collonels Houſe*, he receiv'd me (and my two Friends) in a moſt obliging man-ner; after our firſt Salutations, he had us into his Dinning-room, hung round with *curious Pi-ctures*, all of his own drawing; ſome of which were *King Edward the VIth*, *the Lady Jane Gray*, *the two Charles's*, *King William and Queen Mary*, with others which I now forget. When we were all ſeated, the Collonel told me he took my coming to ſee him very kindly, and that if he came to *London*, he wou'd *do himſelf the Honour of repaying my Viſit*. We next fell to diſcourſe of the *Auctions I made in Du-blin*, and here the Collonel was pleas'd to ſay, I had been a *great Benefactor to the Kingdom of Ire-land*, by bringing into it ſo large a quantity of good Books. I thank'd him for the Honour he did me by that Expreſſion; and further added, that if *all my Buyers had been ſo generous as himſelf*, my Venture had been very fortunate. This Diſcourſe

about my Auction, naturally led us to talk of *Patrick Campbel* (the grand Enemy to it) and after I had told the Collonel what Treatment I had from *Campbel*, he said I had just Reason to vindicate my self; and that he believed there never was a fairer *Auction* then mine, or a better Auctioneer then Mr. *Wilde*; and therefore, Madam, I dedicate the *Dublin-Scuffle* to Collonel *Butler*, as a generous Protector of an *injur'd Stranger*: Upon the taking my leave of the Collonel, he expres'd himself very sorry that I was leaving the Country, and said, if ever I return'd with a second Venture, he wou'd Encourage it all he cou'd; for this I return'd him my *humble Thanks*, confessing my unworthiness of those many Favours I had receiv'd from him. Then taking my *final leave*, he gave me that endearing *Salutation*, which is the great Expression of kindness among the Gentlemen of *Ireland*; after this tender Favour, he honour'd me so far, as to say, he shou'd be wishing for *Westerly Winds* (for my sake) 'till he heard I was landed; and so with wishing (Mr. *Larkin* and my self) a good Voyage, we parted well satisfy'd in the Honour done us by the *noble Collonel*.

Madam, I told ye that Collonel *Butler* was very remarkable for his great Humility, and generous Temper; and you see by his obliging Expressions to Persons so much below him, how much he merits that *noble Character of being humble*; I call it so, as Pride lessens (or rather disgraces) Men of the highest Rank, as much or more then it does others; and therefore 'tis, tho' Collonel *Butler* is very eminent for ev'ry Vertue, yet if he excells in one more then another, 'tis in his *Great Humility*; which further appears by his inviting me often to see him, and (if I may be so proud to use his own Expression) in being *pleased with my Conversation*.

Having left the Collonel's House, we all three return'd to our several Lodgings. In our way thither, we went to take our leaves of the Reverend Mr. *Searl* (at his House in *Bridel Alley*) and of my worthy Friend Mr. *Jones* (at his House in *great*

Ship-

Ship-ſtreet) but neither of 'em were at home; however, I had the happineſs of ſeeing Mr. *Jones*'s Siſter (a Perſon Eminent for her great Piety) with whom I left a million of Thanks for all the Favours I receiv'd from him. And here I parted with my two Friends (Mr. *Wild* and Mr. *Larkin*) and the next day (it being the laſt for *taking of Farewells*) every one went as his Humor and Fancy led him. And the *firſt Ramble* I took this Morning, was to take my Farewell of *Rings-End* (where I had two or three good Friends) 'tis about a Mile from *Dublin*, and is a little Harbour like your *Graves-End* in *England*; I had very agreeable Company to *Rings End*, and was nobleſy treated at the Kings Head; after an hours ſtay in this dear Place (as all Port-Towns generally are) I took my leave of *Trench*, *Welſted*, and two or three more Friends, and now look'd towards *Dublin*; but how to come at it, we no more knew then the *Fox at the Grapes*; for though we ſaw a large ſtrand, yet 'twas not to be walk'd over, becauſe of a pretty rapid Stream, which muſt be croſſed; we enquir'd for a Coach, and found no ſuch thing was to be had here, unleſs by accident; but was inform'd that we might have a *Rings-End* Carr, which upon my deſire was call'd, and we got upon it, not into it: It is a *perfect Car with two Wheels*, and towards the back of it, a ſeat is raiſed croſs ways, long enough to hold three People; the Cuſhion we had was made of Patch-work, but of ſuch courſe kind of ſtuff, that we fancied the Boy had ſtol'n ſome poor Beggars Coat for a covering; between me and the Horſe, upon the croſs barrs of the Carr, ſtood our Charioteer, who preſently ſet his Horſe into a Gallop, which ſo jolted our ſides, tho' upon a ſmooth ſtrand, that we were in Purgatory until we got off at *Lazy-hill*, where I pay'd 4*d.* for our fair of a Miles riding, and almoſt as pleas'd as the young Gentleman that drove the Chariot of the Sun would have been, to be rid of his Seat; however they are a great Conveniency, and a Man may go to *Rings-End* from *Dublin*, or from hence thither, with a Load of Goods, for a

Groat; and we were told, there are an hundred and more plying hereabouts, that one can hardly be disappointed.

I parted with my Fellow Traveller in *Essex-street*, and from thence I went to take my leave of my honest Barber, *Mat. Read* upon *Cork-hill*; and because I found him a generous Lad, I won't leave him without a Character; 'He is a Man willing to 'please, and the most genteel Barber I saw in *Dub-'lin*, and therefore I became his quarterly Custo-'mer; but as ready as he is to humor his Friends, 'yet is he brisk and gay, and the worst made 'for a Dissembler of any Man in the World; he's '*generous and frank*, and speaks whatever he thinks, 'which made me have a kindness for him; and 'twas not lost, for he treated me every *quarterly* '*Payment*, and was obliging to the last, being one 'of those *dozen Men* that feasted me in *Essex-street*, 'the *Friday* before I left *Dublin*; and that wit-'nessed to the *Attestation* concerning my *Con-'versation*. He has Wit enough, a great 'deal of good Humor, and (tho' a *Barber*) Owner 'of as much Generosity as any Man in *Ireland*. 'And if ever I visit *Dublin* again, *Mat. Read* (or 'in case of his Death) his Heir and Successor, is the 'only Barber for me. And as for his Spouse (tho 'her Face is full of *Pock-holes*, yet she's a pretty 'little humour'd Creature, and smiles at ev'ry 'word.

Having shook hand with honest *Matt.* I went next through *Copper Alley* to *Skinner-Row*, for a parting glimpse of *Brass* and *Patrick Campbel*; for tho' they had treated me ill (and that's the Reason why none but they, and the old Usurer, have a black Character in the *Dublin Scuffle*) yet I had *good Nature* enough (tho' not to discourse, yet) just to see 'em when I left *Dublin*. From paying this *silent farewell*, I went to the *Tholsel*, where I saw (a) Mr. *Quin* the present Lord Mayor for the City of *Dublin*. Perhaps Madam, you'l wonder that I shou'd send ye so ma-

(a) *An Apothecary in Skinner Row.*

ny

ny Characters, and have yet omitted to ſend the Character of a Perſon in ſuch an *Eminent Station*; but the Reaſon was, I ſtay'd to be throughly inform'd, before I attempted the Character of my *Lord Mayor*: But Madam, I am now able to give ye his true Character; and the leaſt I can ſay of his Lordſhip is, 'He's a Perſon of great Juſtice and 'Integrity (as I found in the '(a) hearing I had before him) a couragious Magiſtrate, and 'a true lover of his King and Country; and has the love of 'all good Men: But there's no need of any more 'then reading the *Flying Poſt* of *Feb.* 16. 1699. to 'know him as well as if he ſtood before us; for there 'tis ſaid, *Dublin Feb.* 7. *Our Citizens are mightily pleaſed with the Lord Mayor, on the account of his Proceedings againſt the Bakers, and relieving the Poor from their Oppreſſions; a Congratulatory Poem hath been lately Printed and preſented to him, on this occaſion*: Thus far the *Flying Poſt*, in which you 'ſee that Courage and Juſtice I told ye was ſo Eminent in him. But this faithful diſcharge of his 'great Truſt, is what the *Citizens of Dublin* might 'expect from him; for *Prudence and Piety* have 'viſibly ſhin'd thro' all the Actions of his Life; and 'tis not *Honour or Power* alters the Temper of a 'good Man; and therefore 'tis, ſince he has been 'choſen *Lord Mayor of the City of Dublin*, that his 'Conduct is ſuch, that he is not only a Pattern fit 'to be imitated by all that ſhall hereafter ſucceed 'him, but in many things 'twill be difficult for any 'to reſemble him; and therefore no wonder the '*Citizens of Dublin* have fixt him in ſo *large a* '*Sphere of doing good*; a private Poſt was not large 'enough for the ſervice Heaven deſign'd by this 'active Magiſtrate; nor a '(b) *Hi high enough for the* 'notice of one ſo *Exemplary*; 'and to render him the 'more compleat, this brave 'Soul of his has the happineſs to live in a very 'beauti-

(a) *See more of this in the Dublin Senſſie.*

(b) *As was ſaid of my Reverend Father-in-law, Dr.* Annesly.

'beautiful Tenement; and it had been pity it 'shou'd have liv'd in any other. But I shall stop here, for I had not the Honour to be personally known to his Lordship; so I shall leave the *Thatch't* without any other Farewel then what I have given in this Character; and from hence shall step to the Bull in *Nicholas-street*, to take my leave of one who is call'd (what she really is) *The Flower of Dublin*; 'no Citizen's Wife is demurer then this 'Person, as I found at the first greeting; nor 'draws in her Mouth with a chaster Simper, and 'yet a vertuous good Woman, and very obliging 'to all her Customers; and I left her, with some regret: And next rambled to *Cow-lane*, to take my leave of the Lady *Swancastle*, who is deservedly famous for her great Love to her Husband. Madam, *a good Wife is a good thing, and rarely to be found*, said the wisest of meer Men; and we have reason to believe him the rather, because (as (a) Mr. *Turner* says) *The first Man*, Adam, *the strong* Sampson, *the Philosopher* Socrates, *and many others, have been either over-reach'd, or afflicted with Women*: But as many bad Wives as there are in the World, I do assure ye, Madam, my Lady *Swancastle* is none of 'em; for 'she's an Honour to her Sex, and a Comfort and 'Crown to her Husband; and perhaps the most 'generous Person to her Friends in the World; of 'which, the *noble Cordial* she gave me that hour I 'left *Dublin* (and many other Favours I receiv'd 'from her) do abundantly testifie; and tho' her 'Lord and she are Ancient, yet they

(a) *In his History of Providence.*

Live as they've liv'd; still to each other new;
And use those Names they did when they first knew.
Still the same Smiles within their Cheeks be read,
——————— *As were at first.*
And may the day ne'er come to see a change;
Let neither Time nor Age e'er make 'em strange:
And as you first met, may you ever be,
George *a young Man, and* Christ. *a Girl to Thee.*

What

What George, *tho' you shou'd seem like* Nestor, *old?*
And Christ *more years had, than* Cumana *told;*
Times Snow you must not see, tho' it appears:
'Tis good to know your age, not count your years.

Madam, leaving this good Lady under much Grief, (for her Lord is going to Sea with me) my next Visit was to Mr. *Hamer*, who (as well as my Lord *Swancastle*) has met with a Suitable Wife, and both being of a *sweet Temper*, they live as loving as two *Turtles*; they lately gave me a splendid Treat, and with them I eat my * *Christmas* Dinner; and therefore 'twas when I gave my (a) *Farewell Supper*, I thought it proper to invite Mr. *Hamer* and his Wife, as a slender acknowledgment of the Favours I receiv'd from 'em.

From Mr. *Hamer's* House I walk'd into *Church-street*, to take my leave of (b) Mr. *Constantine*, but had not the happiness to see him; (perhaps he was not return'd from *England*) however, Madam, I shall here give ye his (c) *Character*; and seeing I did not see him, I desire it may pass as my *Farewell* to him; and the least I can say of Mr. *Constantine* is, 'that 'He's a very conscientious Man; I speak this from 'my own Experience; for when I sent for the Bill 'of the *Physick* I had of him, I found it the most 'reasonable I ever met with (except (d) Mr. *Crows*, an

* *'Twas then my Lord* Swancastle *gave me a noble Apple, if I cou'd have kept it; of which I have a pleasant Story to tell in my Summer Ramble.*

(a) *To Mr. Bourn, Mr. Gee, Mr. Dobbs, Mr. Sorocold, Mr. Dell, Mr. Penny, Mr. Tracey, (alias Pat.) Mr. Wilde, Mr. Larkin, Mr. Price, and Mr. Robinson.*

(b) *The only Apothecary I made use of in* Dublin.

(c) *In return for the Visits he made me, during my Illness.*

(d) *Who in his Bill of 9 l. (for Physick given to my first Wife) us'd me so very honestly, that I cou'd not desire him to have a farthing.*

'Apothe-

'Apothecary in *Leaden-hall-street*;) and just such a 'fair Dealer is Mr. *Constantine*; and which adds 'further to his Reputation, he's a Man that throughly understands his Trade; he is as intimate with 'Willis and *Harvey* (at least with their Works) as 'ever I was with *Richard Wilde*; and is as well 'acquainted with the *London Dispensatory*, as I am 'with my own Name. He is so conversant with 'the great *Variety of Nature*, that not a Drug or 'Simple 'scapes his Knowledge; their Power and 'Vertues are known so well to Mr. *Constantine*, 'that he need not practice *new Experiments* upon 'his Patients, except it be in desperate Cases, when '*Death must be expell'd by Death*. This also is 'Praise-worthy in him, that to the Poor he always 'prescribes cheap, but wholesom Medicines; not 'curing them of a Consumption in their Bodies, 'and lending it to their Purses; nor yet directing 'them to the *East-Indies* to look for Drugs, when 'they may have far better out of their Gardens. 'And which is admirable in him, when he Visits a 'Patient, his Presence is a sort of Cordial, for he's 'one of a cheerful Temper; and sure I am, that 'Man is actually dying, that e'n't reviv'd to hear 'him talk; he never speaks but 'tis to the purpose; 'and no Man ever cloath'd his Words in *sweeter Epithites*. The Estate he has got by his great 'Practice, has already preferr'd him to be Sheriff 'of *Dublin*; and I don't doubt but a few years 'will prefer him to the Honour of *Lord Mayor*; 'and why not, since one of the same Profession now 'fills the Chair?

Madam, I might inlarge in this Gentleman's Character, but this is my last Visiting day, and the *Farewells* I've yet to make, won't allow it; but they that would know Mr. *Constantine* further, may see a *living Picture* of him every day in the Person of Mr. *Chambers*; who, as he is his Brother by Trade, so equals him (if any Man ever did) in all the Vertues of an accomplish'd Apothecary. But the Sun had now strid the Horizon, so I stay'd but a minute in *Crane lane*, and next posted to Mr. *Sud's* in

Fish-

Fiſhamble-ſtreet; I was often invited to come hither, but could not do it till this day; when I came to *Sudal's*, I found his Wife was a Kinſwoman of Mr. *Doo-little's*, and one that I knew in *London*. Mr. *Sudal* is but a little Man in his Perſon, but I ſee (by the Treat he gave me) that a great and generous Soul may dwell in a little Tenement. And the leaſt I can ſay of Mrs. *Sudal* is, ſhe's an excellent Houſe-wife, has a great deal of ready Wit; and though *taller then her Spouſe by the Head and Shoulders*, is otherwiſe a ſuitable Wife; but I think Mr. *Sudal* deſerves her, for he's *a mighty obliging Husband*, and very remarkable for the punctual Performance of his Promiſe. 'Tis true, his *Trade and Cuſtomers* oblige him more to time then other Dealers; but he is punctual more from a Principle of Conſcience then Intereſt; and indeed *Sudal*, if I belye ye here, I ſhould ſcarce think you a Chriſtian. For as the Author of the Duty of Man ſays, *p.* 227. *That ſort of Debt which is brought upon a Man by his own* voluntary Promiſe, *cannot without great Injuſtice be withholden*; and he that dies in ſuch an Act of Injuſtice (*if this Author be in the right*) *dyes in a ſtate of Damnation*: For continues this Author, *When a Promiſe is made, it is now the Mans right; and then 'tis no matter by what means it came to be ſo.* Therefore we ſee *David* makes it part of the Deſcription of a Juſt Man. *Pſal.* 15. 4. *That he keeps his Promiſe*; yea, tho' they were made to his own diſadvantage. *And ſurely he is utterly unfit to aſcend to that* Holy Hill *there ſpoken of, either as that ſignifies the Church here, or Heaven hereafter, that does not punctually obſerve this* part of Juſtice. Thus far the Duty of Man. And I find Mr. *Sudal's* Life is conformable to the Notions of that great Man. And Madam, this part of Juſtice (*I mean that of keeping of Promiſes*) being likewiſe agreeable to my own Sentiments, I could not but have an Eſteem for him; I ſtay'd with him five hours, much of which time was ſpent in talking

* *A Non-conformiſt Miniſter in* London.

of

of Madam *D* — and the haughty *Rachel* (that *Rachel* I mention'd before) but at five I bid 'em adieu; and next went to *High-street*, to take my leave of an old *Usurer*. I wish I could say any good of him, but I protest I can't; so I think it proper to conceal his Name. When I came to his House, I told *Scrape all*, *I came to bid him farewell*; but this * *Rich-poor-Man* had not the Soul to ask me to eat or drink; so that I must say (at parting) Mr. *L* is *a Beggar of a fair Estate*. I may say of his Wealth, as of other Mens Prodigality, 'that it has brought him to this; 'another that knows the right use of 200 l. shall 'live (creditably, and) to better purpose then he 'with his 10000 l. every accession of a fresh 100 l. 'bates him so much of his allowance, and brings 'him a degree nearer starving. Nay, Madam, I am 'told (by Mr. *Larkin* that has known him long) 'that he's so very *Covetous*, that he had been starv'd 'long since, had it not been for the free use of 'other Mens Tables. *'Tis said Covetousness is the 'only Sin that grows young as Men grow old*; and I 'found it verify'd in this Wretch; who, tho' 'worth 10000 l. the Cloaths he had on when I 'came to see him, were never young in the Memo-'ry of any; and he has been known by 'em longer 'then his Face. Madam, for my part I am heartily concern'd for the poor Heir which will have the 'Estate; for the old Miser never gave Alms in his 'whole Life, or *did a generous Action*; and every 'one thinks 'twill never prosper, but be rather as 'great a Curse to the Heir, as 'tis to the present 'Possessor. Yet, *to give the Devil his due*, he is as 'charitable to his Neighbour, as he is to himself; 'and rather then go to a Doctor (Mr. *Larkin* says 'he's sure) he'd dye to save Charges. He has but 'one Kinsman, who was forc'd to wander to *London* to get Bread. He might ha' marry'd a great 'Fortune, would this Miser have drawn his Purse-'strings; but he'd do nothing for him while he 'liv'd, tho' 500 l. given or lent him in his Life-'time,

* *As Cowley calls the Miser.*

'time, wou'd ha' done his Couſin more ſervice then 'Ten Thouſand after his Death. But I ſhou'd ſtarve ſhou'd I ſtay here, ſo I leave Sir *Miſer*, to take my leave of a more generous Friend; I mean the Ingenious Dr. *Whaley* (a great Benefactor to my three Auctions.) When I came to the Doctor's Houſe, I found he was gone out, perhaps in ſearch after *Patrick Campbel*, for put ing of his *Title to Campby's Almanack*; but if *Campbel* wou'd ask pardon, I believe the Doctor wou'd ſoon forgive him, for Doctor *Whaley* is a Man of a noble Spirit, and juſtly merits the Eſteem he has with ingenious Men. His *Almanack bears the Bell from all the reſt in Ireland*. I was very deſirous to have ſeen the Doctor at leaving *Dublin* (to thank him for all his Favours) but miſſing of him, I next rambled to Mr. *Carter*'s in *Fiſhamble-ſtreet*; I had but juſt time to bid *Carter* adieu, but will ſay at parting, 'He's a *gentael* 'honeſt Printer, is like to marry a Beauty, I heartily wiſh him Courage, for *faint Heart never won* '*fair Lady*; and he can't but conquer, for he's a 'witty Man, and charms a thouſand ways; Having ſhook hands with Mr. *Carter*, I went next to viſit my Friend *Sparlin* in *Damas-ſtreet*, *He's a very ingenious Man, and bleſt with an excellent Wife*: He was gone to the *Cuſtom-houſe*, ſo I miſt taking my leave of him, for which I was heartily ſorry, for he was my *Fellow Traveller to Malbide*, and I wanted to thank him for old Favours, but 'twas not my luck to meet him at home; ſo I rambled next to the Keys in *High-ſtreet*, where I met (by appointment) with *Jacob Milner*, and his Man *Shepherd*. As to *Jacob*, he's a well-ſet handſome Man, and I ſhall treat him civilly in my *Summer Ramble*, provided he grows humble, is very reſpectful to Mr. *Wilde*, and tells *Campbel* of his great Sin in Printing *Hodder's Arithmetick with Cocker's Title*, and ſo *exit Jacob* to make way for his Man *Shepherd*, of whom I ſhall only ſay, *Trim Tram*; for he bought Books at my Auction, and I found him an honeſt Fellow, and there's an end on't. Having taken my leave of Mr. *Shepherd*, and his good Maſter, I went

to

to ſpend half an hour with Mr. *Corbury* and his good Wife, who are very obliging Perſons, and I ſhall *ever love 'em* (and one day requite 'em) for their great tenderneſs to *one of my beſt Friends*. But the day ſpends, and I have other *Farewells* to make, ſo my next Buſineſs was to take my leave of my three Landlords, Mr. *Orſon*, Mr. *Landers*, and Mr. *Cawley*. As I went along, I hapned to meet with Mrs. *Maxfield* (a very ſenſible good Woman) ſhe was going (perhaps) to the *Four-Courts* to hear a Tryal ſhe had there depending; ſhe hurry'd ſo faſt after her Lawyer, that I had but juſt time to bid her adieu, and to ſend a *tender Farewell* to her vertuous Daughter.

Having left Mother *Maxfield*, I ſtop'd no where, 'till I came to my three Landlords; I have already ſent their Characters, and ſhall only add, that *after a little wringing of hands*, and ſome Tears at parting, I took my final leave of each; and in my way home I (unexpectedly) met with the ingenious *Climene*, my *Fellow-Traveller* to *Ballimany*; we walk'd together to Mr. *Larkins*, and there parted. As we went along, we had a glimpſe of a *remarkable black Man*, ſhe told me 'twas Dr. *Proby*; ſhe gave him a mighty Character for *his great ſucceſs in curing the Stone*; *for his Skill in Surgery, and readineſs to ſerve the Poor*. But I had not the happineſs to be known to him, ſo I prevented her ſpeaking to him, being here met by my Servant *Robinſon* (as true a hearted Man as lives) and by his dear Spouſe, who has brought me a Pidgion Pye (I had almoſt ſaid) large enough to victual a ſingle Cabin to the *Eaſt-Indies*. Having taken my leave of this happy couple, I ſhou'd next enquire for the Gentleman *with a red Face*, honeſt Doctor *Robinſon* (I mean him who makes ſo noted a Figure in the *Dublin Cuſtom-houſe*.) *He's a very agreeable Friend*, punctual to his great Truſt, yet very obliging; had I a minute to ſpare, we'd ſhake hands over a glaſs of Claret; and from him I ſhou'd ſtep to the *Poſt-houſe*, to take my leave of Mr. *Shepherd*, *He's a very generous good Man*, and I ſhou'd in Juſtice

give

give him a *Farewell Bottle*; but I am tyr'd with my days Ramble, *and the Sun has got on his Nightcap*, and if I don't haſten, will be gone to his bed before I am got to my Chamber. But I engag'd Mr. *Wild* to make an Apology to Dr. *Robinſon*, and Mr. *Shepherd*, and to preſent 'em in my Name, with a *Farewell Token*. This *Saturday night* concluded my *Dublin Farewells*, and if the Wind be fair on *Monday*, I ſhall embark with Owner *Pickance*, and then farewell to the Kingdom in general (*farewell for ever*) and when I get to *London*, I'll fall to Printing this *Account of my Converſation*, and alſo my *Scuffle with Patrick Campbel*, for 'tis expected in *Dublin*, as appears by a Letter directed to Mr. *Larkin*, which begins thus; *viz.*

* *As is hinted in the Dublin Scuffle.*

SIR,

WE, or many of us here, wou'd be glad, The Dublin Scuffle *was out, which* Dick Pue *ſays he will buy one of, and chain to his Table, that the ſale may be ſpoyl'd by every body's reading it for a Penny a piece, and THAT he ſhall get. I am ſorry therefore, he is not like to have a ſeverer laſh then I am afraid he will, without it be ſubjoyn'd in a Poſtſcript; for* Dick and I now are two, *and for want of yours, made* a Dublin Scuffle *of our own t'other Night.* Thus far the Letter to Mr. *Larkin*: And an hour ago, I receiv'd my ſelf, a Letter from Sir *Hackney* (I call him ſo as he's *Campbel's* Tool) wondering the *Dublin Scuffle* is not yet out; but withal, threatning *I know not what*, if I omit the inſerting *ſome of his own Maggots*: Tis true, Madam, ſuch a Scoundrel as this is ſcarce worth my notice; yet I wou'd tell ye his Name, but that he's aſham'd on't himſelf, and has turn'd it into a *Beg-houſe*; but to ſhew this hectoring Tool how much I deſie him, and all his Abettors, I'll here inſert the Character of *Robin Beg-houſe*, (for ſo he calls himſelf.)

The Character of Robin Bog-house.

'His Face is full of a certain briskneſs, tho' mixt 'with an Air a little malicious 'and unpleaſant; he has a 'large ſtock of *Ill-Nature*, *Pride*, *and Wit*, in 'which lies his chiefeſt Excellency, tho' a very un-'envy'd one. *His Face is made of Braſs*, and his 'Tongue tip'd with Lyes (for there was not a 'true word in all his Letter;) yet as leud as that 'and his Tongue is, they are the two beſt Accom-'pliſhments he has; I find in his Letter he has not 'a dram of tenderneſs for his beſt Friends (I mean 'thoſe that pay him for *Scribling*;) for I gueſs by 'his Letter, he's going to expoſe *one of 'em for buy-'ing and ſelling a Whore*, *a ſecond for having a Ba-'ſtard*; *a third*, *for being ſhamefully Hen-pecks*; *a 'fourth*, *for being a Town-'Bull*, *and a fifth*, * *for put-'ing a Cheat on the World*. 'But no wonder he abuſes 'the Men, for he's ſo *un-'mannerly*, as to revile even 'the *fair Sex*; he lately call'd a Lady Whore, for 'no other Reaſon (as 'tis ſuppos'd) but becauſe 'ſhe'd *not give him a Nights Lodging*: Then where 'ſhall a Man find him, for he ſlanders every body; 'and *Proteus* like, appears in all manner of ſhapes; 'ſometimes he calls himſelf *a Student of Trinity Col-'lege near Dublin*; at other times a Kt. *Errant*, 'and fights every thing; and the next moment 'owns himſelf a *poor Labourer*, and deſires his Wife 'wou'd make him a C——d in meer Charity to his 'hungry Belly; for he, *good Adam!* is willing to 'hold the door (even to his own Fleſh and Blood) 'invent Lyes, ſlander innocent Virgins, ſwear 'through an Inch board, and do any thing rather 'then ſtarve; ſo that if two *Iriſh* Juſtices and my 'ſelf ben't miſtaken, ** *Robin* 'Bog-houſe will dye looking 'through an *Hempen Caſe-'ment*; or, if he'll kneel low enough for it, per-haps

* *All theſe I'll prove in a ſecond part of the* Dublin Scuffle, *if I hear any more of him.*

** *Alias T. D.*

'haps he may come off (for I'll ſtand his Friend 'when I ſee him penitent) with being only whip'd 'at the Carts A——. And as to his Wife, tho' ſhe's 'a *vertuous Woman*, yet I'd adviſe the honeſt *Cits* 'of *Dublin*, never to go to *Refarnum* with her, 'for *Robin* is ſo leud (himſelf) that he thinks no 'man travels with her, but makes him a C——d. Now if *Beg-houſe* is not the Perſon I here deſcribe, yet if he that is, will anſwer this Character fairly, I mean put his Name to't (as I ſhall do in my reply to him, for I hate a Coward) I'll anſwer his Letters ev'ry Poſt; and if *Patrick Campbel* will petition for it, he ſhall be my Bookſeller, and his oppoſite Neighbour the Printer of this Skirmiſh.

Thus Madam, having ſent ye the Hiſtory of my *Converſation* in *Ireland*, and ſome *hints of my Summer Ramble* (from the time I landed, to the *Sunday* I left it;) and having alſo as truly related how I came to be ingag'd in a *Dublin Scuffle*, and why the ſaid *SCUFFLE* is ſo much deſir'd by *Dick Pue*, and his *Couſin Boghouſe*: Perhaps you'll expect my Remarks on the Impatience of theſe two, till my *Scuffle* arrives in *Dublin*.

Then firſt as to *Dick Pue*; I can't find by the Letter ſent Mr. *Larkin*, whether he ſo impatiently deſires *my Scuffle*, that he may *ſpoil the Sale on't, by chaining one to his Table*, or *THAT* (to uſe the Word in Mr. *Larkin's* Letter) he may get a Penny by Peoples reading it; but I rather incline to this laſt Opinion, for *Dick* hopes by the *many Pence* he ſhall get by it, that he might reimburſe himſelf of that Money he paid (for ſome Body) for *Secret ſervice*, and I know to whom, and what Summ, and ſo ſhall the World too, except he'll bring *Boghouſe* to light, that the World may know the *Man that* Begets *Alleon's*; and that's all I ſhall ſay at preſent concerning *Dick*, or his Dear Couſin.

And now (Madam) having in this Letter ſent ye the Characters of almoſt every thing I convers'd with in *Ireland*, I hope you'll pardon me if (in the

laſt place) I allow my ſelf *a Character* amongſt the reſt: 'Tis true, *Cowley* ſays, *The Voyage Life is longeſt made at Home*; however from that ſmall Acquaintance I have *with my ſelf*, *I may venture to ſay*, As to my *BIRTH*, I account it *no ſmall Honour that I deſcended from the Tribe of* Levi; and, I find an *Ingenious Author* of this Opinion, who ſays, I *reck'n* (a) *it amongſt the Felicities of my Life, to have been a Prophets Son, nor wou'd I leave a Pulpit for a Throne*: To be Ambaſſadors of Jeſus, is matter of Glory, and if you have Faith to believe a Poet, Their Childern,

(b) *Do all breath ſomething more than common Air.*

And Mr. *Robbinſon* is of this Opinion, or wou'd ſcarce have *ſet on the great* (c) *Pot for the Sons of the Prophets.* Then I'm honour'd as much (to uſe the words of the ſame Author) in having *a Miniſter for my Father, as if he had been a Lord*; and this Happineſs was continued to me a great while, for my (d) Reverend Father was *Rector of* (e) *Aſton Clinton* for twenty years; and thoſe *Principles* he inſtill'd into me in that Town, do (as my Lord *Ruſſel* ſays in the like caſe) *ſtill hang about me*, and I hope will (as they did him) *give me comfort in my dying Moments.* My Father deſign'd me at firſt for an *Oxford Scholar*, but afterwards changing his Mind, in my fifteenth year he plac'd me out with an *Eminent Citizen* in *London*, whoſe kind Inſtructions and great care of my Welfare, I ſhall ever acknowledge. From this Account of my *Birth and Education*, I proceed (*for I conſider I am not writing my Life, but Character*) *to a deſcription of my Perſon*, which is

(a) *See the Character of a good Woman*, p. 125. *Printed for* John Harris.

(b) *See the Poem dedicated to the Sons of the Clergy.*

(c) *See the Sermon He Printed on* 2 *Kings* 4. 38.

(d) *Mr. John Dunton.*

(e) *In the County of Bucks.*

So,

So, So; However, two of the *Fair Sex* have been tempted to take it for *better for worſe*; (*a black Man is a Pearl in a Fair Womans Eye*) and if you'll believe the *dying words of the firſt, and living Teſtimony of my preſent Wife*, never repented their Bargain.

Having given ye *an odd Account of my Perſon*, I ſhall next tell ye with what Soul 'tis acted. Truly Madam, this *Houſe of mine* is fill'd with a *Rambling Tenant* (I mean a Spirit that wou'd break (a) the Veſſel, had it nothing to work upon) and being born to travel, I am ever *purſuing my Deſtiny*; ſo that you may truly call me, *a Citizen of London, and of all the World*; (for I've ſeen *America*, and deſign to ſee *Europe*, *Aſia*, and *Africa*) yet where e'er I come, I love to be gueſt at, not known, and to *ſee the World unſeen*; and for this very Reaſon am projecting a Correſpondence with your Ladyſhip, which I'll call the *Art of living Incognito*; and another I'll call the *Character of my living Acquaintance* (perhaps 5000 in number) wherein I'll ſpare neither *Saint nor Sinner* that I ever talk'd with; no, tho' (like a *Rich Criminal*) he'd buy off his Name with a Purſe of Guineas. 'Tis true, 'tis common to write the *Character of thoſe that are dead*, but the writing the Hiſtory of *living Men*, is a Project never attempted before; but if every Man wou'd attempt ſomething of this Nature (I mean write the *Hiſtory* (b) *of his Life*, comprehending as well his Vices as Vertues) we ſhou'd begin to *know one another* a little: But whether they will or not, I have here led the way, and will purſue it till I have *Characteriz'd* all my Acquaintance. So that you ſee, Madam, tho' *Rambling is part of my Character*, yet, that both *my Eyes are never at once from home*, but that one keeps Houſe, and obſerves the Actions of Men, while the other

(a) *See my Preface to the Spectators of the* Dublin Scuffle.

(b) *As is hinted in my Preface to the* Dublin Scuffle.

romes abroad for Intelligence. But Rambling having an ill Name, perhaps your Ladyſhip wou'd willingly know ſomething more about my Religion. Madam, 'tis the very ſame you find in the *Account of my Converſation*; and let my Enemies ſay what they pleaſe, I'll never alter it, for I never matter Abuſes (when I can't avoid 'em;) and therefore 'tis in the *midſt of Reflections* my Countenance never changeth, for I know whom I have truſted, and *whether Death can lead me*; and being not ſo ſure I ſhall die, as that I ſhall be *reſtor'd*, I out-face Death with the Thoughts of my Reſurrection: *If I am found dead upon the ſpot, what matters it?* For not being able to govern Events, I endeavour to govern my ſelf; (and ſure I am, 'tis the *greateſt of Dominions to Rule ones Self, and Paſſions*;) I am advanc'd already ſo far in this *rare Art*, that I hope I may ſay, juſt Cenſures I deſerve not; unjuſt I contemn: (and notwithſtanding the *ſneaking Treatment* I had from *Campbel*) I never judge any Man unheard, nor never will. I'm amaz'd to find the Pretenders to Religion ſo much guilty of this Sin; but I thank God Cenſoriouſneſs has ever been my Averſion; for I obſerve not one Report in fifty is (a) true, and therefore believe every man honeſt till I find him otherwiſe: Moſt men are led by either *Prejudice, Intereſt, or ſome By-end*, and therefore in matters of ſlander, *I believe no Mans Eyes nor Ears, but my own*: Neither do I liſten to *Backbiters*, but eſteem 'em worſe then the Men they'd blacken; or if I find any Man as bad as deſcrib'd, if I ſee him penitent, I never divulge his Crime; and that was the Reaſon I took ſuch pains to bring *Campbel to a ſenſe of his Error*; which had I effected, the *Dublin Scuffle* had never

(a) *This is evident by the harſh* Reflections (*I lately found in the* London-Spy) *on* Three Eminent Traders, *who are as much noted for their juſt and honourable Dealings, as they are for that* Great Eſtate and Trade *God has bleſt 'em with.*

never appear'd. And as I take a pleaſure to cover the faults of my worſt Enemies (when I ſee 'em penitent,) ſo I take as much delight to *blazon their Vertues*; and that's the reaſon *ſo many in Ireland have my good Character*. Vertue is ſo charming a thing, that the Ancients were wont to ſay, *Could Men ſee it with bodily Eyes, they'd fall down and worſhip it*; I can't tell what *fine Notions* our Forefathers had of *Vertue*, yet ſure I am, Vertue is a ſort of *Prodigy in our times*; ſo that where e'er I find it, I can't retrain from *admiring it*, and to write *a Character of the Perſon who I think poſſeſſes it*; and tho' I deſign a ſervice to others by ſo doing, yet if I loſe my end, *I ſhall reſt content*; for I have this peculiar to my ſelf, that I was never much concern'd (*except for the Deaths of Eliza and D—ne*) for the things that I can't help, for I do all I can to prevent a Grievance, and then I acquieſce in the *Divine Pleaſure*. Yet does not my *pretence to Religion* make me a jot preciſe (and this I learnt from the Dear *Eliza*.) I value no Man for his *ſtarch'd Looks, or ſupercilious Gravity*; or for being a *Churchman, Presbyterian, Independant*, &c. provided he's ſound in the main points wherein all good Men are agreed; and therefore 'tis I have little *Charity* for cenſorious Men, be they of what Party they will. But Madam, tho' I'm thus eaſie in my Converſation, yet if juſtly provok'd, I can be angry enough, but 'tis over in half a Minute; and I am not ſooner in a *Flame*, then I am reconcil'd; yet I never flatter any Man, but value my ſelf *for being a blunt Fellow*. 'Tis true, your Ladyſhip once *ſatyriz'd me with the Name of a Poet* (for 'tis the ſame thing as if you'd call me Beggar; even famous (a) *Butler was forc'd to die, and be interr'd on Tick*,) and ſay all my tender Expreſſions proceed more from the *Brain and Fancy, then my Heart*. But (Madam) as much as I *love Rhiming*, yet there's four or five in the World (of which your

(a) *As* Oldham *tells us in his Poems.*

Ladyſhip is one, and the *Ingenious* (b) *Hamlen* another) that I reſpect without the *leaſt mixture of Poetry*; and I appeal to your ſelves for the Truth of this part of my Character, for you both know I have but one Heart, and that lies open to ſight; and were it not for *Diſcretion*, I never think ought whereof I'd avoid a Witneſs; and therefore 'tis *ſtrange I've one Friend in the World*, for Folks don't love to hear of their Faults; and I'ſe downright, and call a *ſpade a ſpade*: I alſo own I'm *very raſh in my Actions*, and ſcarce ever did any thing (ſave taking two Women for better for worſe) but I repented of one time or other. I have a great deal of *Mercury* in my natural Temper, for which I muſt have allowance (or ſhall appear but an odd *Chriſtian*) but the *beſt Men are the moſt Charitable*, and no man (*If he conſiders himſelf*) will blame that in me which I can't help; perhaps I ſhall be blam'd for this *open Confeſſion*, but having an *honeſt deſign* in every thing I do, I publiſh that to the World, which *others wou'd keep as a ſecret*; and for this Reaſon I creep to no body, but by *daring to tell the Truth*, do often loſe a Friend for the ſake of a Jeſt; but bating but this Fault, tho' I ſay't my ſelf, I'm as fit to make a Friend as any Man I know, for my Boſom is my *Friend's Cloſet*, where he may ſafely lock up all his *Complaints, his Doubts, and Cares*, and look how he leaves, ſo he finds 'em. *The Dead, the Abſent, the Innocent*, and he that truſts me, I never deceive or ſlander; (*to theſe I owe a nobler Juſtice*) and am ſo ſenſible of another's Injuries, that when my Friend is ſtricken, I cry out. I was never forward in contracting of Friendſhips, but where I once love, I never hate, *no not for a Crime*, any longer then till Pardon is ask'd; and if my Friend falls to decay, I'm even ready to rejoyce (*I ask his Pardon*) that I have an Opportunity to convince him I lov'd in earneſt; and tho' 'twere impoſſible he ſhou'd ever requite me, *while I have any thing*,

(b) *Now living at* Frome *in* Somerſetſhire.

thing, my Friend ſhall have all; nay, I have this peculiar to my ſelf, that I love a Friend better for being Poor, Miſerable, or Deſpis'd; *True Friendſhip, like the Roſe, flouriſhes beſt amongſt Thorns*; and my Hopes are ſo ſtrong, that they can inſult over the greateſt Diſcouragement that lies in the way of ſerving my Friend: And therefore I'd rather ſerve my (a) Friend, then barely pretend to't, *for I hate a noiſe* where there's no Performance. *I never do that to my Friend, that I can't be content he ſhou'd do to me*; and therefore loving at this warm rate, 'tis but juſt I ſlight *what loves not ſo much as my ſelf.*

(a) *The ſeveral hundred Pounds I've paid for others, ſufficiently proves this.*

So much for my *Birth, Education, Perſon, Temper of Mind, Religion, and Friendſhip. As to my Dealings with Men*, my Word is my Parchment, and my Yea my Oath, which I will not violate for Fear or Gain; and this is one Reaſon why I never eat my Promiſe, or ſay, *this I ſaw not, but this I ſaid*, In 600 Books I have Printed, I never ſwerv'd from the Price agreed on, or made any Printer call twice for his Money; (which Practice I learnt from my honoured Maſter) nor did I ever print any Man's Copy, or purchaſe his Author by out-bidding; and my way of Traffick is all above board, for I *betray the Faults of what I ſell.* I have twenty times in *Dublin* reſtor'd the over-ſeen Gain of a miſtaken Reckoning; and (*being haunted with a ſcrupulous Mind*) have often paid a Sum over twice, for fear of doing wrong; and this even *Dick Pue* will own, if he has any Juſtice left. But what Juſtice can I expect, when the Malice of ſome Men is ſo deep, and their *Capacities ſo ſhallow*, as to believe a Criminal in his own Caſe, to the Prejudice of an Innocent Man? But they that will judge me by the malicious Tongues of my prejudic'd Enemies, are fitter for a place in *Bedlam*, then to live amongſt honeſt People, for *honeſt Men* there are in the World; and therefore I appeal to Mr. *Wild* in *Dublin*,

lin, to Mr. *Wilkins* in *New-England*, to Mr. *Darker* in *London*, and all that have traded with me, for the Truth of this *ſcrupulous Juſtice*. But as *ſcrupulous* as I am in Trade, I was never wanting to my *Belly*, nor a Wretch to my *Back*; and am the ſame Enemy to Prodigality, as I am to a *ſneaking Temper*; and I think I am right (in this part of my Character;) for *Solomon* ſays, *Eccleſ.* 2. 24. *There is nothing better for a Man, then that he ſhou'd eat and drink, and that he ſhou'd make his Soul enjoy good in his Labour.* But tho' I pity the Man, *Eccleſ.* 6. 2. *To whom God hath given Riches, and not the Power to eat thereof, but a Stranger eateth it*; yet of the two extreams, I think it much better to live beneath, then above my Eſtate; for I had rather want then borrow, and beg then not pay. And tho' I have *Printed* (a) 600 *Books*, I never Printed a *New Title to an old Book*, *nor never undervalued a Copy, becauſe I did not Print it my ſelf*; *and I ever thought it as baſe Injuſtice to run upon another's Project*; *neither did I ever murther any Man's Name, with ſaying, be Printed this or that, the more cunningly to praiſe my ſelf*; *and I as little like underſelling others, to get Chapmen.* To ſumm up my Character in few words: *I love Rambling, don't love Fighting*; *love* Valeria, *don't love Money*; *love my Friend, don't fear nor hate my Enemy*: *Love Fair-draling*; *Had rather be call'd Fool then Knave. Let People laugh, while I win. Can be ſecret if truſted. Am ow'd more then I owe*; *and can pay more then that*; *make my Word as good as my Bond. Won't do a foul thing, and bid the World go whiſtle.* Now whatever your Ladyſhip thinks (or my Enemies may ſay againſt me) all that know me will own this is the *True Character of John Dunton*; or at leaſt, 'tis the *Character of what I ſhou'd* (b) *be.* I write not this out of vain Glory, but

(a) *Of which ſee a further Account in my Farewell Letter to the City of* Dublin.

(b) *As was hinted concerning ſome other Characters in this Book.*

as a neceſſary Vindication of my *Life and Actions*, againſt the Abuſes of *Patrick Campbel*. But perhaps your Ladyſhip will ſay, I live by ill Neighbours, that I praiſe my ſelf: To this I Anſwer, I ſee little in this *Character* that adds much to my Praiſe; or if I did, I ſhou'd ſpoil it, with telling your Ladyſhip *that my Faults are ſo many to my few Vertues* (if I have any) that I'm ready to own my ſelf the worſt of Men; and do often cry out with the Publican, *Luke* 18. 13. *God be merciful to me a Sinner*. However (Madam) If I have been too kind to my ſelf in this *preſent Character*, if your Ladyſhip (in your *Remarks* on it) will honour me ſo far as to take your Pencil, and *draw me juſt as I am*, (for this *Converſation* ſets me in a true light,) I'll Print the Character you give me, tho' 'twere a *Satyr upon my whole Life*; for I know you'r juſt, and will *write nothing but what your think*; and I ſo little value the Praiſes of others, that I'll Print it juſt as you ſend it; and if the expoſing my Faults will make others avoid 'em, I ſhall reckon the Publiſhing of 'em amongſt the *chief Bleſſings of my Life*: And if, when *your Hand's in at Characters*, you'll ſend me your own, 'twou'd direct my Pen in my writing tee ye, and be the *beſt Rule* (next the Bible) that I cou'd live by. But Madam, if I find (by your Character) *you're as fallible as other Ladies*, I'll be as ſevere upon it (in our future Correſpondence) as I deſire *you'd now* be upon mine; which (*if I know any thing of my ſelf*) is ſo far from being Romantick, that I appeal to my own Conſcience for the Truth of my whole *Character*; and here Conſcience will ſtand my Friend: Nay, in ſome Sence, a *Man's Conſcience is the only Friend or Enemy he has in the World, for a Man can't fly from himſelf* (as I hinted in the *Dublin Scuffle*) and therefore muſt be as great a *Fool as Knave*, if he turns *Argus* (*alias* Traytor) to his own Perſon; but I am ſo little guilty of this Madneſs, that I think *Argus* a baſe Animal to ſuppreſs Letters, meerly to carry on a Correſpondence of his own

with

with the ſame Perſon; for, notwithſtanding *Boglland* boaſts of no venemous thing, ſuch a *Serpent* there is in *Ireland*, or elſe I am wrong inform'd: But he's *a ſly inviſible Tool*, and I almoſt deſpair of catching him; but that I may do all I can to diſcover him, I'll fall to write, *A ſearch after Argus*. I hear of him in *London* by the *Briſtol Packet*, again in *Dublin* (by *Dorinda's Billet*;) and perhaps ſhall ſee him in *Scotland*; but ſhall ſcarce catch him (except at *Rome*,) in a Jeſuits Habit. But if I miſs him at *Rome*, I'll take Shipping for St. *Helena*, (for he reſembles a Couſin of mine that was born there) but *like was never the ſame*; ſo I'll leave this Iſland, and rather then *ſearch in vain*, I'll ramble next to *Helicon*, to enquire of Madam *Laureat* (the *Weſtern Nightingale*) who juſtly wears the Bays, and has no equal on Earth, but your Ladyſhip; and I am apt to think I ſhall meet him here, for when *Herma* lays her hands to the *Spinnet*, or charms with her heavenly Tongue, the very Angels ſit and liſten to her Song; and what can't a Lady diſcover, that can becken to Angels to give her Intelligence. But ſuppoſe *Herma* can give no Account of *Argus*, yet this Ramble may bleſs the reſt, for *ſhe's my Friend more then in words*; and if I meet her, will wiſh me *a great Deal of Diverſion in my Travels*; and (being a *generous Lady*) will contribute towards 'em.

I'll next enquire of Mr. *Read* (the Barber I before deſcrib'd) for he'll dine with me to Morrow in *Jewin-ſtreet*, and then I ſhall hear of *Argus*, for *Mr.* has been viewing *Holland*, and ſome ſay, had a glimpſe of *Argus* in *Amſterdam*; and not unlikely, for his Manners *ſhew him a Dutch-man*. If I gain no Intelligence here, I'll ſend to *Lucas in Crane-lane*, for he's a Man very inquiſitive; and being a *grateful Perſon*, if he hear of *Argus*, will let me know it by the firſt Poſt. But my *ſearch is ſtill after Argus*, and rather then not find him, I'll next ramble to *Simon*, for he's *a generous good Man*, and if he knows ſuch a WRETCH as *Argus*, I'm

ſure

ſure will bring him out; or at leaſt, direct me to an *old Gentlewoman* (*a Grave, Pious, Ingenious Lady*) who knows *Argus* by *Numb.* 3. and is the only Perſon that can diſcover him: But if I enquire for *Argus* here, perhaps this old Lady will think him a DRY SUBJECT, and never CONSENT to the Favour I ask; (no, though I WHINE like a Dog in a (a) Halter;) but this Matron need not fret her ſelf, for 'tis *beneath my* (b) *Spirit to court* (*a young, much leſs*) *an old Woman in vain*: Beſides, *Roſinante* will ſoon be ſadled, and *poor Sancho* knows the way to the *Bath*, and if I deſire it, will go with me *round the World*; I mean ſtill, *in ſearch after Argus*, whom I'll find if poſſible; but as *Scoggin* ſaid (when he until'd the ridge of a Houſe to ſeek for a Gold Watch) I muſt as well look where he is not, as where he is; and therefore in my *further ſearch after Argus*, I'll next ſtep to my Friend *Ignotus*, and from him to the learned *Fido*, for they are two *generous Levites*, and wou'd never conceal my Enemy. If I miſs him here (as I judge I ſhall) I'll next ramble to a certain *French-man*, and ask if he knows *Argus*, for *Argus* ſays he is intimate with him; But what I get of Monſieur, muſt be *by way of Petition*, for *Argus* ſays he's a deſperate Blade, and I have no fancy to a broken Pate. If Monſieur will give no Account of *Argus*, I'll next ſtep to the *Poſt-houſe*; for ſome ſay this *inviſible Fox* gets his Bread by ſorting (and intercepting) of Letters: But if I can have no Account of him here, I'll *ride Poſt to all the Gibbets in Chriſtendom*, as the fitteſt Place for a Man that betrays his Truſt; and if I miſs of him here, I'll conclude the Story of ARGUS was but a *Poetical Fiction*, or that the Devil is run away with him.

(a) *As was hinted in Mr.* Wilde's *Character*, p. 405.

(b) *As was obſerved by one that had Reaſon to know.*

Madam, I have now finiſh'd the *Account of my Converſation in Ireland*, (to which I've added my

ſearch

ſearch after Argus, the only Serpent thought to be in it,) which perhaps your Ladyſhip will think as true as the Story of *Bevis*, or the Travels of *Tom. Coriat*; for how can this hang together, that this Letter ſhou'd be writ at *Patts Coffee-houſe* (as I at firſt hinted) when part of it ſeems to be writ to your Ladyſhip in *Dublin* after my arrival at *London*; and part of it from *Dublin*, whilſt you were in *England*; and perhaps Madam, the World will be as much puzled to find out how I cou'd at the ſame time mention the laſt things I did in *Ireland*, as well as the firſt, and all this in one Letter. *How can this come right? except you're a Man of Art, and can reconcile plain Contradictions.*

This Madam, is eaſily reconcil'd, if your *Lady, ſhip* pleaſes to remember, that tho' it is *Printed as one continued Letter*, yet it was ſent to you in ſeveral; (*as were alſo your Ladyſhips Anſwers*;) and tho' this be enough to attone for the *ſeeming Contradictions*, yet I may further add, 'tis 'nt to be thought, that a Man that e'nt quite diſtracted, wou'd quote ſo many Eminent Perſons (and ſome of the *firſt Rank*) to *countenance that* which they cou'd contradict; and as this alone is enough to prove the Truth of *part of my Converſation*: So the *Additions* I made to it ſince I came to *London* (upon a further Recollection) reconcile all the ſeeming Contradictions in it: For might I not write a great part of it at *Patts Coffee-houſe in Dublin*, and ſend it to your Ladyſhip at your return to *London* (with a deſire you'd enquire after the ſtate of my Houſe in *Jewin-ſtreet*;) and is it not equally as probable, that when ever your Ladyſhip *went back to Dublin*, I ſhou'd tell ye, upon my Arrival in *London*, of the laſt things I did in *Ireland*, with the Names of the Perſons that hazarded their Lives to ſee me a Shipboard.

Thus Madam, tho' unacquainted with the ſubtle diſtinctions of Art, yet by the *Clue of Truth*, I have led your Ladyſhip out of thoſe Labyrinths in which my *Iriſh Converſation* (*Printed in one tedious Letter*) might ſeem to involve ye.

But

But (Madam) I fear I have tyr'd you quite, and yet cou'd ſcarce avoid being thus tedious; for ſince I was (a) reſolv'd *to have my Cauſe try'd at your Barr*, 'twas neceſſary to give you *a full Account of my Converſation*; that ſo, by putting things in the cleareſt Light, you might be the better able to Judge me aright. And having done this, I ſhall conclude with this Requeſt to your *Ladyſhip*, That you'd now *Read, Try, Judge, and ſpeak as you find*: And whatever your *Sentence* be, you will thereby oblige,

(a) *As I ſaid in the beginning of this Letter.*

MADAM,

Your Ladyſhip's Moſt Humble,

and moſt Obedient Servant,

London, April 20. 1699.

JOHN DUNTON.

REMARKS
ON MY
Converſation
IN
IRELAND.

BY AN
Honourable Lady.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY 1870 BRIDSHAW

LONDON:

Printed, and are to be Sold by *A. Baldwin*, near the *Oxford Arms* in *Warwick-lane*, and by the Book-ſellers in *Dublin*. 1699.

REMARKS ON MY Converſation IN Ireland, &c.

SIR,

I Should think my ſelf *very happy*, tho' much beyond my Expectation, could I deſerve the great eſteem you ſet upon my *Correſpondence*: I confeſs, as Charity and Compaſſion firſt begun it, finding you *overwhelm'd with Sorrow for the loſs of your Friend*; ſo your taking it in ſo good part, obliges me to continue any Service I am capable of doing you.

I am ſo great a Stranger to you, and all your Concerns, I can't ſo much as judge whether there is any real Cauſe for your taking ſuch Pains for the *Vindicating of your Reputation*: However, I will take this Occaſion you offer me, to tell you my Thoughts of your *Opinions and Practice*.

Your *general Definition of Religion*, to my Apprehenſion, is as exact as can be comprehended in ſo few words; and your *univerſal Charity* a very commendable Vertue; but your care of keeping a Conſcience *void of Offence towards God, and towards Man*, is not ſo exactly perform'd: Your going to hear the *Nonconformiſts* Preach, muſt certainly give Offence to the *Church of England*, and perhaps to God as well. Our Saviour Chriſt ſays, *Woe to the World, becauſe of Offences*; and ſure, an *unneceſſary Separation* from a Church that teaches nothing contrary to the true Faith, is the higheſt Offence that can be given or taken. I ſhall not undertake to juſtifie their *Carriage to the Diſſenters*, I fear too much the ill Effects of it; but whatever perſonal Miſcarriages has appeared, it cannot be charged upon the *Doctrine of the Church of England*, it puts no check to our living as pure and conſcionably as any *Quaker* can pretend to do; and muſt allow 'em a tender regard to their Conſciences, if they call *that the Light within 'em*; but let 'em remember our Saviour's Caveat to have a care *that the Light within 'em be not Darkneſs*; it has one Character of the Prince of Darkneſs, which is Pride, the exalting ones ſelf, and deſpiſing others. I think the *Phariſee* came little ſhort of all the good Works the *Quakers* pretend to; yet the *humble Sinner was rather Juſtified*. All ſeparation caſts a blot upon the Church from which we depart, which we ought not to do, be the Pretence never ſo plauſible. I know nothing could juſtifie our *ſeparation from the Church of Rome, but her Defection to Idolatry*, and making her Errors the Conditions of her Communion. All the Faults and Miſcarriages of the

the Church-men, ſhould be the Subject of our *Humiliation*, for they are the tokens of God's Diſpleaſure; and we add to our Puniſhment, in making them a means of an uncharitable Diviſion amongſt Chriſtian Brethren; and thoſe that do ſo, deſervedly cut themſelves off from the common Charity, being Inſtruments of the greateſt Miſchief: I mean the *Teachers*, *not the Perſons miſled*; thoſe have a title to our Pity and Commiſeration. I am ſorry their *Reputation for Preaching* prevails with ſo many to go to hear 'em; they do not conſider what St. *Paul* ſaid to thoſe that were *ſome for Paul*, *ſome for Cephas*, *and ſome for Apollos*; *nay*, *ſome were for Chriſt*, *yet in that ſtrife they were all Carnal*; beſides, it gives the greateſt Advantage to the Enemies of the reformed Churches to put themſelves into the ſhapes of ſuch Teachers to delude us, and keep up thoſe Factions and Animoſities, by which they take occaſion to ſcorn and deſpiſe our Church and Reformation, and ſtrengthen Mens Prejudices againſt it.

I am as much perſwaded as you, *that Religion does not conſiſt in Names or Things*; and that Chriſt's Church is not limited to any Nation or Party. Our Saviour tells us, *we ſhall all be taught of God*, whoſe infinite and miraculous Power extends to all Nations in the World, often inlightning them in the midſt of Darkneſs; but where he has ſet Lights in his Church, and appointed *viſible means of Salvation*, there to deſpiſe 'em, and chuſe to ſtray into By-Paths, makes us unworthy of the Bleſſing we enjoy, and liable to the Judgment of falling into Snares and Temptations.

I think your Arguments againſt the *Atheiſt*, are as convincing as could be found out; and your *abſtracted Notion of the Divine Being* is very good, and ſuits exactly with what I have read in a Treatiſe written by *Albertus Magnus*. Your behaviour at publick Aſſemblies, and your Care and Reverence for the *Sacrament*, are very commendable

Marks of Piety and Devotion; and indeed, with that Qualification carried with us, *no Message from God but will be welcome*, tho' from the Mouth of very weak or unworthy Messengers. I am much pleased with your Thoughts of the *Communion of Saints*, and could wish the World had a freer Enjoyment of it.

I highly approve your Care for the *Sabbath*, but am surpriz'd you should *refer your self to me in so great a point*. I will tell ye my Thoughts, and not lead you out of the way, if I can help it: All the Authors I have ever read agree, that the *Observation of the Sabbath is partly Moral, and partly Ceremonial*, that we should worship and adore that great God that gave us Being, at a certain time alotted for it, the *light of Nature tells us*; and therefore, that a *seventh part* of our time should be set apart for a solemn and publick Worship of God, is purely *Moral*; the *Cerimonial part* is the choice of the day. We find God chose the *last day of the Week* for a Memorial of the Creation finish'd in six days; but not so strictly confined to the remembrance of the Creation, but also of the *Israelites* deliverance out of *Egypt*, a *Type of our Salvation by Christ*, as may be seen in the *5th* of *Deuteronomy*; with good reason therefore is it now kept in memory of the last and greatest benefit, the accomplishment of our Redemption, and on that account changed to the first day of the Week, upon which day our Redemption was finish'd by our Saviour's rising from the Dead; this *change was made in the Apostle's time*, as appears by their so often meeting on the first day of the Week, recorded in the Scripture, and that they had our Saviour's Countenance and Authority for it, by his appearing so often to 'em in their Assembly on that day. I think one need *not be so scrupulous about the day*, but submit to the decision of the Church, who probably fetch'd it from the Practice of the Apostles. Our Saviour tells us *the Sabbath was made for Man, and not Man for the Sabbath*; and 'tis of more moment to observe the Duties of the

the day, then to be able to anſwer all Objections and Contentions, that ill deſigning Perſons can raiſe againſt it. That we dedicate a *ſeventh day* to God's Service, according to his own appointment, and upon the firſt day of the Week, in memory of the *great Work of our Redemption* finiſh'd upon that day, is ſatisfactory enough to me; and if I ſincerely perform the Duties of the day, I make no queſtion of Gods Acceptance. For the reſting from bodily Labour ſo ſtrictly injoyn'd to the *Jews*, I take to be partly aboliſh'd with the other Ceremonies, only retaining ſo much as is neceſſary to ſupport the Solemnity of the Day. I think none can be too ſtrict *in conſecrating to God that day as totally as our Frail Natures will permit*; and tho we can't be all the day (beſides the publick Service) taken up in Prayers and Meditation, we may do well to keep our ſelves out of the way of the World, which will *ſoon quench the Flame our Divine Exerciſes have kindled*; but there were nothing like the Converſation of Heavenly minded Perſons, when we can have ſuch; and there are *Works of Mercy and Compaſſion* very proper for that day, which may raiſe our Minds to Love and Praiſes to God, for making us Inſtruments in his hand for the good of any body. In a word, *the beſt Inſtructor in the Duties of the Lord's Day, is Love*; which will make us do all with diligence and delight, by which I may ſuppoſe you are animated to what you do, or deſire to do, on that bleſſed day.

I agree with you, that *the Duty of Prayer is manifeſt even by the Light of Nature.* That Supream Being, that made us, can only preſerve us, and to him we muſt apply for our well-being; but Chriſtians, that are *dedicated to God in Baptiſm*, ſhould take care to *ſanctify all the Actions of their Lives by Prayer*, and never do that thing they dare not beg God's bleſſing upon: If we did impute to God the happy ſucceſs of all our Labours, we could not be ſo wanting to our ſelves, as to neglect that *great Favour and Priviledge of a Chriſtian, of repreſent-*

ing all our Wants and Neceſſities to God, and engaging his Care and Providence in our behalf, of begging his holy Spirit, which he has promiſed to *thoſe that aſk it*; which *will lead us into all Truth*; teaching us to accuſe and condemn our ſelves for ſin and then engage us to the *Duty of thankfulneſs*; and here I know not where to begin or make an end, *Innumerable are the Mercies* we daily receive, and ſufficient to imploy all the moments of our Life in the Contemplation of them, and were our Hearts truly thankful, nothing could be wanting to keep us cloſe to our Duties, both to *God and our Neighbour*; whatever different ways and modes we find of expreſſing it. I dare be bold to pronounce *That Perſon a true Child of God, that in a deep ſence of his own unworthineſs looks upon all the mercies he enjoys, as the favour and bounty of heaven, for which he can never be ſufficiently thankful.* And I do not know a ſtronger Foundation to build any Perſons Converſion upon, for if they are born of Chriſtian Parents, when they conſider that Bleſſing and Priviledge which Thouſands want, it muſt needs engage 'em in his Service who has *dealt ſo Lovingly with 'em*; But if an *Alien* from the Church of God, ſhould by ſome great Providence meet with the opportunity of being inſtructed in the faith, how can he chuſe but look upon this good Providence as the effect of Gods Merciful kindneſs to him, and work a more *kindly Obedience*, then all the Terrours of Hell. I confeſs, the *threats of Hell*, is a way I am little acquainted with, yet muſt own, *We cannot know Gods Mercy in its full extent, without knowing to the full the miſeries from which it has redeem'd us.* But this works naturally upon our Love, and turns it into ſuch a fear as works again by Love, and makes our obedience chearful and free, yet I ſhall not pretend to *cenſure* thoſe that perhaps experience teaches to uſe *harſher methods*; but I bleſs God for his more tender dealing with me, for I am perſwaded thoſe *Conflicts and Temptations* ſo many find upon their *Death-Beds*, are the effects of thoſe horrours their teachers infuſe into 'em; for I may ſay with thankfulneſs,

fulneſs, *I never ſaw any one in that condition, of all my Friends that I have Buried.* And I make no doubt, but the ſubtilty of the Devil is never wanting to make his advantage of our *Fears, Scruples and Superſtitions*, when he terrifies us with *Apparitions and Spectrums*; It is certainly a great Happineſs to be free from the fears of 'em, for which you have juſt cauſe to bleſs God, and I can ſpeak it by Experience, *Thoſe Ominous Preſages of Perſons, Deaths, or Misfortunes, never happen'd to me, nor many of my Relations*; Who all held a Principle againſt Superſtition, or any obſervation of ſuch things.

Your humble and *uncommon Confeſſion* of your own Frailties, is what we muſt all own as well as you, if we chuſe *good Principles for our Conduct*; 'tis all the Vertue we can pretend to, the exact Performance depends upon many things not in our Power.

Your neglect and diſregard of *dreſſing, and fine Cloaths*, ſuits the Temper and Inclination of the Wiſe, and Men of Buſineſs; 'tis *a meakneſs even in Women*, but a great Folly in Men; and a true conjecture may be often made of the Intellects of both Sexes by their Dreſs.

You have a *ſtrange Happineſs for a Man of Buſineſs*, to have ſo much leiſure for *Divine Contemplation in the Fields*, and other pleaſant Places, whereby you furniſh your Mind with Pious Ejaculations, which ſerves you upon occaſion to obtain *Gods Direction, Bleſſing and Conduct* in your Affairs; *'tis then the Buſineſs goes pleaſantly on, when the ſucceſs is perfectly reſign'd to God.*

'Tis pitty your great Love to your *Wife* ſhould make you ſo uneaſie, that all your *Philoſophy* could hardly furniſh you with Patience enough to ſupport a *Months Abſence.* Your exceſſive loving Temper, which I perceive you do not take for a *meakneſs, but a Perfection*, gives you much reaſon to applaud

plaud your great Succeſs in your choice of *two Wives ſucceſſively of ſo much Merit.*

Tho' you ſeem ſo ſurpriſed at the *ill Company you din'd with*, I aſſure my ſelf thoſe Men had the *Model of their Converſation from London*, with a little addition of their own *Native Vanity*, unleſs they are much alter'd *from what I knew 'em*: I take 'em generally to be all acted by a Romantick Honour, and every Man of what Rank or Quality ſoever, takes upon him as much as he can, the *Meen and Equipage, Living and Eating of the Nobility*, eſpecially of thoſe that come from *England*: Even *Swearing and Prophaneneſs* they miſtake for great Vertues, when obſerv'd in Men of that Rank, without conſidering that the *Vice of Swearing* ſprings from a baſe and vulgar Education; who, wanting Language to expreſs the *vehemence of their Paſſions*, have contracted an ill habit of ſupplying the *want of Truth and Eloquence* with Oaths. If Perſons of Quality ever give ſo barbarous an Example, 'tis *when they are leaſt themſelves*; either tranſported with Pride, Paſſion, or Wine: But whoever they are that do it, they ſhow a *very ſhallow Capacity*, and weak Apprehenſion of the dreadful Majeſty of God; and however he may perhaps pleaſe himſelf with his *own Conceit of his Wit and Parts*, he may be Juſtly branded with the Name of Fool; which *Solomon* wiſely gives to all that fear not God.

Your often *returns from Buſineſs* to Retirement, was a Priviledge of being a Stranger, and far from your *Family and Relations*. I can't be Judge of the Pleaſure you found in *Montaigns Eſſays*, having never read it. I heard it once commended by a Man in *Reputation for Wit*, but not ſo much for Vertue, which moved my Curioſity the leſs; and having all I deſire in the *Port-Royal*, I confine my ſelf to a very few Books. I envy not your *Trip to your Auction*: I have had ſome of that Pleaſure of *obſerving Bidders* for Books upon my own Account, but

but *wanting your Skill*, came far ſhort of your Satisfaction.

Your Recollection of your *Actions*, how hard ſoever to others, is very eaſie to you, who remember ſo *exactly all you ſay and do*: If you as ſtrictly obſerve the Motives from whence they ſpring, and *view your Actions in a true Light, ſuch a Method of Examination conſtantly uſed, will bring you to all the Perfection attainable in this Life.* The Divine Contemplation you have ſo ready upon the ſight of every *proper Object*, muſt needs diſpel (as you own) all melancholly Vapours; for the *aſpiring of the Soul to Heaven, brings Heaven to it*; and by that Light ſhall beſt diſcern its own Defects, and Gods Perfections; and in a manner *tranſform it into Joy and Love.*

You give the Characters of *ſeveral honeſt Men, and one good Wife*, I ſuppoſe you take 'em for ſome of the *Rarities of that City*; the Places you deſcribe are unknown to me; I never took the pains to ſee 'em, and if I had, perhaps my own Obſervation would have come *ſhort of your pleaſant Deſcription.* I am, little fond of pleaſing my ſight; wherever I live, *my Houſe and Garden limits my Curioſity*; which is the Reaſon I am as much a *Stranger to Ireland*, as thoſe that never were there.

I am much delighted with the Account you give of the *Church and State*; and am perfectly perſwaded my Lord *Galway* juſtly deſerves the high Character you give him in every reſpect; and ſure much of the *preſent Happineſs of that Kingdom* is owing to his wiſe Conduct, and great Example of Vertue and Piety; to my knowledge there's nothing like it for thoſe People there, who live by *no Rule but Imitation*; and the ſevereſt Laws would have much leſs effect on 'em, then his *obliging Condeſcention.* I wonder what's *become of all the Jacobites?* There are ſome for certain, but not ſo *bare-*

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fac'd perhaps in ſuch a Government, as to be noted of Strangers.

'Tis alſo matter of great Joy, to hear the *Biſhops and Clergy* perform their parts with ſo much Charity and Condeſention to the *Diſſenters*, as gives 'em occaſion to commend their *Moderation and Piety*: It were much to be wiſh'd, that all our unhappy Differences might be *conſumed in Flames of Charity*; and *Ireland*, as much as it has been deſpiſed, might have the honour to ſet us that great Example; then, as that good Prelate, Biſhop *Hall* adviſ'd, *we ſhould have Peace with all but* Rome *and Hell.*

'Tis obſervable, there are *no Places* where Care is ſo effectually taken to ſuppreſs *Popery*, *as where they abound moſt*, and are beſt known; which may be the reaſon that in *Ireland* they have in that point out-done us here. It would be a *great Pleaſure to me, to think as you do*, that the Romiſh Religion were on its laſt Legs in *Ireland*; and ſure nothing is more likely to produce that effect, then thoſe Methods they have taken; or which would better ſecure the *Rebellion of that Kingdom*, beyond all the ſuppreſſing Laws; for while there are Papiſts to improve every failing or miſcarriage in the *Rulers*, and every defect or weakneſs in the Capacities of the People, to the raiſing ſuch appearances to delude 'em, as may ſerve to the promoting their own Intereſt and Religion, nothing can be expected but *Rebellion and Miſchief*; but they who have the ART OF LIVING INCOGNITO, How is it poſſible to be ſure they are rid of 'em, as hard to know as their great *Patron*, *the Devil*, when transform'd into an Angel of Light? No, I have no hopes from the rigor of any Laws made againſt 'em; all my hopes is, that as that *adulterous Church* has liv'd ſo long, ſhe is now grown old and ugly, the time is coming, that all her Lovers will hate her, *tear her Fleſh, and burn her City with Fire*; all things ſeem to be preparing for her Execution, notwithſtanding

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the *French Kings Perſecution*; and who knows but the *Pope's mournful Jubilee* may not be a Prognoſtication of it.

That old Father *Kereen*, I believe I have heard of; there was ſuch an one lived at *Athlone*, who uſed to ſay he could *lay a Spirit for ſeven year, and then again for ſeven more*; tho' I am of Opinion they are never wanting to contrive ſome Impoſtor, when neceſſary to ſhew their Power, and to delude the People, and keep up their *Credulity and Superſtition*: Yet I believe as well, that they are able to do it, when ever there is any real Occaſion for it, they are many of 'em Men of *much Thought and Retirement*, only deſign'd for the promoting the Kingdom of Satan; he can't deny his Aſſiſtance for the carrying on his own Work, and no queſtion teaches 'em the way he will be dealt with; 'tis a great Happineſs for the poor People to be rid of ſuch *Ghoſtly Fathers*, their Superſtition once cur'd, may probably ſecure 'em from thoſe Miſeries.

The *Church you went to where there was Muſick*, gives much opportunity of gazing; the Mind having the leaſt part in that Service of all the reſt, it ſeems to me you ſhould have had more reaſon to have yielded to the *Eaſtern Cuſtom of ſeparating the Women from the Men*, had the Women appeared more beautiful, ſince that and *ſoft Muſick* might have diſcompos'd your Temper for the *Sermon*. For my part, I think *Womens Devotions* are as much *diſtracted with gazing at one another, obſerving how they look, and how they dreſs*, that I could wiſh ſome Habit were appointed to be worn in Religious Aſſemblies, that would give us all the ſame Air, that *neither Beauty nor Quality* could be diſtinguiſh'd: I mean only thoſe that ſit in Pews and Galleries; for the ordinary ſort, there's leſs danger, they'll not make it their Pride to dreſs, if Quality don't.

I eaſily

I easily credit you, and *believe 'twas more then a Fancy*, that you saw nothing handsome in all the *Female Faces*; I have observed in many Churches of late years, the same thing; and wonder for what reason *all Beauty should be fled out of the World*, unless it be for the ill treatment it finds here; and truly Women make a pretty good shift without it, *taking upon 'em the part that once belong'd to Men*; and obtain by flattery and cajoling, what Beauty us'd to do by Conquest; but I confess *Beauty and Charming are two things with me*; there is a gracefulness in Meen and Motion, proceeding from the Mind, and makes the *whole Aspect charming*, without the help of Complection and Feature; *Vertue makes the truest Beauty, and the softest Charms for the best and wisest Persons.*

I am of Opinion, as you insinuate, that *Memory is not the chief Qualification for profitable hearing of Sermons*, as 'tis a means God has appointed to instruct us as from himself, to observe what *touches us in particular* is all the concern we have in it; when God speaks to the Heart, we can't but remember and take notice of it.

The *Character of your Antagonist* has given a very natural Description of *Pride and Meanness*, two things nearer related then the World imagines, which is often brought to the first, but always takes Authority to despise and reproach the latter; but Experience shews us *Pride* never prospers and augments so much as in Persons of *mean Quality*, or small parts, rais'd to great Honour or Riches; and Sordidness often comes into the Society, but serves only to make *Pride the more hated*, no body gaining by it; thus loaded with so many ill Qualities, he must needs act as he did; 'tis the part of a *generous Enemy to conceal his History*; and of a good Christian, to let nothing provoke you to expose it, unless the good of the Publick require it.

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'Tis no ſurpriſe to hear ſo many of the *Players in Dublin* are no way inferior to thoſe in *London*; 'twas never the temper of *Ireland* to let any Country out-doe 'em in *Vanity and Idleneſs*, two things that will *ſecure a Player from ſtarving*; and where they find their Intereſt, their Company is never wanted, as appears in their *poſting to Kilkenny*, as it ſeems they did. That Gentleman muſt needs be very ſoft and effeminate, that muſt be taught *Vertue and Religion ſo charmingly as in the Theatre*; but for all their conſtant attendance there, I fear ſuch Gentlemen are much Strangers to thoſe Vertues they pretend to learn there; and have as little uſe for 'em as for their time they *waſte and throw away* with ſo much care and diligence.

I think that Gentleman had a great deal of time to ſpare, that was *ſo curious in his Garden*; 'tis a very innocent delight one takes in the Products of Nature, but *exceſſive Curioſity tranſforms that Pleaſure into a vexatious Care and Labour*; and had his Viſiters been all of the Temper of *Diogenes*, and had diſappointed him of Applauſe and Admiration, 'twould have ſhew'd him his Miſtake in making that an Entertainment for the Mind, which is more proper for the *Pleaſure and Recreation of the Body*, that takes no leſs delight in Woods and Fields, where *Art's a Stranger*.

The Characters you give *your Brethren* (as you call 'em) would make one think there were *ſomething in that Calling inclin'd Men to Goodneſs*; you remark ſo many commendable Qualities in em, but nothing is ſo charming as the *Idea I have of the Lady you have ſo admirably Characterized in diſtick*; one could not wiſh for greater Perfection, or of any other kind then thoſe you have deſcribed. I wiſh the *Tutor*, with all his Learning, be not temp-ted to think *his Happineſs reſembles ſo much the Joys of Heaven, as may make him too well contented with his earthly Tabernacle*; and perhaps the Lady may owe

owe the *laſt Perfection* in her Character to his Converſation; ſo that the Family may well be *agreeable to the degree you ſpeak of, the Maſter and Miſtreſs* being alſo Perſons of ſo much Merit.

The remarkable *Fruitfulneſs of Mr. Hook* is conſiderable, but the *two and twenty Brothers* liſted in *Ireland* as much; many Children are not only Bleſſings, but may be obſerved to be given moſt commonly to *good People that have not repined at 'em*, but been thankful for 'em; and where they live to Men and Womens Eſtate, are very often Perſons of Piety and Vertue; the neceſſity they find of *yielding and complying* with one another in their Youth, *forms in 'em ſuch a habit of ſelf-denial*, as fits 'em to receive other good Impreſſions in their riper Age, if their Parents care is not wanting.

'Twas a very *generous Care you took to pay your Father's Legacy*; it could not concern your Conſcience, not being *Executor*; but ſhew'd a very great *and kind Reſpect to your Father's Memory*; but that remorſe of Conſcience ſo many feel for the wrongs they do in the caſe of Money, is in my Opinion, a *ſort of Indication*, that Money is generally taken for our chief Good; there are Injuries we commit againſt others daily, without regret, which often amount to as great Wrongs, for which our Conſcience never troubles us.

Sir *Peter Pet* did the World, as well as his Friend, a Service, in preſerving his *Memoirs*; it ſeems we ſhould otherwiſe have *loſt ſuch Truths*, ſome Perſons were afraid of.

That *dignifyed Woman, call'd the moſt Ingenious*, muſt needs have Enemies of her own Sex, tho' you think perhaps ſhe don't deſerve 'em; 'tis *Crime enough to be diſtinguiſh'd by any good quality*; her greateſt Crime that appears to me, is her ſuffering her Husband to be ſo much a *ſtranger to his own*

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Modeſty, that he ſhould take ſuch a Journey ſo ill appointed for his Buſineſs.

Dublin is very happy in a *Banker*, ſuch a one as you deſcribe, *punctual, juſt, and honeſt* in his Dealings; and it may be, he has ſomething of the *natural Generoſity of his Country* added to it, which made him ſo ready to ſerve you as a *Stranger*.

I more admire then envy the *celebrated female Poet*, ſhe muſt be ſo much under the *dominion of Fancy*; I can't indure any kind of Slavery; and all the *fineneſs of Poetry* can never make up for the unrulineſs of Fancy, when indulged, which Poets muſt allow; to have ones Thoughts *ſober and regular*, is a happineſs of much value to me.

That *Aged Woman* you diſcourſed of, was a great Prodigy, if her *Underſtanding and Judgment* had been as ſtrong and laſting as her Senſes; her Experience might have given us much Inſtruction.

I fancy it was a very pleaſing ſurpriſe, to find a *Perſon that perfectly reſembled one you thought ſo accompliſh'd*; one of the Perſons you wiſh'd to ſee; ſo near a reſemblance of, I never ſaw; *but for the other*, her *Beauty was ſuperlative* before the Small Pox; but after that, ſhe had not *many Equals*; but never expect to find in this Age, her ſort of Beauty, which conſiſted ſo much in *Majeſty and Grandeur*.

Mr. *Dangerfield* I never ſaw, and can have no Notion of the *Gentleman's Perfections* from him; but your Character makes him *very fine*; and I ſuppoſe his *Ladies Vertues* put you in mind of *Wives making good Husbands*: I have ſeen great alteration in Mens Tempers, from the Converſations of their Wives, and for the worſe, as often as for the better; but to the making a good Husband, no doubt *Meekneſs and Patience* are the beſt Ingredients, with the addition of ſome *cunning and flat-*

tery, and will go much further in that buſineſs, then *Piety and Charity*, *unleſs Prayes and Tears* are allow'd to be of any force.

The Gentleman you deſcribe, beſides his *Bravery and Courage*, his being ſo full of *Love and Pity*, may be the chief reaſon of his not Marrying, in *Love and Compaſſion to himſelf*, declining a Condition of ſo much toil and trouble, and *in pity to the Lady*, whoſe ſhare muſt be more then double to his.

I am very apt to believe the *Nonconformiſts* may be in themſelves the worthy Men you repreſent 'em; but wiſh I could diſcover what good end they propoſe to themſelves in Preaching? If to convince us of the *Errors of our Church*, will not Writing do that as well, if it is an Error we are ignorant of? But ſhould it be one we know, and for Intereſt, or other reaſons, maintain it, there's ſmall hopes then of our Conviction; yet it muſt be a very conſiderable Error that will juſtifie their *publick Preaching*, to draw Perſons off from our Church; but the difference *between us is not ſo great, if the Presbyterians approve 36 of our Articles*, the other three had better be made *a Sacrifice to Peace and Unity*, then give our Enemies ſo much Advantage againſt us by our Diviſions; but perhaps they deſign by their *Excellent Preaching*, to draw ſo many to their Party as may fright the Church of *England* into a compliance with 'em; if ſuch a thing ſhould happen, one can't commend the means they uſed to accompliſh it, ſo far remote from *Peace and Charity*; they ſeem purely humane, and if God ſhould draw from ſuch ways his own Glory, yet who knows how their Preſumption may be chaſtiſed? At the ſame time God has better ways of his own, if we could patiently wait and relye on him; when we go about to mend things, we with *our Pride and Perverſeneſs* make 'em worſe; of which the laſt *Civil War in England* is a great Inſtance. Had we as much *Humility and Charity*, as we have

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the contrary, which *every attempt of accommodating* has hitherto increaſed, we would ſtudy to find out the means of Peace and Union, and think no yielding on either ſide, too much for the Purchaſe of ſuch a Bleſſing; which if you know a greater, and *can prove in your defence of your Practiſe*, any Motive more conſiderable for going to Meetings, then I alledge for keeping to the Church of *England*, whatever Faults can be imputed to her, *I muſt yield*; for then I ſhall be as much afraid of your Arguments, as you were of the Gentleman *that could ſay what he pleaſed, and prove what he ſaid.*

I can't but admire at your curing your ſelf of an *Antipathy!* What can be too ſtrong for ſuch a Power? I can't think but you might as well hinder the Operation of *Sympathy*, and create in your ſelf an Averſion to the *Fair Sex*, when you find occaſion for it.

If *Mary Goſſam* had pull'd off the *Night-cap*, ſhe might have been ſure it was the ſame Cap it look'd like; but I am apt to think it had as *Airy a Subſtance as the Man that wore it*; no doubt the Devil has had that Power in all Ages, and for his own deſigns frequently does it, when God permits; taking upon him the Perſons of all, both good and bad; and for *diſcovery of Murders*, and ſuch things that ſeem to croſs his general deſign of doing Miſchief; but he that can *ſpeak Truth with intent to deceive, can do what ſeems good to ſerve his own ends*: And as you threaten to return from the dead to do Juſtice to your Reputation, I ſhall wiſh you *long Life*, for fear the Devil ſhould take advantage from what you ſay, and come and Vindicate your *Reputation* to me, but I hope I ſhall dye firſt.

I ſhould have expected from *your Experience*, a more moderate reception of your *Adverſary's Slanders*; we ſhould not ſtay till we are inform'd, but take it *for granted, there are Perſons that belie, and*

speak ill of us; What is there ſurpriſing in that, which is the common treatment the World gives and takes? It had been ſtrange *a man of his Character* ſhould ſhew any Civility, as he thought you his Enemy; when he ſhew'd ſo little at firſt, when he might *hope to make you his Friend*! That other Man you had reaſon to thank, for giving you the opportunity to *clear your ſelf to my Lord Mayor*, which was publick enough for the Worlds notice; and ſucceſs enough afterwards, to meet with *an honeſt Binder* in his place.

But 'tis the greateſt wonder to me, you ſhould *come off ſo well with that beautiful Country Gentlewoman!* If ſhe had had no *Beauty*, her agreeable Converſation and Modeſty, with a little *complaiſance for you, had been charm ſufficient to engage you*; but that you could truſt your ſelf to *contemplate every particular Beauty, both of Body and Mind*, is daring to aſtoniſhment, in a Man that values himſelf upon his Vertue! But you will ſay, her Vertue abundantly ſecured you; how great ſoever that was, *her Courage* ſeems no leſs, in expoſing her ſelf to the *danger of pleaſing*.

Tho' Beauty is no great matter in its ſelf, yet the *Price* the World ſets upon it, ſhould make it of ſome value to the Owners. What made *Solomon* find out ſo contemptible a compariſon *for a fair Woman without Diſcretion*, but to ſhew us that whoever is *poſſeſs'd of ſuch a Treaſure*, ſhould eſteem it at the rate others do; which is agreeable to common ſence? What could one think of a Perſon that ſhould walk the Streets, and go to Markets and Fairs *dreſs'd up in Jewels* to a great Value? Should one not tax her Diſcretion, or think ſhe had ſome *ſtrange deſign* in it, to make a tryal how many Enemies ſhe ſhould meet? which would be *almoſt* as many as ſaw her; ſome deſigning her miſchief to get her *Jewels*, others jeering and expoſing her in all places for her folly; for *Beauty much reſembles Jewels in this, that tho' they are the*

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chiefeſt bravery of Nature, they are of the leaſt uſe; ſo one may be very happy without Beauty; but when one is poſſeſs'd of ſuch a Treaſure, it ought to be ſecur'd by *Modeſty, and a diſcreet value* of it, and not careleſly expos'd to pleaſing, but only upon juſt occaſion: But a *married Woman* with ſuch a careleſs Conduct, making no diſtinction, is as ridiculous as *a waiting Woman* would be, who had her Lady's Jewels in her keeping, and ſhould lend 'em to the *Milk-women* to dreſs up their Pails for dancing.

My deſign in all this, is to prove there would be no occaſion for a *Man's defending* ſo hotly, either his own, or that *Lady's Vertue*, who had a *true eſteem of her Beauty*, whether in her own, or her Husband's Poſſeſſion; for I am truly moved with Compaſſion for *this incompa-able Perſon* you propoſe for a Pattern to our *whole Sex*, to find ſhe lies under the misfortune of *Slander and Envy*; and tho' ſhe has the ſupport of thoſe *ſober Ladies* that honours her with their Friendſhip, 'tis of little force to take off *Slander*, ſince there is *a Charity much in vogue*, that forbids diſtinguiſhing any but what are notoriouſly bad, which in this *refined Age* are very few that appear ſo; her Husband had been her beſt ſupport, had he *believ'd her Vertuous upon his own Judgment*, and not upon the Opinion of another; I fear your Judgment was not generally priz'd at that rate.

However, I can't but applaud *your happy retreat* to the cool Country Air, after ſo much heat (tho' you carry'd a Diſeaſe with ye) ſince there you found a Cure; there's none knows the *Pleaſures of Gardens and Retirement*, like thoſe that have liv'd in the hurry of the World; for that, like other Pleaſures, muſt be ſet off by its contrary.

The very ſame *Doctrine Mr.* Cowley *teaches for Retirement, I eſtabliſh for Friendſhip*; which never is right, or can be laſting without it; for till we

have cast of those *restless Thoughts* of pleasing the World, and our vain Passions to Persons so disposed, the *Rules of Friendship* are as severe as School-Instructions to Boys, with their *Heads full of Play*; who are no less blind to all the Pleasures and Advantages of it: But how must that Mind be elevated, that in *Retirement* can be every thing to its self? Sure the *Admonition, Instruction, and variety of Thoughts* a Friend would yield us, should infinitely add to the Perfection of such a Life? And tho' living *Incognito* from being seen and known to the senceless World, is a Priviledge to be wish'd; yet to be depriv'd of the Society of the Vertuous and Religious, is to cut our selves off from the chief Pleasure that give us *a taste of Heaven upon Earth*; with the opportunity of a delightful Improvement of every Moment of our time spent in their Conversation.

Nor can I think that great Emperor, *Charles* the *5th.* could have boasted half that sweetness he found in his *change of Life*, had he wholly retired from the Conversation of the *Divine Valdesso*; but you must ever be a Stranger to the *true Pleasures of Retirement*, as much as you pretend to love it, you carry such *a busie Mind about with you*, and croud your Thoughts with *Fields, Gardens, Parks, your House, and absent Friends.* How could you take any thought for a House left in the Conduct of *such a Wife*? 'Tis only extravagant and disorderly Wives, that turn the House out of the Windows in their Husband's absence.

No question you were as much in *Valeria's Thoughts*, tho' she might not dream in so much danger. You might well *expect Death in a Distemper* so often fatal; and the Thoughts you had from that Expectation, I believe has taught you *Experience*, and shew'd you how much you were deceiv'd in your hope, that to the *end of your Life you should think of the World just as you did then when you thought you was leaving it.* And did you flatter

your

your ſelf to think, *if time would unweave your Life again to the firſt Thread, you would mend your Conduct?* You are now convinced of the Vanity of that Preſumption, not having had Death, and the continual Preparations for it, ſo much in your Thoughts, as you then promis'd your ſelf. This is *judging others by my ſelf*, if it is raſh and falſe, I beg your Pardon.

I confeſs I always look'd upon *Sickneſs* as the greateſt of all temporal Evils; and Health the moſt conſiderable of earthly Bleſſings; What can diſcompoſe the Mind like Pain and Sickneſs? One may find *a Remedy for all other Misfortunes*, by reſolving all into the Will of God, which orders nothing to befall us but for good; but no Reſignation ever ſo great can *hinder the Sympathy the Soul has with the Body*; that in thoſe occaſions our Thoughts have little Power to entertain any Thought but *Patience per force*: If therefore the *Thoughts of Death and Judgment*, *Heaven and Hell* are neceſſary to reflect on, 'tis when we are in Health; Sickneſs diſcompoſes all ſerious Thoughts; *for my ſelf, I wou'd have nothing to do at that time*, but to reſign my ſelf with all the Patience I could muſter up, equally accepting releaſe either by *Death or Recovery*, which of 'em God pleaſes to appoint me; and nothing makes us ſo ready and willing to die, as a comfortable *aſſurance of our Salvation*, which will ſtand us then in more ſtead than *any reflection on our paſt Life*, tho' never ſo good, or the moſt ſerious Repentance we can then exerciſe. Nor can I think it a Preſumption, becauſe not built on our *own Performances*, but upon the Promiſes of God. If it is poſſible to judge of the truth of any Divine Grace, 'tis poſſible to know they are his choſen to whom he gives it. How can the *holy Spirit witneſs with our Spirits, that we are the Children of God*, if we are Strangers to what he witneſſes? All Divine Graces are the Earneſts of our Eternal Inheritance, they are the Gifts of God, which he never withdraws; for his Gifts are without Repentance:

Nor is Assurance a particular favour to some, but to all his chosen, that are careful to try themselves, and their Graces; and for those that fear Assurance should make 'em Libertines, they would find the contrary if they had it; for it is not the fancy of having, but the *real Possession of true Grace creates Assurance*, which will be seen and known by its Effects, as a Tree by its Fruits; and no such motive to lead a heavenly Life on Earth, as a firm Assurance in the Exercise of Divine Graces, that we are *consigned to a glorious Immortality in Heaven*, so remote from the Changes and Uncertainties in this Life; tho' perhaps in some sort, a necessary quality for the imperfect Pleasures this World affords us.

A little longer Enjoyment of your *Earthly Paradice* in the Country, would have put you upon the search of Business in Town, only upon account of *Variety*, and the Idea of it now you are snatch'd from it, has more of Pleasure in it, then a *longer Enjoyment* would have given you.

I perceive we are obliged to your *Inquisitiveness and Curiosity*; (a Character you give your self;) for leading you to so many different Places, which furnish'd your *Table-book* with Remarks which we shall see in Perfection in your *Summer Rambles*; and above all, the fine History of Lord *Clonuff*, of whom I never heard till now.

You had a very *uncommon and particular Happiness* you had reason to prize, in meeting in your ordinary Conversation, *five Persons Eminent for Piety, Wisdom, Learning, and all other Vertues*; and I agree with you, that the best Consolation in the want of such Company, is *Reading, especially the Bible*, what ever Opinion the generality of the World has of it, if read without *Pride and Curiosity*. An humble Spirit that reads and lays it up in their Minds, finds a time, by Gods special Favour and Blessing, to understand and apply it to 'em-

selves,

ſelves, for their Comfort and Direction in *proper times and occaſions.*

Following your Fancy led you to a great deal of Variety, but the *Bowling green* above all, has Charms for me; I think it *no improper Recreation for Ladies*; and where Men, who are deſirous to Civilize themſelves in Ladies Companies, might partake with them there. The only difficulty is, there are very *few Bowling-greens* in private Families, they are ſo chargable to keep; and all *publick Meetings* for Diverſion, ſoon grows ſcandalous in this corrupt Age.

The Pleaſures of *Kilkenny*, ſo magnificent as you deſcribe, might give one the Idea *of a Paradice*, were not one Principle, Felicity, wanting, of *not being able to contain a great Mind.* You ſay the Owner lives like one *that's much above it*; ſo he may ſay, as a great Favourite in the Court of *Ahaſuerus*, *What does all this avail me?*

And truly by the Company he had at *Bowles* with him, I am apt to think there were others alſo as ſoon ſatisfied, and had enough of his *Paradice*; they are all Pleaſures for the Eye, which is *never ſatisfied with ſeeing*, but by change of Objects is in *perpetual ſearch of a Felicity*, which always comes far ſhort of our Expectations. The *Novelty once over, there's an end of the Enjoyment.*

Sure the Natives of that Place where the *four Elements are ſo pure*, muſt needs have a more *refined Nature.* I ſhall obſerve with more exactneſs, the *Character of thoſe Perſons*, when I come to 'em; and indeed you find *ſo many things to admire*, in a Country where others think every thing deſerves to be deſpis'd; makes me believe *the Perfection lies in your ſelf*, that knows how to extract out of every Subject, all the Vertues it contains; that temper fits you *for a Traveller*, whoſe deſign is *Obſervation*; and truly, the *Contemplation of Perfection is*

pleaſant-

pleaſanter than of Faults and Defects; that meer ſelf-love is enough to perſwade us, while we fix our Thoughts upon the firſt, to over-look the latter.

And that Lady, whoſe full *Character* you reſerve for another Place, I own *would reconcile me to any Country* and Circumſtance, that would give me the *opportunity of Edifying* in her Converſation.

That great and generous *Brigadeer*, who treated all ſo nobly, ſhews the *largeneſs of a French-man's Soul*, when out of the ſlavery of his own Country, and under the benign influence of a Lord *Galway*. Your Poem was deſervedly dedicated to him, I ſhall ſpare my Remarks upon it; I don't pretend to *judge of Wit, but ſhall leave it to its Peers.*

One can't but look upon thoſe *miſerable Cabins* you deſcribe, as the juſt deſert of *Sloth and Idleneſs*; and by their manner of living in 'em, one might believe St. *Paul*'s Injunctions had been obſerved in the ſevereſt ſence, *that becauſe they did not work, they had been deny'd the Food of their Souls, as well as Bodies.* Tis a ſevere reflection upon us, to ſuffer thoſe that are, or ſhould be Chriſtians, to live juſt under our Noſes, in as ill a manner as the worſt of Heathens.

I can't blame you for leaving thoſe *ſad Objects for Kildare*, if you deſign'd Mirth, for which that other Place was very unfit; the *Country muſt needs be fine*, whatever the Town is. St. *Bridget* did not ſet her ſelf to *ſow and ſow* for what was not worth her Pains. I have obſerved no Places ſo pleaſant as thoſe that have been choſen heretofore for *Abbies and Priories*. You was in the right to take the *Old Father* with you, thoſe Men ſerve much to *make up a Feaſt*. My Lord *Kildare* had well plac'd his Chair, in reſpect to the *Curraugh*; which however pleaſant of it ſelf, is much heightned by remembrance

membrance of the pleaſant rancouuters at the *Horſe-Races*.

I know not whether the *Predictions of Aſtrologers* be true; but I know a Man may make 'em true if he pleaſes, and too often does ſo; if you like to be *Mercurial*, 'twill be hard to fix you; *the Girl that upon opening her Eyes was ſaluted with ſo much Novelty*, was moderate, in reſpect to your *boundleſs Curioſity*; you take in all Object by wholeſale, which you are forced to dreſs and refine in your Fancy, before you can expoſe 'em to the view of others leſs fond of 'em. I never had, I aſſure you, *ſo fine an Idea of Italy*, as to deſire to ſee it; 'tis a Place too full of *artifice and cunning* for my ſimple Genius. I muſt own, I rather pity then envy your *rambling Fate*; were I in that Diſtemper, I knew a way to cure it; but there's no preſcribing to you, till you are willing.

The Satisfaction of *your Travels not diſturbing your ſleep*, is in my Opinion, no great matter; 'twere ſomething if you could never *ſleep nor dream of Valeria*, or deſire to ſee her without it; and what *great Miracle* to be content with Pleaſures of your own chuſing? You might better boaſt of a *contented Spirit*, if you could be content to ſtay at home, and never travel, but upon juſt occaſion.

You take the right way of *reflecting upon your good or bad Succeſſes*; that truth once eſtabliſh'd. That nothing *comes to paſs by chance*, ſets us above all difficulties, but excludes not our *Care and Providence* for the accompliſhment of our deſigns, only moderates us, and makes us indifferent as to the ſucceſs: *Croſs Accidents may well be look'd upon as Trials of our Patience*, eſpecially in ſmall and common things; but the more conſiderable Misfortunes have higher ends, which we ſhould make it our buſineſs to find out. *I know Gods ways are unſearchable to us in themſelves*, but thoſe that concern

cern us in particular, are Leſſons he ſets us to learn, which we muſt be careful not to over-look; and I think the moſt *general Language all Afflictions and Misfortunes ſpeak*, may be interpreted, Calls to *Humility*; as Pride is the root of all Evils, *Humility muſt be the proper Remedy*; but in occaſions where no Remedy can be found, we may juſtly ſay,

Shall we receive from Power Divine,
Life's Sweets, and at his Griefs repine?
From both, his Tribute let him raiſe;
From theſe, our Patience; and from that, our Praiſe.

Your trouble for *Patrick's Fault* more then your own Injury, was very charitable, but upon a wrong Foundation; for his Fault had not been *leſs but greater*, had it been the *reſentment of an Injury*; for then it had been *Spite, Malice, and Revenge*; whereas it might be now a little *heady Pride and Inſolence*, to ſee how far his Money or Intereſt would go, and how far he could *have his humour*; there are many will venture diſobliging their Neighbours, much leſs *Strangers*, for as trifling Conſiderations; therefore if you clear your Innocence, he muſt appear *leſs Criminal*, and by conſequence ye do him a Kindneſs with your ſelf.

'Tis much to be admired, *your courteous Gentleman*, ſo full of Charms, could reſiſt *the Glory of Conqueſt*, if he found the Ladies lay'd down their Arms; but his *great Humility* made him a Stranger to ſuch Thoughts, and procured him the *Happineſs of living a Batchelor*, by which he was worthy of Honour; if, like the Widows St. *Paul* mentions, *he was a Batchelor indeed*, and deſigned it for a good end; but if his Motive was *Self-love and Liberty*, he, like *the Widows that live in Pleaſure, is dead while he lives*; every one is a Debtor to the Publick, and of that Married Perſons do beſt diſcharge themſelves, as *heads of Families, and on that Account great Benefactors to their Country*: But thoſe

that

that the Providence of God exempts from the Toils and Troubles of a married State, muſt conſider they were not made for themſelves; but, as they have opportunity, muſt ſacrifice *their Time and Fortunes* to do good, and make themſelves Sharers in the *Labour Man is condemn'd to.*

I believe the *young Divine* is perfectly the Man you repreſent him, by the *Text* he choſe; *Young Men have ſomething extraordinary in 'em*, when they are ſo remote from the Ambition natural to that Age and Function, who ſeldom content themſelves with leſs then the *deepeſt Points, and higheſt Rhetoriek*, to ſhew their Learning in; a PLAIN MAN, to little ſuits their Stile or Humour, they think it would degrade 'em, and ſpoil their Preferment, to take notice of ſuch, either in, or out of their Sermons.

But of all *your Friends, who you thought you could never enjoy enough*, I prefer the Man that carried the *decrees of Wiſdom* in his Mouth; he might well be a Bleſſing to his Wife and Children, if he had any; for ſuch a Man is a Bleſſing to all that know him; *there's no miſcarrying in his Company*: Where wiſe Counſel is ſo ready, I applaud the Happineſs of his *Scholars*, and wiſh 'em better Employment *then acting Plays*; which I ſuppoſe was but in order to the better and more *real ſort of acting* they would arrive at in time. I wonder what Remedy his WISDOM preſcribed you for your loſs? I take it 'twas in his Houſe *you cried out Thieves.* I am ready to think, the occaſion you took to *love Drogheda*, was by his Advice; 'tis only *Wiſdom can make one take Pleaſure in Tears and Grief*; unleſs the Comfort you took to find you had ſuch ſtrength to recover with ſuch *weak Remedies*, as of my preſcribing, might out-weigh the reſt of your Troubles.

I can't

I can't Imagine what you mean by *Primitive Innocence you was ſo frighted at*; unleſs it was parting with all your Subſtance (*as the Primitive Chriſtians did in Charity*) to requite the Kindneſs of your Friends? I perceive he that *generouſly confers Favours upon you, looſens the tye you have to your ſelf* by love, and rivals you in the glory of Generoſity, which is your Miſtreſs; and till you have out-done your Rival, and regain'd the Victory, you appear to your ſelf like *a Slave in Fetters*; but if, to recover your Liberty, you ſhould leave your ſelf as bare as they in *Primitive Innocence*, it would nothing reſemble it, proceeding as it does, from another Cauſe, and for another end.

There's *nothing extraordinary in a Poet*, or one of much Fancy; who, to ſhew his Art, gives the Ornaments of *high Perfections* to very mean Objects; but in you it might be alſo the effect of that *Gratitude and Generoſity* you ſo abound with, that occaſion'd *ſo large a Character of your Owl*. I don't queſtion, but if it ſhould want *Gravity* to recommend it to my Reflections, it does not want *Wit* to make it agreeable and proper for Diverſion; you have *my leave to be as merry as you pleaſe*: I apprehend it neceſſary to thoſe of your Complexion, but you know I am under an Obligation not to——

Since the MAGGOT takes you ſo often, *your Stars are very kind* to make you always ſo happy in Converſation with your Companions in travel; and above all, with a *Female Wit and Beauty*, who help'd you out ſo well with your Remarks; but ſure nothing could be better *than the Remark the Man made upon the Steeple* that ſtood when the Church could not; *we never want Divine Warnings, were we ſo wiſe to make a right uſe of 'em.*

Your Female Companion wanted not the *Curioſity of a perfect Woman*, no more than the Charms of

of perfect Beauty; but if her *Wit was as perfect as all the reſt*, ſhe might chuſe that inquiſitive way as the moſt ſure to oblige you, and make the *Converſation* the more agreeable between you.

I can't much *condemn Clara*, if ſhe could find in her heart to *out-do you in Tenderneſs*; I think it a laudable Ambition to out-do you in *Wit* too; and it may be ſhe feared to be defective, if ſhe did not *value her ſelf upon it, as Wits often do*, eſpecially upon the ſudden Acceſſion of the unexpected Honour received by it; and as *humbling as your Verſes were*, 'tis like they rather increas'd her Pride, to find a Man of *ſo much Sence*, ſo much concern'd for her; and if you value my Judgment, I think you had as much reaſon to ſlight her when *ſhe out-did you in Tenderneſs*, as when ſhe out-did her ſelf in *Pride and Contempt* of you.

I might ſuppoſe there were *no Beggars in Ireland*, from your making no Remarks of the Charity, amongſt thoſe Perſons whoſe many *other Vertues* you mention, as well as from your ſaying nothing in particular of the Beggars; for I am ſatisfied, 'tis the *falſe notion of the Charitable*, that makes ſo many Beggars, when they think themſelves obliged to give to all that ask, from our Saviour's Command: they are not ſo ready to take notice, that he adds, *and from him that would borrow of thee, turn thou not away*; the World abounds not much with that kind of Charity: To my apprehention, our Saviour intended that Precept to ſhew us the charitable Diſpoſition a Chriſtian ought to have, both to give or lend, upon occaſion; but not to make our ſelves and *Charity a Prey* to thoſe that make it their Trade to cheat and abuſe both the one and the other: There is nothing would do Charity more right, then *a Law that ſhould forbid relieving Beggars at Random*, meerly to be rid of their Noiſe and Clamour; and ways found out to employ the Charity of well-diſpoſed Perſons, to the good and benefit of the Town and Country where they live; that

that the *truly Poor* may find Persons to apply to for Relief, who both knows them and their Wants: Such a Law, and the careful Execution of it, would deserve the Parliaments Care, as much perhaps, as any other they can pretend to bless the Nation with; and thus the *publick Charity* secured, there is more liberty for the private, of which the charitable Persons themselves takes so slight account, *their left hand scarce knows what their right hand does*, so many and various are the occasions of Charity they are ingaged in, consisting in many *different ways of doing good*, as in lending Money or Goods, and not exacting the Payment where the Persons are not in a Condition to pay; in forgiving Wrongs and Injuries, concealing and bearing with Infirmities; in Advice, and Admonishing; in a word, in every thing in which we can assist ones Neighbour, tho' with some difficulty and hardship to ones self.

Your *Character of Ireland* in Verse, is very fine and just, but I shall shorten my Reflections upon your *Prose Character*, 'tis not a Subject I love to dwell upon; perhaps the *moisture of the Air* may contribute much to their flegm and sloth; but I suppose 'tis the contempt in which the Government holds 'em, that is the cause of their *brutality*; sure if it were thought worth their Pains, they are as capable of being civiliz'd as the other barbarous Nations who have been brought to Christianity. You talk of *Priests* for their Conductors, sure they must have been *Priests of Dan*, that had so well instructed those People; for I perceive the best among 'em, that live in Cities, excell only in *fashionable Villanies*.

I am inclin'd to think your Friend *Wilde* deserves to the full, all the Glories of his Character, both as to his *Vertues, and natural Endowments*; to be as you affirm of him, the *same good Man in all Events, and a fit Companion for the nicest Christian*; *add to this his great Love to the present Government*,

These

Theſe are all Vertues of no common ſize; yet 'tis very poſſible he may fail of that Reward you expect for him in time, and meet a more ample Reward in a Place where Time ſhall have nothing to do; nor can he loſe by that, even in this World, *for Vertue is its own Reward and End.*

'Tis a ſurprizing Character you give of Doctor *Phœnix*! I know not whether ſuch another will *ſpring out of his Aſhes?* To be modeſt and humble, aſcribing all his Succeſs to God, and to impart his Skill to the Poor for Charity, are Vertues the generality of our *Phyſicians* are Strangers to; and tho' they pretend to rail at *Quacks*, they have both one aim; which is more at their Patients Purſes, and their *own Fame* and *Reputation*, than the Health and Recovery the ſick Party gives their Money for.

Tho' I acknowledge the *force of Imagination* to be very great, I can't conceive how *two ſuch Perſons* ſhould be ſo tranſported, as one to fancy the Story, and the other the Circumſtances to ſupport it; nor, is there *any thing incredible in the whole Relation*, atteſted by two ſuch Perſons as you repreſent 'em: The Lady's Courage was the moſt ſurpriſing part of the Story; but I confeſs it would neither confirm or deſtroy the *Doctrine of Baptizing Children* with me, as I believe it *was the Devil*; what he teaches is of little weight, his *Policies are ſo refined*, 'tis hard to gueſs at his Deſigns; but to be ſure, his intent is always to deceive; and then moſt certainly, when he moſt contradicts his own Intereſt. I *wonder at the Dean's ſo ſlightly imputing it to the force of Imagination*, unleſs he's of the ſame Mind with a Miniſter I once diſcourſed with; who deny'd *the Devils Power to poſſeſs any Perſons*: Notwithſtanding many Inſtances I alledged out of the *New Teſtament*, he affirm'd all thoſe were only *Lunaticks*. I was much ſurpriz'd at ſuch an *audacious neſs* againſt ſuch plain Scripture! Cou'd I find the like for *Souls entering into Bodies* after they

have cast 'em off, I should not generally impute *all Apparitions to the Devil*, as I do. Not that I believe they enter into Bodies to appear in, but that we only are deceived with the *appearance of a Body*; for in this case the Persons had been dead so long, their Bodies must needs be corrupted. I believe as well, in *some special occasions*, *God sends his Angels* still, as he did formerly, in humane Shapes, to warn or protect his Servants from some dangers; but not to *take upon 'em the Persons of the Dead*, to teach or confirm any point of Faith or Doctrine; I never found any thing in Scripture to countenance such an Opinion. If *Imagination* had such a Power over the Lady as the Dean pretended to think, to save his giving *Sentence in a case so difficult*; (tho' who knows but he did believe so in reality?) that *pretty Robin* had been a subject proper to delude her, having Qualities so much above his kind. I wish, when the Bird dies, the *Devil don't take its shape*, and visit the Lady again, she gave him so kind an Entertainment in the Person of her *Uncle*.

Libraries appear much greater in the Eyes of the World, in my Opinion, *than indeed they are*; we think we have a great Treasure there of the Thoughts of Men, but *the multitude* of those Thoughts shews the weakness of 'em. What need so much be said? If they were all agreed upon the Truth, *one Demonstration would reduce all the rest to silence*, and bring Knowledge to a much narrower Compass. I take that to be the Curse that belong'd to the Soul of Man; that as his *Body was condemn'd to labour, and the Earth at the same time to bring forth Thornes and Thistles*, so his Mind should have a continual thirst and desire after Knowledge, and be constantly deceiv'd with appearances. Yet what can be more proper to humble Man for his first Presumption, when it brings him at last to see and acknowledge his own Weakness and Ignorance, and to find, after all his Pains in *humane Learning*, there's no true Knowledge but that which *David* found

found in the *ſtudy of Gods Law*, which made him wiſer than the Aged?

I hope you will not be ſtartled at this *ſtupendious temerity* of a fooliſh Woman; 'tis my ſence, which I have your leave to own upon every occaſion you give me; and I find ſome countenance to this Opinion in the *firſt Volume of the Port Royal*.

But whatever I think of the *vaſt Curioſity of Books and Libraries*, I am no Enemy to the Studious; for I allow *fine Buildings and Gardens* can't be better beſtow'd, than on ſuch; the labours of the Mind require that Pleaſure; it goes as far as any thing that's humane, towards the inſpiring great and noble Thoughts; the Body can't be deny'd ſuch innocent Pleaſure, while the hardſhip of Study debars it of ſo many other.

The *Dyal placed on the Pile of Books*, perfectly ſhews us the boundleſs Curioſity of humane Knowledge; it was labour in vain; not that he could not do what he propoſed; But for what good was it? *He did it becauſe he could do it*, and that the World ſhould know ſo much; like thoſe that make it the only end of their Study, to be reputed Learned.

It muſt be a great and *magnificent Jubilee that's celebrated but once in a 100 years*: 'Tis remarkable, That there never was a Crown'd Head, that ever had thoſe Honours done to their Memories, as that *bleſſed Queen* has had: No length of time can deface the Memory of her good Deeds, ſo ſtrong and laſting above all her Anceſtors; it ſhows us plainly, *That God accompliſhes the greateſt things by the weakeſt means*, that to him alone we may aſcribe the Glory; and no queſtion but ſo ſhe did in an eminent degree, ſhe had ſo great Succeſs in all her Enterprizes. *Mr. Tate's Ode*, I believe, was very pleaſing, when finely ſung; he's a little dark in his Praiſe of the *ſucceeding Princes*; ſhould the World

last another Age, nothing could deprive the 9th of *January* of ſuch another joyful *Jubilee*, unleſs ſome *univerſal Bleſſing*, tranſcendent to all we have yet enjoy'd.

In your Character of Collonel *Butler*, there is nothing wanting to a very accompliſh'd Perſon; and perhaps the *innocent Recreation* he allow'd himſelf, of *Painting* in the intervals of his Study, as it contributed a great deal of Pleaſure, ſo much of his Vertue might be owing to that *happy Genius* that fill'd up his vacant Hours, and gave him neither Leiſure nor Inclination to ſeek the occaſions of diverting in Places of *Vice and Idleneſs*.

I perceive the *Art of Painting* is affected amongſt the Gentlemen in that Country; *your Friend D—ne had her Picture* drawn by a Gentleman in *Ireland*, but he was no great Artiſt then, he may be improv'd ſince.

The Collonel's *Humility* you admir'd ſo much, is very often the effect of a *Great and Noble Education*, that, whatever there is within, fails not to appear outwardly humble and obliging; wiſely conſidering, nothing ſhocks the generality of the World, ſo much as *Pride*; but to you it might *be a particular mark of Reſpect*, you having obliged his learned Temper in ſo many Circumſtances.

I wiſh the *Lord Mayors of England* would emulate thoſe in *Ireland*, and by their good Deeds furniſh matter to the *News Letters* of Applauſe, and our Poets would not be out-done by the *Iriſh in Congratulatory Poems*. I confeſs, I think it ſtrange, that as they are generally rich Men, and have ſo great opportunity of doing good, and whatever trouble it gives em, *'tis but for one year*, that they ſhould not uſe all their effort to reform, as much as poſſible, all the Abuſes in the City, of which they themſelves might reap the benefit ſo many years after; with the Prayers, Applauſe,

and

and Bleſſings of all the Perſons concern'd. And why they ſhould not every one *exceed his Succeſſor*, by the Experience he might get from the others *Failings*, no reaſon can be given; unleſs, becauſe they are rich Men, who have been ſo uſed to draw all Fiſh to their own Nets, they can think of nothing elſe but meer *Lord Mayors, and Juſtices of the Peace*. Such in their Offices as they ought, they have it much in their Power to give this Kingdom a *very different Face* from what it now has.

I perceive you are much taken up with the *Obſervation of the Mens Wives* you took your leave of, never failing, whatever haſte you had, to inform your ſelf of all their good Qualities. I wonder what could make you think of reckoning up the *bad ones*, when you met with none but good? You might from your own Experience and Obſervation, almoſt believe there was *no ſuch thing as a bad Wife in the World*.

I think you are a little ſingular in your *love and eſteem of Apothecaries*, there's few has your Inclination or Reaſon for it; they are to moſt Perſons, like their Phyſick, more *toothſome than wholeſome*.

You lay great ſtreſs, and not without Reaſon, upon *performing of Promiſes*; but I ſee no reaſon why that ſhould be *more damnable* than other Sins as miſchievous; if the Perſon *promis'd with a deſign to deceive*, never intending to perform it, 'tis a great and preſumptuous Sin; but Repentance is the Remedy for that, as well as the *leaſt Sin, which is no leſs dangerous without it*; as alſo when a Perſon promiſes, and for their Intereſt forbears Performance, becauſe it is to their own Injury, *'tis not ſafe to live or die in ſuch a Sin of Self-love and Injuſtice*; nothing can ſecure 'em but Repentance, and only ſuch a one as repairs the Injury. But 'tis poſſible to make a Promiſe with a full intent to perform, yet afterwards want the Power; or the Promiſe may be of ſuch a Nature, that not performing may be

rather an Advantage than Injury to the Person ingaged to; both these cases lessens the *Crime*, and makes it rather a Misfortune to have promised, then a Sin not to perform; which would make one *almost afraid to ingage in any Promise.*

Sure no Persons deserve ones pity like the *poor Misers*; there is much of Constitution in it, and which improves much by a *long habit of scraping*; tho' they see and know their fault, they can no more cure it, than an old inveterate Disease, when one goes the wrong way about it: For this is their Case, They think all the World envies 'em, because they wish to have their Bags; without considering, *they as much despise 'em* for their way of living. No body would be *condemn'd to Riches* upon such terms, but those of their own Temper: But sure 'tis not impossible for the *Holy to enjoy* those Riches with Comfort, if he uses 'em as all Riches ought to be used, taking no other Portion of 'em to himself, then his Condition requires, and make himself *Steward to the Poor* for all the rest; this will *sanctifie one part* to himself, and give him the blessed opportunity of doing with the other part a great deal of good.

You was well advised, not to discompose your Temper with the Thoughts of your Enemies, till you had taken *leave of your Friends*; and if you had left 'em out of your Thoughts still, it had been no great harm: But you think their Crimes deserve Chastisement; and the *Justice you owe to your Reputation*, obliges to the exposing such Men.

What need you ask Pardon for your *own Character* amongst the rest? It had been an unpardonable Fault, to pretend to know every one you convers'd with *a few Moments, and not know your self*, with whom you have convers'd so long: Besides, 'tis using them as you use your self; and, that you did not remark their Faults,

as

as you have your own, is, that they *conceal'd 'em from you.*

There's great Reaſon for laying the Foundation of your *chief Perfection upon your deſcent from the Tribe of Levi*; for according to St. *Paul*, they are, or ſhould be, *the Men that Rule their own Houſes well, having their Children in Subjection with all Gravity*; for tho' Grace comes not by deſcent, yet by a ſober and vertuous Education, the Enemies of Grace are ſo far diſarm'd, that when it pleaſes God to ſend it, it muſt needs have the better Reception; *a long habit of Submiſſion and Self-denyal*, will qualifie 'em to act more readily to Gods Glory, than thoſe that are over-loaded with the evil Cuſtoms and Corruptions of the World.

I can't think but 'tis the happy Succeſs of being *ſo agreeable to both your Wives*, makes you ſo in love with the *State of Marriage*, ſo inconſiſtent with your great love and *fancy'd Deſtiny to Travel*; of which I think with you, that the chief Pleaſure is, of *ſeeing the World unſeen*; *not being known, but gueſt at*. I fancy therefore, the Project you deſign to call *The Art of Living Incognito*, will be very pleaſant; but to publiſh the *Characters of your Living Acquaintance*, will be a great and difficult Task, eſpecially for you that are ſo *very ſcrupulous* of doing the leaſt Injuſtice; many Perſons *Words*, *Looks*, *and Actions*, belie their Hearts; and without an infallible Rule, of which I know nothing, you will at leaſt be thought to err, there being no means to prove the contrary; and tho' you ſhould incline to the moſt *charitable ſide*, Truth is the ſame in both, and there's the *ſame Injuſtice to commend as diſcommend*, where they don't deſerve it; beſides the danger of creating amongſt your Acquaintance much Envy and Uncharitableneſs, there muſt appear in all your Words and Actions, an *exceſſive Charity*, and *exact Juſtice*, to take off any ſuſpition of your being acted by Prejudice or Partiality!

tiality: If any thing can ſecure you, it muſt be the *Perſons being all Living*, to whom you muſt anſwer for any wrong you do 'em; and from thoſe you commend, your Pardon is ſecur'd againſt all Accuſers, but only *Truth, which condemns if injur'd*: But ſure, the *Characters of the Living* are much to be preferr'd before thoſe of the *Dead*; we ſee plainly, how little Truth their Characters contain. How are all the *good Deeds of the Vertuous* heightned, one would think there were nothing of Sin or Infirmity in 'em? And for the Vicious, their Crimes are exagerated, they ſcarce allow 'em the leaſt degree of humane Vertues: But if the World were as much in love with Truth, as it were to be wiſh'd, there might be good uſe of ſuch *Characters*; and Perſons would as willingly ſee the *Pictures of their Minds, as of their Faces*, and be as fond of making 'em worth the drawing.

But to find Perſons willing themſelves to *publiſh and expoſe their own Faults and Infirmities*, we may expect in the next Age, if it brings the *Reign of Charity* according to Monſieur *Jurieu*; and hardly till then, tho' you ſet the Example; but for Vices, they are too monſtrous and deform'd, to dare the expoſing themſelves in *a full Light*; for which I thank 'em, for I hate the ſight of 'em.

I perceive you think you have *many Enemies* upon account of Religion, becauſe you favour no *particular Party*; 'tis certain, in any Place where there are many Factions and Diviſions, none are ſo generally hated as thoſe that *carry fair with all*, and take part with none; and that's all the many Names and Diſtinctions in Religion are good for, to make Feuds and Animoſities, and by that means one knows from whence they come, having none of the Effect and Power of that *Religion that comes from above, which is firſt Pure, and then Peaceable: Sincerity and Charity is the ſureſt Mark of Chriſtian Religion*. 'Twere much to be wiſh'd, all the reformed Churches were united in the Spirit of Charity;

nity; then, and not till then, we may expect the *Inlargement of Chriſt's Kingdom*; while at this day ſo many falls from us to *Atheiſm*, ſeeing ſo much of ſelf-intereſt, and the ſpirit of the World, in the ſtricteſt and moſt formal Profeſſors amongſt us; and 'tis to them a Temptation to believe there is nothing but *ſecular Intereſt* in that which we call Religion, in which there is ſo much Contention to raiſe themſelves one above another in Riches and Honour; this is what many ſees and laments, and wiſhes they themſelves may ſee before 'tis too late.

They can be but meer *Pretenders to Religion*, that allow themſelves lightly to cenſure or judge any one; for both *Charity and Humility* forbids ſuch a Practice; we ſee our *own depraved Nature in every bodies Faults, which ought to humble us with Sorrow for 'em, as if they were our own*; and that will prevent, if we have the leaſt charitable concern for others, our being pleaſed or deſirous to ſee Faults, and divulge thoſe we can't chuſe but ſee; for no Faults can in Charity be expos'd, that has the leaſt pretence to Infirmity: Your carriage therefore to your Adverſary, was *exceeding Chriſtian* and charitable, and make his Faults ſuch as deſerved to be expoſed as a foil to Vertue, if it needed any, which I ſcorn to think; for *I am an equal Rival with you in the love of Vertue*, as it appears only to my Mind; but were it to be *ſeen with bodily Eyes*, I fear I ſhould come far behind you. 'Tis a very laudable deſign you carry on, of recommending Vertue, by giving ſuch *noble and pleaſant Ideas of it in the Characters you make*; and ſure it cannot want Succeſs in all reſpects; there muſt certainly be ſome Perſons will prevail upon; as in St. *Cecilies Ode*,

See what Glory can perſwade
Thoſe that are for Glory made,

May

May be here apply'd to Vertue; but whatever is the Fate, you are always happy, while so *resign'd to the Divine Pleasure*: An easie and contented Temper is a great Blessing. But why should you value your self for being a *blunt Fellow*? Can't every one be master of that Vertue, if they like it? And why disdain ye the *Name of a Poet, only for being Poor*? Is there such Vertue in being Rich? What reason can be assign'd for such an inevitable Fate, unless 'tis the *Effect of Fancy*; which, as it raises their Thoughts and Expressions far above the Truth, so it raises themselves *in Imagination, to the Condition of Angels*, that need nothing; which makes 'em take care for nothing, till 'tis too late? Or, perhaps Divine Providence will not trust such Men with a *Talent of Riches, who so idly throw away their Talent of Time*, which is far more precious.

Yet after all, you seem to own you treat your Friends with *Distinction, some from the Brain, and others from the Heart*; but 'tis not easie to judge of this part of your Character, tho' I dare affirm you never deceive others, till you have *first deceiv'd your self*. I believe 'tis very hard, and must be the work of time, exactly to determine this distinction; yet one would think *a Heart that lies open, could not fail to be known, both to it self, and others*; but according to the *Italian* Proverb, *He that builds his House in the Street, 'tis either too high, or too low*. So a Man that should have no better means of knowing himself, than what he may get from the Light and Testimony of others, may be as much a Stranger to what he truly is, as the Men in great Power and Riches, *that feed upon Flattery*, as well of their own, as others, must needs *frame an Idea of themselves*, very different from what they really are.

Tho' 'tis nothing strange the generality of the World should not *court your Friendship*, in respect to your love to Truth, and speaking *freely of Per-*

sons

ſous Faults; but it would be very ſtrange, if that Perſon ſhould not have *one Friend in the World*, that was one of the beſt Qualifications for it. To have ones Faults truly and ſincerely told one by ones Friend in Charity, is an advantage nothing in this World can equal; and of great value to thoſe that underſtand it, and is what you have the moſt reaſon, of any one, to prize; for if *any thing fix your Mercury, cure your Raſhneſs, and ſour your repenting of every thing you do*, it muſt be the Light and Counſel of a Friend. I can't hinder my ſelf from thinking, that *your never repenting of taking two Women for better for worſe*, was the Effect of a very good and wiſe Friend's Counſel; what elſe could make you do a thing ſo extraordinary, when ſo contrary to your natural Practiſe? But to take a little from this *great Miracle*, perhaps *your knowing 'twas good not to repent, made you fancy you did not.*

And yet after all, you muſt pardon me, if I don't think you *as fit to make a Friend as any Man*; for he that is a ſingle Man, and chuſes to be ſo, is fitter; For what muſt your Wife do, when you give all to your Friend? And a Man *more moderately qualified*, is fitter; for he may be ſuited in the Temper of a Friend; but where can you be *match'd in Fidelity, Compaſſion, and Generoſity?* You may expect that return of Love and Gratitude (for who can chuſe but love ſuch Qualities?) But yet the Love that you deſcribe, which Crimes can't deface, is as tranſcendent as all the reſt; and if you think it *juſt to ſlight what loves not as much as your ſelf*, I wiſh you may, 'tis pity you ſhould not; but I fear you never will be ſuited with a Friend. I cannot blame your not being forward in *contracting Friendſhips*, 'tis ſo uncertain how they may prove; but to *a long and try'd Fidelity*, I own all to be due that you propoſe in your Friendſhip.

The *exactneſs of your Rules in Traffick and Dealings*, is of very good Example; there are few lay that

that ſtreſs upon it they ought; there's more of Religion in it than is generally conſider'd, while their Thoughts are taken up with the *love of Gain*. You have a great Happineſs in ſitting ſo looſe from the love of Money, and yet retain *ſo juſt a value for it*, as to make the proper uſe of it.

I don't ſee you have *commended your ſelf* ſo much in your Character as needs either *Apology or Pardon*; the Glory you aſſume in *point of Friendſhip*, you have only in Speculation, not Practice; 'tis not *what you are, but what you ſhould be*, whenever you ingage with a Friend deſerves it. Nor ſhall I make any Apology for diſappointing you of the *Satyr* you expected; tho' I think I have in many *particulars, drawn you juſt as you appear to me in this Light*; and ſince I have thus far endeavour'd to ſerve you, I hope I may be excus'd from writing *my own Character*; *the publiſhing ones own Faults, is not a common Vertue*; 'tis the fate of Novelty to pleaſe or diſpleaſe extreamly; let me ſee the Event therefore, before I take the Example. I leave you in *purſuit of Argus*, ſuppoſing him a common Enemy, which juſtifies the Pains you *take to find him*; and upon the whole Matter, as far as I am inform'd by this *Account of your Converſation*, if my SENTENCE is of any value, I judge it muſt be a very *malignant Temper, or a great Intereſt and Self-love*, could make any Man your Enemy. And thus Concludes

Your, *&c.*

FINIS.